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AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN POETS

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EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA"

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AMERICAN HISTORY
BY AMERICAN POETS

AMERICA

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King. . . .

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
The star of progress still
Our course doth sway;
In unity sublime
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over Time,
God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,
Our altars and our fires
Keep we still pure!
Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,
In Peace and Light impearled,
God hold secure!

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

MOTHER-LAND

O YOUNG and mighty Mother-Land,
Set, sovereign-wise, 'twixt sea and sea,
Before men's eyes I view thee stand,
The home and hope of Liberty!

Was it not here that Freedom woke—
She that was shackled fast so long,—
Her ancient chains of bondage broke,
And sang anew her morning song?

Not in such fierce and fateful guise
As by the sad, ensanguined Seine,
With severance of human ties
In awful holocausts of slain;

But with an equipoise austere
No rabble outcry could dethrone,

Proclaiming, like a solemn seer,
That man at last should have his own.

Yet ah, the travail that was seen,
The snares about the pathway set,
From Lexington's immortal green
To Yorktown's bloody parapet!

The dismal labyrinths of doubt,
And treason with its shameful gorge;
The shadow of retreat and rout,
And the long night of Valley Forge!

O Mother-Land, what sons were thine,
And ours what self-forgetful sires!
They poured their precious blood like wine
Before thy sacred altar-fires!

They sleep their long and dreamless sleep,
Northward by cruel Lundy's Lane,
South where Chapultepec's grim steep
Frowns upon Montezuma's plain;

Their dust upon the wind is blown
Where Lookout Mountain seeks the stars;
Their bones beneath the grass are strown
Where Gettysburg lies gashed with scars.

Whether they wore the grey or blue,
O Mother-Land, what matters now?
Each fought for what he thought was true,
So laurel every fallen brow!

And laurel every deathless one
Who marched on death with level eyes

Beneath the scorching Cuban sun,
The Philippines' unpitying skies

Nor spare the woven immortelles
For many and many a gallant soul
Who rests in the unfathomed dells
O'er which the long blue combers roll;—

The sailor lads who faced the foe
In the old valorous viking vein,
From those who fell off Flamborough
Down to the last hale hero slain!

We who enjoy such heritage,
Lo, what a strenuous task is ours!—
To meet the swiftly broadening age
With keen and undiminished powers;

To guard lest Mammon's vulturous lust
Prove both to be our bane and ban;
To keep our fathers' simple trust
In something godlier than man;

To hold with rapt remembrancing
The memory of glories gone,
Yet, like the firstling flowers of spring,
To set our faces toward the dawn!

If but thy sons unswerving stand,
Of heroes dead the worthy peers,
Then shalt thou march, O Mother-Land,
Triumphant through the crowding years!

—Clinton Scollard.

THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA

COME to the mounds of death with me. They stretch
From deep to deep, sad, venerable, vast,
Graves of gone empires—gone without a sigh,
Like clouds from heaven. They stretched from deep to deep
Before the Roman smote his mailéd hand
On the gold portals of the dreaming East;
Before the Pleiad, in white trance of song,
Beyond her choir of stars went wandering.

The great old trees, ranked on these hills of death,
Have melancholy hymns about all this;
And when the moon walks her inheritance
With slow, imperial pace, the trees look up
And chant in solemn cadence. Come and hear.

"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, are old,
Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns,
The cities thronéd far apart like queens,
The shadowy domes, the realms majestical,
Slept in thy younger beams. In every leaf
We hold their dust, a king in every trunk.
We, too, are very old: the wind that wails
In our broad branches, from swart Ethiop come
But now, wailed in our branches long ago;
Then came from darkened Calvary. The hills
Leaned ghastly at the tale that wan wind told;
The streams crept shuddering through the dark;
The torrent of the North, from morn till eve,
On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all
Such silence fell, we heard the conscious rills
Drip slowly in the caves of central earth.
So were the continents by His crownéd grief
And glory bound together, ere the hand

Of Albion tamed the far Atlantic: so
Have we, whose aspect faced that time, the right
Of language unto all, while memory holds.
"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But hear our words. We know that thou didst see
The whole that we would utter—that thou wert
A worship unto realms beyond the flood—
But we are very lonesome on these mounds,
And speech doth make the burden of sad thought
Endurable; while these, the people new,
That take our land, may haply learn from us
What wonder went before them; for no word
E'er came from thee, so beautiful, so lone,
Throned in thy still domain, superbly calm
And silent as a god.

"Here empires rose and died;
Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne
In the pale navies of the chartered wind,
Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged,
Spire after spire, like star ranged after star,
Along the dim empyrean, till the air
Went mad with splendour, and the dwellers cried,
'Our walls have married Time!'—Gone are the marts,
The insolent citadels, the fearful gates,
The glorious domes that rose like summer clouds;
Gone are their very names! The royal ghost
Cannot discern the old imperial haunts,
But goes about perplexéd like a mist
Between a ruin and the awful stars.
Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard
Who stood in Song's prevailing light, as stands
The apocalyptic angel in the sun,
And rained melodious fire on all the realms;
The prophet pale, who shuddered in his gloom,
As the white cataract shudders in its mist;

The hero shattering an old kingdom down
With one clear trumpet's peal; the boy, the sage,
Subject and lord, the beautiful, the wise—
Gone, gone to nothingness.

"The years glide on,
The pitiless years; and all alike shall fail,
State after state reared by the solemn sea,
Or where the Hudson goes unchallenged past
The ancient warder of the Palisades,
Or where, rejoicing o'er the enormous cloud,
Beam the blue Alleghenies—all shall fail:
The Ages chant their dirges on the peaks;
The palls are ready in the peopled vales;
And nations fill one common sepulchre.
Nor goes the Earth on her dark way alone.
Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead
In its funereal deeps: Arcturus broods
Over vast sepulchres that had grown old
Before the Earth was made: the universe
Is but one mighty cemetery,
Rolling around its central, solemn sun.

"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, must die—
And thou!—the vassal stars shall fail to hear
Thy queenly voice over the azure fields
Calling at sunset. They shall fade. The Earth
Shall look, and miss their sweet, familiar eyes,
And crouching die beneath the feet of God.
Then come the glories, then the nobler times,
For which the Orbs travailed in sorrow; then
The mystery shall be clear, the burden gone;
And surely men shall know why nations came
Transfigured for the pangs; why not a spot
Of this wide world but hath a tale of woe;
Why all this glorious universe is Death's.

"Go, Moon! and tell the stars, and tell the suns,
Impatient of the woe, the strength of Him
Who doth consent to death; and tell the climes
That meet thy mournful eyes, one after one,
Through all the lapses of the lonesome night,
The pathos of repose, the might of Death!"

—*William Ross Wallace.*

THE NORSEMEN

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast,
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought? . . .

Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow for ever!
I listen and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast,
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails, the low, pale sun

Of Thulë's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched thee fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide,—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky.
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Northmen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of ax and spear,
A sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His grey and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past,—the 'wildering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air,
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;

I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again;
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not,—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitudes of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams—
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber:

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Nörthern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Ofter our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing.
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under her loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear by story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his arméd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then lauched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Ye we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel,
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I a lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

'Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from he flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

COLUMBUS

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.
Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.

On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
  Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
  All glorious,—yet forlorn.

—*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

DREARY and brown the night comes down,
  Gloomy, without a star.
On Palos town the night comes down;
The day departs with a stormy frown,
  The sad sea moans afar.

A convent-gate is near; 't is late;
  Ting-ling! the bell they ring.
They ring the bell, they ask for bread—
"Just for my child," the father said.
  Kind hands the bread will bring.

White was his hair, his mien was fair,
  His look was calm and great.
The porter ran and called a friar;
The friar made haste and told the prior;
  The prior came to the gate.

He took them in, he gave them food;
  The traveller's dreams he heard;
And fast the midnight moments flew,
And fast the good man's wonder grew,
  And all his heart was stirred.

The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,
  Forgetful of all sorrow,
Lay soundly sleeping in his bed

The good man kissed him then, and said:
"You leave us not to-morrow!

"I pray you rest the convent's guest;
The child shall be our own—
A precious care, while you prepare
Your business with the court, and bear
Your message to the throne."

And so his guest he comforted.
O wise, good prior! to you
Who cheered the stranger's darkest days,
And helped him on his way, what praise
And gratitude are due!

—*John Townsend Trowbridge.*

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mates said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

COLUMBUS, THE DISCOVERER

(October 12, 1492)

I SEE a galleon of Spanish make
That westward like a wingéd creature flies
Above a sea dawn-bright, and arched with skies
Expectant of the sun and morning-break.
The sailors from the deck their land-thirst slake
With peering o'er the waves, until their eyes

Discern a coast that faint and dream-like lies,
The while they pray, weep, laugh,—or madly take
Their shipmates in their arms and speak no word.
And then I see a figure, tall, removed
A little from the others, as behooved,
That since the dawn has neither spoke nor stirred;
A noble form the looming mast beside,
Columbus, calm, his prescience verified.

—*Richard Burton.*

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF JOHN CABOT

"HE chases shadows," sneered the British tars.
"As well fling nets to catch the golden stars
As climb the surges of earth's utmost sea."
But for the Venice pilot, meagre, wan,
His swarthy sons beside him, life began
With that slip cable, when his dream rode free.

And Henry, on his battle-wrested throne,
The Councils done, would speak in musing tone
Of Cabot, not the cargo he might bring.
"Man's heart, though morsel scant for hungry crow,
Is greater than a world can fill, and so
Fair fall the shadow-seekers!" quoth the king.

COLUMBUS DYING

HARK! do I hear again the roar
Of the tides by the Indies sweeping down?
Or is it the surge from the viewless shore
That swells to bear me to my crown?
Life is hollow and cold and drear
With smiles that darken and hopes that flee;
And, far from its winds that faint and veer,
I am ready to sail the vaster sea!

Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee best;
And that scorning peril and toil and pain,
I held my way to the mystic West,
Glory for Thee and Thy Church to gain.
And Thou didst lead me, only Thou,
Cheering my heart in cloud and calm,
Till the dawn, my glad victorious prow
Greeted Thine isles of bloom and balm.

And then, O gracious, glorious Lord,
I saw Thy face, and all Heaven came nigh
And my soul was lost in that rich reward,
And ravished with hope of the bliss on high,
So, I can meet the sovereign's frown—
My dear Queen gone—with a large disdain;
For the time will come when his chief renown
Will be that I sailed from the realm of Spain.

I have found new Lands—a World, maybe,
Whose splendour will yet the Old outshine;
And life and death are alike to me,
For earth will honour, and heaven is mine.
Is mine!—What songs of sweet accord!
What billows that nearer, gentler roll!
Is mine!—Into Thy hands, O Lord,
Into Thy hands I give my soul!

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

BALBOA

WITH restless step of discontent,
Day after day, he fretting went
Along the old accustomed ways
That led to easeful length of days.

But far beyond the fragrant shade
Of orange groves his glances strayed
To where the white horizon line
Caught from the sea its silvery shine.

He knew the taste of that salt spray,
He knew the wind that blew that way;
Ah, once again to mount and ride
Upon that pulsing ocean tide,—

To find new lands of virgin gold,
To wrest them from the savage hold,
To conquer with the sword and brain
Fresh fields and fair for royal Spain!

This was the dream of wild desire
That set his gallant heart on fire,
And stirred with feverish discontent
That soul for nobler issues meant.

Sometimes his children's laughter brought
A thrill that checked his restless thought;
Sometimes a voice more tender yet
Would soothe the fever and the fret.

Thus day by day, until one lay
Came news that in the harbour lay
A ship bound outward to explore
The treasures of that western shore

Which bold adventurers as yet
Had failed to conquer or forget;
"Yet where they failed, and failing, died,
My will shall conquer!" Balboa cried.

But when on Darien's shore he stept,
And fast and far his vision swept,
He saw before him, white and still,
The Andes mocking at his will.

Then like a flint he set his face;
Let others falter from their place,
His hand and foot, his sturdy soul
Should seek and gain that distant goal!

With speech like this he fired the land,
And gathered to his bold command,
A troop of twentyscore or more,
To follow where he led before. . . .

But like a sweeping wind of flame
A conquerer through all he came;
A savage fell beneath his hand,
Or led him on to seek the land

That richer yet for golden gain
Stretched out beyond the mountain chain.
Steep after steep of rough ascent
They followed, followed, worn and spent

Until at length they came to where
The last peak lifted near and fair;
Then Balboa turned and waved aside
His panting troops. "Rest here," he cried,

"And wait for me." And with a tread
Of trembling haste, he quickly sped
Along the trackless height, alone
To seek, to reach, his mountain throne.

Step after step he mounted swift;
The wind blew down a cloudy drift;
From some strange source he seemed to hear
The music of another sphere.

Step after step; the cloud-winds blew
Their blinding mists, then through and through
Sun-cleft, they broke, and all alone
He stood upon his mountain throne.

Before him spread no paltry lands,
To wrest with spoils, from savage hands;
But, fresh and fair, an unknown world
Of mighty sea and shore unfurled

Its wondrous scroll beneath the skies.
Ah, what to this the flimsy prize
Of gold and lands for which he came
With hot ambition's sordid aim!

Silent he stood with streaming eyes
In that first moment of surprise,
Then on the mountain-top he bent,
The conquerer of a continent.

In wordless ecstasy of prayer,—
Forgetting in that moment there
With Nature's God brought face to face,
All vainer dreams of pomp and place.

Thus to a world, a world was given,
Where lesser men had vainly striven
And striving died,—this gallant soul
Divinely guided, reached the goal.

—*Nora Perry.*

QUIVIRA

FRANCISCO CORONADO rode forth with all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of Spain,
To seek the rumoured glory that pathless deserts hold—
The city of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur at heel
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile!
While High Emprise and joyous Youth, twin marshals of the throng,
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet-note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved of serf and lord,
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with sword,
Though naught of knightly harness his russet gown revealed—
The Cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry hearts grew tame,
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla came:
And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to kiss the helpful hand
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men understand.

What pen may paint their daring—those doughty cavaliers!
The cities of the Zuñi were humbled by their spears,
Wild Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow
Of blades that won Granada and conquered Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls of stone;
Still, North and East, where deserts spread, and treeless prairies rolled,
A Fairy City lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

Through all their weary marshes toward that flitting goal
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and soul.
He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty arrow made;
He cheered the sick and failing; above the dead he prayed.

Two thousand miles of war and woe behind their banners lay;
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their array,
When came a message fraught with hope to all the steadfast band:
"Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew the rein!
There shone no golden palace, there blazed no jewelled fane,
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their view—
A squalid Indian village; the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Coronado bowed his head. He spake unto his men:
"Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain! Now ride we home again.
And would to God that I might give that phantom city's pride
In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful bore;
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more,
His soul still longed for conquest, though not by lance and sword;
He burned to show the Heathen the pathway to the Lord.

Again he trudged the flinty hills and dazzling desert sands,
And few were they that walked with him, and weaponless their hands—
But mid the trusty men-at-arms, Docampo, rode him near
Like Great Heart, guarding Christian's way through wastes of Doubt and Fear.

While still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies toss,
Among the dark Quiviras Padilla reared his cross.
Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw
In wonder heard the Gospel of Love and Peace and Law.

They gloried in their Brown-robed Priest, and oft in twilight's gold
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale he told.
While round the gentle man-at-arms their lithe-limbed children played
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving shell,
The Friar rose at dawning and spake his flock farewell:—
'And if your brothers northward be cruel, as ye say,
My Master bids me seek them—and dare I answer 'Nay'?"

Again he strode the path of thorns; but ere the evening star
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plumes of war.

Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were most
his own:—
"My children, bear the tidings home—let me die here
alone."

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling Sioux.—
"Forgive them, oh, my Father! they know not what they
do!"
The twanging bow-strings answered. Before his eyes un-
rolled
The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with gold.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

BURIAL OF DE SOTO

(May 21, 1542)

DEEP buried in the ooze of centuries,
Wrapped in the mighty river's winding-sheet,
That which the world once called De Soto lies
So sepulchred, steel-cased from head to feet,—
Grim ruins of that puny wonder, Man,
Poor fragments of a half-created Thought,
Dowered with struggling will for one brief span,
Then dashed to pieces by the hand that wrought;
But yet no part of him, no grasp for power,
No strenuous aim, no hope, has passed away,
No wrongful act but blasts this very hour,—
All, all his acts are seeds that sprout to-day:
And yet for him—sleep, and through all the years
The endless drone of waters in deaf ears.

ST. AUGUSTINE

A CITY built upon the sands,
St. Augustine, the ancient, stands.
Eastward, the black Matanzas' wave;
Westward, Sebastian's waters lave
The marshes stretching toward the main.
Landward, a waste of barren plain.
So grim, so gray, and old, it seems
A realm of half-remembered dreams.

Where rose her walls there 's scarce a clod
Aspires above the levelled sod;
Where trails and clambers, wild and free,
The fragrant rose of Cherokee,
And clumps of stunted cedars grow;
Gnarled willows in the moat below
Whose depth now measures scarce a span,
Shallow as vaunt of boasting man!

Twin shafts of crumbling brick and stone.
The ancient gateway stands alone;
Around those once commanding towers,
Now cling the golden jasmine flowers;
While through yon great breach, yawning wide,
Oozes a stream whose listless tide,
Emboldened by the sad decay,
Unchallenged winds its sluggish way.

With awe and reverence strong and deep,
I mount that castellated steep,
Beneath whose portals, roughly arched,
The mail-clad Spaniard proudly marched,
While boom of thunderous cannon rolled,
And storms of martial music told

That Spain's broad banner still unfurled
Its conquering folds o'er half the world!

The mitred abbot chanted here
The glad Te Deum loud and clear,
And St. Iago's name was praised
While trumpets rang and bonfires blazed.
Within this court-yard's ample space
Proud Valour paid to Beauty's grace,
On bended knee, the homage due
From loyal knight to lady true.

Above yon rugged arch I trace
Lines that all time can ne'er efface,—
Deep graven in the dark gray stone
The royal seal of Aragon!
And just below the graver wrote
A name that like a bugle-note
Stirred many a heart, nerved many a hand,
The kingly name of Ferdinand!

Deserted now each vaulted room
And voiceless is the donjon's gloom;
My footsteps in the lonely keep
Disturb the hermit echoes' sleep
Th' Alerta! of the sentinel
Is heard no more; the castle-bell
Is hushed; and 'neath the turret's crest
A brooding screech owl builds her nest.

—*Montgomery M. Folsom.*

RICHARD HAKLUYT'S MEN

HERE sighs the breath of the sea,
And here sounds the boom of the wave,
The crash of the surf on the beach

Through time everlastingly;
And here, through the element's reach,
The lightning, the storm, and the spume,
Comes the cry of the sailors who gave
Their bones to the surges to bleach,
Their souls to a billowy doom.

What of grey dangers afar
In spaces unchartered, untrod?
What though the heav'ns are a-change
And engulphed is the Cynosure-star?
What though the sun has grown strange
And the deep has been made molten brass?
At their peak flies the Cross of their God
And, wherever their rudders may range,
'T is His Voice in the tempests that pass.

Never rolled breaker so high,
Their spirit rose not with its swell;
Never roared thunder so loud,
Their shouting fell short of the sky;
Never was mortal so proud,
They brought not his pride to despair:
How they dared, how they fought, how they fell;
And the Lords of the Earth, how they bowed
To these Lords of the Sea and the Air!

America's Fathers ride here,
Their sails breasted out by the breeze,
Their fearlessness bright in the sun.
At their bidding great nations appear,
In token of deeds they have done:
California arouses from sleep,
Virginia smiles on the seas,
New England's beginnings are won,
As an empire looms vast o'er the deep.

Here, from the page of a priest,
The friend of these seamen of old,
May be heard the reverberant cheer
That the centuries have but increased
Till it comes like a blast to the ear.—
Rest they well, these invincible dead,
Ships' captains and companies bold,
For the ocean itself is their bier,
And the continents stones at their head.

—Wallace Rice.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dipped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;

And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
  The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
  He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
  Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously,
  The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
  Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
  Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
  At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
  Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
  They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
  Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
  They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream in the Gulf Stream
  Sinking, vanish all away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

FIVE fearless knights of the first renown
In Elizabeth's great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was grey
As a moonlit night
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day—
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he was ONE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea as land;
Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Francis Drake, and he was TWO
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved in his heart the waters blue
And he hated the Don as the Devil's limb—

Hated him up to the brim!
At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him and fled afeared,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From California away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Walter Raleigh, he was THREE
And Devon was heaven to him,
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
He hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Richard Grenville, he was FOUR
And Devon was heaven to him.
He loved the waves and their windy roar
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with his *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;

Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

And Sir John Hawkins, he was FIVE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He worshipped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain–
Her cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Rio Grandè away to the Pole,
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valour blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day

Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.

—*Wallace Rice.*

ODE TO JAMESTOWN

OLD cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
Her gallant wing and soared away;
All hail! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruined nest.

What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As, wandering these old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combined,
In one short moment memory supplies;
They throng upon my wakened mind,
As time's dark curtains rise.
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drownèd earth 't was hurled,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,

The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare;
And where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hair-brained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant 's gone;
The red men are no more;
The pale-faced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdained,
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reigned.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's ax;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,

O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
Each happy, great, and free;
One empire still another breeds,
A giant progeny,
Destined their daring race to run,
Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity to me
More touching is than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe;
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall wreathe
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks,
No one that loves his native land,
No one that reasons, feels or thinks,
Can 'mid these lonely ruins stand.

Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those who moulder here,

The mighty shade now hovers round,
Of him whose strange, yet bright career
Is written on this sacred ground
In letters that no time can sere;
Who in the Old World smote the turbaned crew,
And founded Christian empires in the New.

And she! the glorious Indian maid.
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who joined man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourges of her race. . . .

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be,—
I care not who my themes may mock
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a thrill for his own native land. . . .

—*James Kirke Paulding.*

A WOMAN'S PITY

IN savage pomp sat Powhatan
And frowned upon the face he scanned
As Captain Smith, Virginian,
For judgement took his dauntless stand—
The stake, the torture, and the hand;
While, gazing on the stern array,
Stood Pocahontas 'midst the band—
So much a woman's pity may.

She watched him when the talk began;
Grim, bearded, level-eyed, and tanned
Fearless, and every inch a man;
She knew the doom her father planned;
She heard each speech to fire fanned
With savage hate and lust for prey;
She knew his life by seconds spanned—
So much a woman's pity may.

From every side the warriors ran
When spoke the monarch's dread command;
High o'er his head an Indian
A mighty boulder held in hand,
Ready to crush the captive; and,
Ere it could fall, the maiden lay
Her head upon the head so banned—
So much a woman's pity may.

O princess, many a deed and grand
This world puts by; but that old day
Lives deathless through a grateful land—
So much a woman's pity may!

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST

OUT from the harbour of Amsterdam
The *Half Moon* turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind,
Yet Northward still kept she
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,
  Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold grey strand of a stranger-land
  Loomed through the mist ahead.
League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post:
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"I see but rocks and the barren shore; no strait is there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North—they sailed to the South—
  And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbour's mouth—
  The loveliest in the land;
They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:
"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the strait is here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
  Past marshes grey and crags sun-kist;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
  And meadows white with mist—
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow bar the stream:
O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"Nay, Captain, nay; 't is not this way; turn back we must," said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
  The *Half Moon's* prow to the South once more;

He saw no beauty in crag or hill,
No beauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long, in vain:
"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"God's crypt is sealed! 'T will stand revealed in His own good time," quoth he.

—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

CHAMPLAIN

. . . Three hundred years ago
By toilsome trails and slow,
But with the adventurer's spirit high aflame,
The great discoverer came,
Finding another Indies than he guessed
To reward his daring quest,
And fill the wonder volume of Romance,—
The sailor of little Brouage, the founder of New France,
Sturdy, sagacious, plain
Samuel de Champlain.

On many a river and stream
The paddles of his Abenakis dip and gleam;
Their slim canoe-poles set and flash in the sun,
Where strong white waters run;
By many a portage, many a wooded shore,
They press on to explore
The unknown that leads them ever to the west;
And when at dusk their camp is made
Within the dense still shade,
The white shafts of the moonlight creep
About them while they sleep
On the earth's fragrant and untroubled breast.
Then on a day upon some marble rise

They stand in mute surmise,
And wonder, as they gaze
On the green wilderness in summer haze,
At a new paradise
Unrolled before their eyes.

What did he seek,
This hardy voyager with the steady hand,
And the sunburnt cheek?
Passage to India and the fabled land
So longed for and foretold,
Where rivers ran with gold,—
Man's fond far hope of unlaborous ease,
Miraculous wealth and benefits unearned,
For which he vainly yearned.
He found here no such place,
But in this new world again was face to face
With life's familiar laws and orders old,
Still to be followed, if we would fill the mould
Of our ideal,—a manhood that is free
With the soul's large and happy liberty.

As if God said to Man,
"Try once again my plan.
Here is a continent all new,
Take it and see once more what thou canst do.
The happiness which thy stormy heart desires
My will foresees, requires.
On the long road that lies
Across the centuries
To my perfection dimly understood,
Seek thou the almighty good,
The everlasting beautiful and true."

Men of New England, sons of pioneers.
And in your birthright peers
Of the world's masters, this is holy soil,
The divine ancestral dust from which we come,
Bringing our dream of justice, the high thought
Of a pure freedom for which our mothers wrought
In dreamful pride,
And our fathers lived and died
With unselfish toil.
Even as they willed,
We too must toil to build
The ideal state,
Which shall be strong without brutality,
And by its fine humanity be great.

This is no fairyland,
No Eldorado planned
For man's salvation. The law runs forth and back,
Immutable as the sun on his sidereal track,
Beneficent as the trees,
And as the noon profound:
Only with labour comes ease.
Only with wisdom comes joy,
And greatness comes not without love.
This is God's garden ground,
And we are the tillers thereof,
And the crop shall be women and men,
As ever of old,—
Not a pale city breed,
Bred between hunger and greed,
But a new cosmic race,
With the poise of the world in its mien,
The ineffable soul in its face,
Remembering the best that has been,
And its password, "The best that can be!"

No Mesopotamian valley, nor Eden age,
No long ago, nor by-and-by,
Is the place, is the time,
For the birth of the sublime
From the lovely and the same.
But the time is now, and the place is here,
For life divine,
In July of the year
Nineteen hundred and nine,
In the Country of Champlain.

—*Bliss Carman.*

NEWES FROM VIRGINIA

IT is no idle fabulous tale, nor is it fanyéd newes:
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd because you should not muse.
With her both Gates and Newport come, to tell Report doth lye,
Which did divulge unto the world, that they at sea did dye.
'T is true that eleaven months and more, these gallant worthy weights
War in the shippe *Sea-venture* named deprived Virginia's sight.
And bravely did they glyde the maine, till Neptune gan to frowne,
As if a courser proudly backt would throwe his ryder downe.

The seas did rage, the windes did blowe, distresséd were they then;
Their ship did leake, her tacklings breake, in daunger were her men,
But heaven was pylotte in this storme, and to an iland nere,

Bermoothawes called, conducted them, which did abate their feare.

But these worthies forcéd were, opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship betweene two rocqes, where she doth still remaine.
And then on shoare the iland came, inhabited by hogges,
Some foule and tortoyses there were, they only had one dogge.

To kill these swyne, to yield them foode that little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant, alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill, their hunger to sustaine,
And with such foode did in that ile two and forty weekes remaine.

And there two gallant pynases did build of seader-tree;
The brave *Deliverance* one was called, of seaventy tonne was shee.
The other *Patience* had to name, her burthen thirty tonne;
Two only of their men which there pale death did overcome.

And for the losse of these two soules, which were accounted deere,
A son and daughter then were borne, and were baptizéd there.
The two and forty weekes being past, they hoyest sayle and away;
Their ships with hogges well freighted were, their harts with mickle joy.

And so unto Virginia came, where these brave soldiers finde

The English-men opprest with griefe and discontent in minde.
They seeméd distracted and forlorne, for those two worthyes losse,
Yet at their home returne they joyéd, amongst them some were crosse.
And in the midst of discontent came noble Delaware;
He heard the griefes on either part, and sett them free from care.
He comforts them and cheeres their hearts, that they abound with joy;
He feedes them full and feedes their souls with Gods word every day.

A discreet counsell he creates of men of worthy fame,
The noble Gates lieftenant was the admirall had to name.
The worthy Sir George Somers knight, and others of commaund;
Maister George Pearcy, which is brother unto Northumberland.
Sir Fardinando Wayneman knight, and others of good fame,
That noble lord his company, which to Virginia came.
And landed there; his number was one hundred seaventy; then
Ad to the rest, and they make full foure hundred able men.

Where they unto their labour fall, as men that meane to thrive;
Let's pray that heaven may blesse them all, and keep them long alive.
Those men that vagrants lived with us, have there deserved well:
Their governour writes in their praise, as divers letters tel.

And to th' adventurers thus he writes be not dismayed at all,
For scandal cannot doe us wrong, God will not let us fall.
Let England knowe our willingnesse, for that our worke
is goode;
Wee hope to plant a nation, where none before hath stood.

To glorifie the lord tis done; and to no other end;
He that would crosse so good a work, to God can be no
friend.
There is no feare of hunger here for corne much store here
growes,
Much fish the gallant rivers yield, t is truth without suppose.

Great store of fowle, of venison, of grapes and mulberries,
Of chestnuts, walnuts, and such like, of fruits and straw-
berries,
There is indeed no want at all, but some, condiciond ill,
That wish the worke should not goe on with words doe
seeme to kill.

And for an instance of their store, the noble Delaware
Hath for the present hither sent, to testifie his care
In managing so good a worke, to gallant ships, by name
The *Blessing* and the *Hercules,* well fraught, and in the
same

Two ships, are these commodities, furres, sturgeon, caviare,
Blacke walnut-tree, and some deale boards, with such they
laden are;
Some pearle, some wainscot and clapboards, with some sas-
safras wood,
And iron promist, for tis true their mynes are very good.

Then maugre scandall, false report or any opposition,
Th' adventurers doe thus devulge to men of good condition,
That he that wants shall have reliefe, be he of honest minde
Apparel, coyne, or any thing, to such they will be kinde.

To such as to Virginia do purpose to repaire;
And when that they shall hither come, each man shall have his share.
Days wages to the labourer, and for his more content,
A house and garden plot shall have; besides t is further ment

That every man shall have his part, and not thereof denaid,
Of generall profit, as if that he twelve pounds ten shilling paid;
And he that in Virginia shall copper coyne receive,
For hyer or commodities, and will the country leave

Upon delivery of such coyne unto the Governour,
Shall by exchange at his returne be by their treasurer
Paid him in London at first sight, no man shall cause to grieve,
For t is their generall will and wish that every man shall live.

The number of adventurers, that are for this plantation,
Are full eight hundred worthy men, some noble, all of fashion.
Good, discrete, their worke is good, and as they have begun,
May Heaven assist them in their worke, and thus our newes is done.

—*Richard Rich.*

THE LAST MEETING OF POCAHONTAS AND THE GREAT CAPTAIN

IN a stately hall at Brentford, when the English June
was green,
Sat the Indian Princess, summoned that her graces might
be seen,
For the rumour of her beauty filled the ear of court and
Queen.

There for audience, as she waited, with half-scornful, silent
air
All undazzled by the splendour gleaming round her every-
where,
Dight in broidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down
the stair.

As with striding step he hasted, burdened with the Queen's
command,
Loud he cried in tones that tingled, *"Welcome, welcome, to
my land!"*
But a tremor seized the Princess and she drooped upon her
hand.

"What, no word, my Sparkling Water? must I come on
bended knee?
I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the
sea;
On the banks of wild Pamunkey, I had perished *but for
thee.*

"Ah, I keep a heart right loyal, that can never more
forget!
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids
wet;

I can feel the sudden tightening of thine arms about me yet.

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man,
Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran
To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart Captain there,
While the courtiers press around her, and the passing pages stare;
But no sign gave Pocahontas underneath her veil of hair.

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen-leaf,
And she crouched as if she shrivelled, frost-touched by some sudden grief,
Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching, brief.

At the Captain's haughty gesture, back the curious courtiers fell,
And with soothest word and accent, he besought that she would tell
Why she turned away, nor greeted him whom she had served so well.

But for two long hours the Princess dumbly sate and bowed her head,
Moveless as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said:
"White man's tongue is false. It told me—told me—*that my brave was dead.*

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves
(Who hath care for song or corn-dance when the voice within her grieves?),
Looking westward where the souls go, up the path the sunset weaves.

"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my husband's arm I lean;
Never shadow, *Nenemoosa,* our twain hearts shall come between;
Take my hand, and let us follow the great Captain to his Queen."

—*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

THE word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee;
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe,
Too long they 've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls my will declared
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry;
I hear their voice—How long?
It mingles with their praises high
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I 'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom
You 've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there 's room,
And you shall build it too.
I 'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I 'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I 'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas;
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

—*Jeremiah Eames Rankin.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels from the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

FIRST PROCLAMATION OF MILES STANDISH

HO, Rose!" quoth the stout Miles Standish
As he stood on the *Mayflower's* deck,
And gazed on the sandy coast-line
  That loomed as a misty speck

On the edge of the distant offing,—
  "See! yonder we have in view
Bartholomew Gosnold's 'headlands'
  'T was in sixteen hundred and two

"That the *Concord* of Dartmouth anchored
    Just where the beach is broad,
  And the merry old captain named it
    (Half swamped by the fish)—Cape Cod.

"And so his mighty 'headlands'
    Are scarcely a league away,

What say you to landing, sweetheart,
And having a washing-day?

"For did not the mighty Leader
Who guided the chosen band
Pause under the peaks of Sinai,
And issue his strict command—

"(For even the least assoilment
Of Egypt the spirit loathes)—
Or ever they entered Canaan,
The people should wash their clothes?

"The land we have left is noisome,
And rank with the smirch of sin;
The land that we seek should find us
Clean-vestured without and within."

"Dear heart"—and the sweet Rose Standish
Looked up with a tear in her eye;
She was back in the flag-stoned kitchen
Where she watched, in the days gone by,

Her mother among her maidens,
(She should watch them no more, alas!)
And saw as they stretched the linen
To bleach on the Suffolk grass.

In a moment her brow was cloudless,
As she leaned on the vessel's rail,
And thought of the sea-stained garments,
Of coif and of farthingale;

And the doublets of fine Welsh flannel,
The tuckers and homespun gowns,

And the piles of hosen knitted
From the wool of the Devon downs.

So the matrons aboard the *Mayflower*
Made ready with eager hand
To drop from the deck their baskets,
As soon as the prow touched land.

And there did the Pilgrim Mothers,
"On a Monday," the record says,
Ordain for their new-found England
The first of her washing days.

And there did the Pilgrim Fathers,
With matchlock and ax well slung,
Keep guard o'er the smoking kettles
That propt on the crotches hung.

For the trail of the startled savage
Was over the marshy grass,
And the glint of his eye kept peering
Through cedar and sassafras.

And the children were mad with pleasure,
As they gathered the twigs in sheaves,
And piled on the fire the fagots,
And heaped up the autumn leaves.

"Do the thing that is next," saith the proverb,
And a nobler shall yet succeed;—
'T is the motive exalts the action;
'T is the doing and not the deed;

For the earliest act of the heroes
Whose fame has a world-wide sway

Was—to fashion a crane for a kettle,
And order a washing-day!

—*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

THE PEACE MESSAGE

AT the door of his hut sat Massasoit,
And his face was lined with care,
For the Yellow Pest had stalked from the West
And swept his wigwams bare;
Mother and child had it stricken down,
And the warrior in his pride,
Till for one that lived when the plague was past,
A full half-score had died.

Now from the Eastern Shore there came
Word of a white-skinned race
Who had risen from out the mighty deep
In search of a dwelling-place.
Houses they fashioned of tree and stone,
Turkey and deer they slew
With a breath of flame like the lightning-flash
Of the great god, Manitu.

Was it war or peace? The Chief looked round
On the wreck of his mighty band.
His heart was sad as he rose from the ground
And held on high his hand.
"We must treat with the stranger, my children," he said,
And he called to him Samoset:
"You will go to the men on the Eastern Shore
With wampum and calumet."

Warm was the welcome he received
For the Pilgrim's hearts did thrill
At the message he brought from Massasoit,

With its earnest of good will.
They bade him eat and they bade him drink,
Gave bracelet, knife, and ring,
And sent him again to Monhegan
To lay them before his king.

So the treaty was made, and the treaty was kept
For fifty years and four;
The white man wrought, and waked, and slept,
Secure on the Eastern Shore;
From the door of his hut, old Massasoit
Noted their swift increase,
And blessed the day he had sent that way
His messenger of peace.

—Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

(November 27, 1621)

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'T is meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'T is meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we 've
sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from
wrack and wrong:
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he
may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the har-
vests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of
all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the
seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts
employ
To honour our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of
joy!

"We fail of fruits and dainties—we fail of the old home
cheer;
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us
here.
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the
pumpkin-pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn
feast:
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from
the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served
for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and
peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed: the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang of the meeting-house belfry rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sate down with his hundred braves,
And ate the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest, with a blow on his brawny chest
He muttered: "The good Great Spirit loves His white children best!"

—*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

(*September 17, 1630.*)

BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
As through your tops the breeze
Sweeps from the sea;
For on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,

That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due:
These are the great of earth,—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great, in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That, from your bold green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good,
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that, to God,
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust—
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth, that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and Holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these our hills!

—*John Pierpont.*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

IT was Captain Pierce of the *Lion* who strode the streets of London,
Who stalked the streets in the blear of morn and growled in his grisly beard;
"By Neptune!" quoth this grim sea-dog, "I fear that my master's undone!
'T is a bitter thing if all for naught through the drench of the deep I've steered!"

He had come from out of the ultimate West through the spinning drift and the smother,
Come for a guerdon of golden grain for a hungry land afar;
And he thought of many a wasting maid, and of many a sad-eyed mother,
And how their gaze would turn and turn for a sail at the harbour bar.

But famine lay on the English isle, and grain was a hoarded treasure,
So ruddy the coin must gleam to loose the lock of the store-house door;
And under his breath the Captain groaned because of the meagre measure,

And the grasping souls of those that held the keys to the
recious store.

But he flung a laugh and a fleer at doubt, and braving the
roaring city
He faced them out—those moiling men whose greed had
grown to a curse—
Till at last he found in the strenuous press a heart that was
moved to pity,
And he gave the Governor's bond and word for what he
lacked in purse.

So the *Lion* put her prow to the West in the wild and windy
weather,
Her sails all set, though her decks were wet with the driv-
ing scud and the foam;
Never an hour would the Captain hold his staunch little
craft in tether,
For the haunting thought of hungry eyes was the lure
that called him home.

Sooth, in the streets of Boston-town was the heavy sound
of sorrow,
For an iron frost had bound the wold, and the sky hung
bleak and dread;
Despair sat dark on the face of him who dared to think of
the morrow,
When not a crust could the good wife give if the children
moaned for bread.

But hark, from the wintry waterside a loud and lusty cheer-
ing,
That sweeps the sullen streets of the town as a wave the
level strand!
"A sail steering! a sail!" upswelled the cry, speeding the
vessel steering
Out of the vast of the misty sea in to the waiting land.

Turn the dimming page of the past that the dust of years
is dry on,
And see the tears in the eyes of Joy as the ship draws
in to the shore,
And see the genial glow on the face of Captain Pierce of
the *Lion,*
As the governor grips his faithful hand and blesses him
o'er and o'er!

Oh, the rapture of that release! Feasting instead of fast-
ing!
Happiness in the heart of the home, and hope with its
silver ray!
Oh, the songs of prayer and praise to the Lord God ever-
lasting
That mounted morn and noon and eve on that first Thanks-
giving Day!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

GOD MAKES A PATH

GOD makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness!
His glorious name, while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company;

In him I found a house, a bed,
A table, company;

No cup so bitter, but 's made sweet,
When God shall sweetening be.

—*Roger Williams.*

CANONICUS AND ROGER WILLIAMS

CONTENT within his wigwam warm,
Canonicus sate by the fire;
Without, the voices of the storm
Shrieked ever high and higher.

Eager and wild, the spiteful wind
Tore at the thatch with fingers strong;
The Sachem fed the fire within
And hummed a hunting song.

Sudden upon the crusted snow
He caught a sound not of the storm—
A sound of footsteps dragging slow
Toward his shelter warm.

He drew aside the flap of skin;
A stranger at the threshold stood;
Canonicus bade him enter in,
And gave him drink and food.

His hand he gave in friendship true,
Land for a home gave he;
And he learned of the love of Christ Jesu,
Who died upon the tree.

To the stranger guest sweet life he gave;
For a State he saved its Sire;
Yea, and his own soul did he save
From burning in hell-fire.

THE ASSAULT ON THE FORTRESS

THROUGH verdant banks where Thames's branches glide,
Long held the Pequods an extensive sway;
Bold, savage, fierce, of arms the glorious pride,
And bidding all the circling realms obey.
Jealous, they saw the tribes, beyond the sea,
Plant in their climes; and towns and cities rise;
Ascending castles foreign flags display;
Mysterious art new scenes of life devise;
And steeds insult the plains, and cannon rend the skies.

The rising clouds the savage chief descried,
And, round the forest, bade his heroes arm;
To arms the painted warriors proudly hied,
And through surrounding nations rung the alarm.
The nations heard; but smiled to see the storm,
With ruin fraught, o'er Pequod mountains driven
And felt infernal joy the bosom warm,
To see their light hung o'er the skirts of even,
And other suns arise, to gild a kinder heaven.

Swift to the Pequod fortress Mason sped,
Far in the wildering wood's impervious gloom;
A lonely castle, brown with twilight dread;
Where oft the embowelled captive met his doom,
And frequent heaved, around the hollow tomb,
Scalps hung in rows, and whitening bones were strewed;
Where, round the broiling babe, fresh from the womb,
With howls, the Powow filled the dark abode,
And screams and midnight prayers invoked the evil god.

But now, no awful rites, nor potent spell,
To silence charmed the peals of coming war:
Or told the dark recesses of the dell,

Where glowing Mason led his bands from far:
No spirit, buoyant on his airy car,
Controlled the whirlwind of invading fight;
Deep dyed in blood, dun evening's falling star
Sent sad o'er western hills its parting light,
And no returning morn dispersed the long, dark night.

On the drear walls a sudden splendour glowed.
There Mason shone, and there his veterans poured.
Anew the hero claimed the fiends of blood,
While answering storms of arrows round him showered,
And the war-scream the ear with anguish gored.
Alone, he burst the gate; the forest round
Reëchoed death; the peal of onset roared.
In rushed the squadrons; earth in blood was drowned;
And gloomy spirits fled, and corses hid the ground.

Not long in dubious fight the host had striven,
When, kindled by the musket's potent flame,
In clouds, and fire, the castle rose to heaven,
And gloomed the world with melancholy beam.
Then hoarser groans, with deeper anguish, came;
And fiercer fight the keen assault repelled;
Nor e'en these ills the savage breast could tame;
Like hell's deep caves, the hideous region yelled,
Till death, and sweeping fire, laid waste the hostile field.

—*Timothy Dwight.*

ANNE HUTCHINSON'S EXILE

HOME, home—where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek, my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.

Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The baby clings; the mother sings; the pony stumbles on;
The father leads the beast along the tangled, muddy way;
The boys and girls trail on behind; the sun will soon be gone,
And starlight bright will take again the place of sunny day.
"Home, home—where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek, my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The sun goes down behind the lake; the night fogs gather chill,
The children's clothes are torn; and the children's feet are sore.
"Keep on, my boys, keep on, my girls, till all have passed the hill;
Then ho, my girls, and ho, my boys, for fire and sleep once more!"
And all the time she sings to the baby on her breast,
"Home, my darling, sleep, my darling, find a place of rest;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird a nest.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

He lifts the mother from the beast; the hemlock boughs they spread,
And make the baby's cradle sweet with fern-leaves and with bays,

The baby and her mother are resting on their bed;
He strikes the flint, he blows the spark, and sets the twigs ablaze.
"Sleep, my child; sleep, my child!
Baby, find her rest,
Here beneath the gracious skies, upon her father's breast;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird her nest.
Come, come, with her mother, come!
Home, home, find my baby's home!"

The guardian stars above the trees their loving vigil keep;
The cricket sings her lullaby, the whippoorwill his cheer,
The father knows his Father's arms are round them as they sleep;
The mother knows that in His arms her darling need not fear.
"Home, home, my baby's home is here;
With God we seek, with God we find the place for baby's rest.
Hist, my child; list, my child; angels guard us here,
The God of Heaven is here to make and keep my birdie's nest,
Home, home, here 's my baby's home."

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

LAKE SUPERIOR

FATHER of lakes!" thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,

And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear, in sadness broods;
Or startled echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods!

Roll on, thou element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man;
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves!

—*Samuel Griswold Goodrich.*

THE SPIRIT IN ARMS

WHEN the just ire of England
Arose in daring might
Against the perfidious Stuart,
To uphold a diviner right,
"Let kings learn," said her Commons,
"Their duty once for all,"
And sent the Lord's anointed
To the headsman of Whitehall.

But strange are the shifts for freedom,
Heavy tradition's hand,
And the days of the avenger
Were not long in the land.
No sooner another Stuart
Was safe on the throne once more,
Than his father's judges were outlawed,
Hunted from door to door.

Two overseas for safety
To wild New England fled,
To haunt her forest borders,
With a price upon each head.
Harried from hiding to hiding
Eating their bread in haste,

By many a hearth and camp-fire
Their unresting trail was traced.

To-day in sleepy Hadley,
In its wide, green-shaded street,
They will point you out a dwelling
Was the regicides' retreat.
Here between ranks of homesteads
Their public common was made
For pasture and pleasure, protected
From Indian pillage and raid.

Deep in the seeding grasses
The arching elm trees stand,
Under the blue of August,
With peace over all the land.
On such a day in summer
Seasons and seasons ago,
On this lovely Puritan haven
Descended the stealthy foe.

The people were all at worship,
When a sudden fiendish yell
Broke on the fast-day stillness;
They knew what it meant full well.
Forth rushed the men from the meeting
(Armed were they always then),
To find their quiet Main street
Swarming with painted men.

Trapped, for the instant panic
Unmanning the stoutest there,
Drove them back to the doorway;
Disaster was in the air.
They saw their wives and children
Given to knife and brand,

And the blood ran back for a moment
From every hardy hand.

Mazed by the dim and horror,
Stampeded by savage war,
Where was the spirit that triumphed
At Naseby and Dunbar?
Suddenly there before them,
Taking command, was seen
A thrilling resolute presence,
With heroic right in his mien.

At the call of that confident leader
Their sickening hearts grew bold,
And they thought how the Lord had smitten
The Midianites of old.
Then did the Puritan spirit
Come back to them where they stood,
And they fell on the shrieking Nipmucks
And drove them back to the wood.

But when the rout was over,
Ere the sweat was wiped away
From the tanned and toil-worn faces
In thankfulness that day,
They turned to behold the stranger
Who had saved them from worse than death,
And the spirit in arms had vanished,
He had come and gone like a breath.

Had they but looked on a vision?
Or, seeing them too sore tried,
Had the Lord sent His angel among them?
It was Goffe the regicide.
He had seen from his place of hiding
The redskins creeping down,

Malignant shapes in the shadows,
On the unoffending town.

And quick to the call of outrage,
He who could have no part
In the open life of his fellows
Had come to strengthen their heart.
The intrepid soldier of justice
Once more had unsheathed his sword
To defend the rights of a people,
Ere he passed to the great award.

—*Bliss Carman.*

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY BROOK

COME listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men
How they fought, how they died,
When they marched against the Red Skins in the Autumn Days, and then
How they fell, in their pride,
By Pocumtuck Side.

"Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring the ripened Grain?"
Said old Mosely to his men in Array.
"Take the Waggons and the Horses, and bring it back again;
But be sure that no Man stray
All the Day, on the Way."

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their head,
Wise and brave, bold and true.
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,

"Be there Many, be there Few,
will bring the Grain to you."

They gathered all the Harvest, and marched back on their Way
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.
No Soldier left the Line of march to wander or to stray,
Till the Waggons were stalled in the Mire,
And the Beasts began to tire.
The Waggons have all forded the Brook as it flows,
And then the Rear-Guard stays
To pick the Purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,
When, crack!—to their Amaze,
A hundred Fire locks blaze!

Brave Lathrop, he lay dying; but as he fell he cried,
"Each Man to his Tree," said he,
"Let no one yield an Inch;" and so the Soldier died;
And not a Man of all can see
Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,
From behind and before,
That Man after Man is shot down and breathes his last.
Every Man lies dead in his Gore
To fight no more,—no more!

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who have died,—
The Flower of Essex they!
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black Mountain-side,
But never shall they come again to see the ocean-tide,
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his Bride,
From that dark and cruel Day,—cruel Day!

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT

O ROUSE you, rouse you, men at arms,
And hear the tale I tell,
From Pettaquamscut town I come,
Now hear what there befell.

The houses stand upon the hill,
Not large, each house is full,
But largest of them all there stood
The house of Justice Bull.

'T was there the court sat every year,
The governor came in state;
From there, the couriers through the town,
Served summons soon and late.

And there, 't is but three years agone,
George Fox preached, you remember;
That was in May when he preached peace,
And now it is December.

Peace, peace, he cried, but righteous God,
How can there be true peace,
When war and tumult stalk at night,
And deeds of blood increase?

Revenge, revenge, good captains bold,
Revenge, my people cry;
Where stood the house of Justice Bull,
But piled-up ashes lie.

How fared it then, who may dare tell
The shutters barred the light,
As one by one the windows closed,
And all was black as night.

Strong was the house, and strong, brave men
All armed lay down to sleep,
And women fair, and children, too,
They were to guard and keep.

And then a horror in the night,
And shouts, and fire, and knives,
And demons yelling in delight,
As men fought for their lives.

And where there stood that goodly house,
And lived those goodly men;
Full seven goodly souls are gone,
Revenge, we cry again! . . .

Uprose the little army then,
All armed as best they could,
With pike and sword and axes broad,
Flint-locks and staves of wood.

And motley was the company,
Recruits from wood and field;
But strong young men were with them then,
Who'd sooner die than yield.

Connecticut had sent her men,
With Major Robert Treat,
Each colony in its degree
Sent in its quota meet.

Massachusetts led the way,
And Plymouth had next post;
Winslow commands the gathered bands,
A thousand men they boast.

The winter sun hung in the sky,
And frost bound all things fast;
As they set forth, from out the north
There blew a bitter blast.

The meadow grass was stiff with rime,
The frozen brook lay dead;
Like stone did sound the frozen ground
Beneath the martial tread.

All day they marched in bitter cold,
And when, as fell the night,
They reached the hill and gazed their fill,
Upon the piteous sight.

No need to urge their rapid chase,
The cinders did that well,
And in the air a woman's hair
Told more than words could tell.

In stern resolve they lay them down,
For rest they needed sore,
But long ere dawn the swords were drawn
And open stood the door. . . .

They turned their faces toward the west,
The morning air was cold,
And softly stepped, while still men slept,
With courage high and bold.

An Indian they met ere long,
'T was Peter, whom they knew;
They asked their way, nought would he say
To his own comrades true.

In anger cried the governor:
"Then let the man be hung,
For he can tell, he knows full well,
So let him find a tongue."

To save his life, that wretched man
Agreed to be their guide,
As they marched on, the Indian
Marched onward by their side.

And soon they reached a dreadful swamp
With cedar trees o'ergrown,
And thick and dark with dead trees stark
And great trunks lying prone.

'T was frozen hard, and Indians there!
They fired as they ran,
And with a bound that spurned the ground,
The fierce assault began.

And then a wonder in the wood,—
A little rising ground,
With palisade for shelter made
Of timber planted round.

And but one place of entrance there
Across a watery way,
A tall felled tree gave access free,
From shore to shore it lay.

Full many a gallant man that day
His life left at that tree;
The bravest man pressed forward then,
And there fell captains three.

A dreadful day, and of our men,
Short work would have been made,
But that by grace, they found a place
Weak in the palisade.

Then they poured in, within the fort
Soon filled with Indians dead;
And many a one great deeds had done
Within that place of dread.

Then with a torch, the whole was fired,
The wigwams caught the blaze,
The fire roared and spread abroad
And fed on tubs of maize.

The night came on, the governor called,
The soldiers gathered round;
The fort was theirs, and dying prayers
Were rising from the ground.

With care they gathered up their dead,
The few who had been spared;
All through the cold, in pain untold,
To Warwick they repaired.

So with the Indian's power gone,
Avenged were Englishmen,
For from the night of that Swamp Fight
They never rose again. . . .

Gone is the wrong, the toil, the pain,
The Indians, they are gone,
Please God we use, and not abuse
The land so hardly won.

—*Caroline Hazard.*

THE SUDBURY FIGHT

YE sons of Massachusetts, all who loved that honoured name,
Ye children of New England, holding dear your fathers' fame,
Hear tell of Sudbury's battle through a day of death and flame!

The painted Wampanoags, Philip's hateful warriors, creep
Upon the town at springtide while the skies deny us rain,
We see their shadows lurking in the forest's whispering deep,
And speed the sorry tidings past dry field and rustling lane:
Come hastily or never when the wild beast lusts for gore,
And send your best and bravest if you wish to see us more!

The Commonwealth is quiet now, and peace her measure fills,
Content in homes and farmsteads, busy marts and buzzing mills
From Atlantic's roaring to the tranquil Berkshire hills.

But through that day our fathers, speaking low their breathless words,
Their wives and babes in safety, toil to save their little all;
They fetch their slender food-stores, drive indoors their scanty herds,
They clean the bell-mouthed musket, melt the lead and mould the ball;
Please God they 'll keep their battle till their countrymen shall haste
With succor from the eastward, iron-hearted, flinty-faced.

A hundred dragging twelvemonths ere the welcome joy-bells ring
The dawn of Independence did King Philip's devils spring
Through April on the little spot, like wolves a-ravening.

The morning lifts with fury as they come with torch in hand,
And howl about the houses in the shrunken frontier town;
Our garrisons hold steady while the flames by breezes fanned
Disclose the painted demons, fierce and cunning, lithe and brown;
At every loophole firing, women near at hand to load,
The children bringing bullets, thus the Sudbury men abode.

By night, through generations, have the eager children come
Beside their grandsire's settle, listening to the droning hum
Of this old tale, with backward glances, open-mouthed and dumb.

The burning hours stretch slowly—then a welcome sight appears!
Along the tawny upland where stout Haynes keeps faithful guard
From Watertown speeds Mason, young in everything but years;
Our men rush down to meet him; then, together, swift and hard,
They force the Indians backward to the Musketaquid's side,
And slaying, ever slaying, drive them o'er the reddened tide.
There stand stout Haynes and Mason by the bridge upon the flood;
In vain the braves attack them, thick as saplings in the wood:

Praise God for men so valiant, who have such a foe withstood!

But Green Hill looks with anguish down upon the painted horde
Their stealthy ambush keeping as the Concord men draw near,
To dart with hideous noises as they reach the lower ford,
A thousand 'gainst a dozen; but their every life costs dear
As, sinking 'neath such numbers, one by one our neighbors fail:
One sole survivor in his blood brings on the dreadful tale.

Through sun and evening shadow, through the night till weary morn,
Speeds Wadsworth with his soldiers, forth from Boston, spent and worn,
And Brocklebank at Marlboro' joins that little hope forlorn.

They hear the muskets snap afar, they hear the savage whoop—
All weariness forgotten, on they hasten in relief;
They see the braves before them—with a cheer the little group
Bends down and charges forward; from above the cunning Chief,
His wild-cat eyes dilating, sees his bushes bloom with fire,
The tree-trunks at his bidding blaze with fiendish lust and ire.

A thousand warriors lurk there, and a thousand warriors shout,
Exulting, aiming, flaming, happy in our coming rout;
But Wadsworth never pauses, every musket ringing out.

He gains the lifting hillside, and his sixscore win their way
Defiant through the coppice till upon the summit placed;
With every bullet counting, there they load and aim and slay,
Against all comers warring, iron-hearted, flinty-faced;
Hold Philip as for scorning, drive him down the blood-stained slope,
And stand there, firm and dauntless, steadfast in their faith and hope.

With Mason at the river, Wadsworth staunch upon the hill,
The certain reinforcements, and black night the foe to chill,
An hour or less and hideous Death might have been baffled still.

But in that droughty woodland Philip fires the leaves and grass:
The flames dance up the hillside, in their rear less savage foes.
No courage can avail us, down the slope the English pass—
A day in flame beginning lights with hell its awful close,
As swifter, louder, fiercer o'er the crest the reek runs past
And headlong hurls bold Wadsworth, conquered by the cruel blast.

Ye men of Massachusetts, weep the awful slaughter there!
The panther heart of Philip drives the English to despair,
As scalping-knife and tomahawk gleam in th' affrighted glare.

There Wadsworth yields his spirit, Brocklebank must meet his doom:
Within the stone mill's shelter fights the remnant of their force;
When swift upon the foemen, rushing through the gathering gloom,

Cheer Crowell's men from Brookfield, gallant Prentice
with his horse!
And Mason from the river, and Haynes join in the fight,
Till Philip's host is routed, hurled on shrieking through
the night.

Defeated, cursing, weeping, flees King Philip to his den;
Our speedy vengeance glutted on the flower of his men;
In pomp and pride the Wampanoags ne'er shall march again.

We mourn our stricken Captains, but not vainly did they fall:
The King of Pocanoket has received their stern com-
mand;
Their lives were laid down gladly at their country's trumpet-
call,
And on their savage foemen have they set the heavier
hand;
Against our day-long valour was the red man's fortune spent
And that one day at Sudbury has saved a continent.

In graves adown the hemisphere, in graves across the seas,
The sons of Massachusetts sleep, as here beneath her trees,
Nor Brocklebank nor Wadsworth is the first or last of these.

Oh, blue hills of New England, slanting to the morning
beams
Where suns and clouds of April have their balmy power
sped;
Oh, greening woods and meadows, pleasant ponds and bab-
bling streams,
And clematis soft-blooming where War once his banners
led;
How hungers many an exile for that homeland far away,
And all the happy dreaming of a bygone April day!

Wherever speaks New England, wheresoever spreads her shade,
We praise our fathers' valour, and our fathers' prayer is prayed,
That, fearing God's Wrath only, firm may stand the State they made.

—*Wallace Rice.*

KING PHILIP'S LAST STAND

'TWAS Captain Church, bescarred and brown,
And armèd cap-a-pie,
Came ambling into Plymouth-town;
And from far riding up and down,
A weary man was he.

Now, where is my good wife? he quoth
Before the goodmen all;
And they replied, *What of thine oath?*
And he looked on them lorn and loath,
As he were like to fall.

What of thine oath? to him they cried,
And wilt thou let him slip
Who harrieth fair New England-side
Till every path is slaughter-dyed,—
The murderous King Philip!

His cheek went flush, and swelled his girth;
Upon him be God's ban!
His voice ran loud in grisly mirth;
Now, who with me will run to earth
This bloody Indiàn?

Then *I!* and *I!* the lusty peal
  Made thrill the Plymouth air;
And forth with him for woe or weal,
Their hands agrip on musket-steel,
  Hied many a goodly pair.

They sped them through the summer-land
  By ferry and by ford,
Until they saw before them stand
A redman of that cursèd band,
  His features ochre-scored.

Would the pale-faces find, he said,
  Where lurks their fiercest foe?
Now, by the spirit of the dead,—
My brother, whose heart's blood he shed,—
  Follow, and they shall know!

This Indian brave, they followed him;
  In caution crawled and crept;
Till in a marish deep and dim
They came to where the Sachem grim
  In leafy hiding slept.

(The quiet August morn 's at bud,
  King Philip, woe 's the day!
And woe that one of thine own blood,
Now that ill-fortune roars to flood,
  Should be the man to slay!)

Around him spread a girdling line;
  The fatal snare was laid;
And when down aisles of birch and pine
They saw the first slant sunrays shine,
  They sprang their ambuscade.

And did he slink, or did he shrink
From that relentless ring?
Nay, not a coward did he sink,
But leaped across Death's darkling brink
A savage, yet a king!

Then unto him whose bolt of lead
Had struck King Philip down,
They gave the Sachem's hand and head;
Then back they marched, with triumph tread,
To joyful Plymouth-town.

On Philip's name a bloody blot
The white man's writ has thrown,—
The ruthless raid, the inhuman plot;
And yet what one of us would not
Do battle for his own!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE BURNING OF JAMESTOWN

MAD BERKELEY believed, with his gay cavaliers,
And the ruffians he brought from the Accomac shore,
He could ruffle our spirit by rousing our fears,
And lord it again as he lorded before:
It was—"Traitors, be dumb!"
And—"Surrender, ye scum!"
And that Bacon, our leader, was rebel, he swore.

A rebel? not he! He was true to the throne;
For the King, at a word, he would lay down his life;
But to listen unmoved to the piteous moan
When the redskin was plying his hatchet and knife,
And shrink from the fray,
Was not the man's way—
It was Berkeley, not Bacon, who stirred up the strife.

On the outer plantations the savages burst,
And scattered around desolation and woe;
And Berkeley, possessed by some spirit accurst,
Forbade us to deal for our kinsfolk a blow;
Though when, weapons in hand,
We made our demand,
He sullenly suffered our forces to go.

Then while we were doing our work for the Crown,
And risking our lives in the perilous fight,
He sent lying messengers out, up and down,
To denounce us as outlaws—mere malice and spite;
Then from Accomac's shore
Brought a thousand or more,
Who swaggered the country around, day and night.

Returning in triumph, instead of reward
For the marches we made and the battles we won,
There were threats of the fetters or bullet or sword—
Were these a fair guerdon for what we had done?
When this mad man abhorred
Appealed to the sword,
And our leader said "fight!" did he think we would run?

Battle-scarred, and a handful of men as we were,
We feared not to combat with lord or with lown,
So we took the old wretch at his word—that was fair;
But he dared not come out from his hold in the town
Where he lay with his men,
Like a wolf in his den;
And in siege of the place we sat steadily down.

He made a fierce sally,—his force was so strong
He thought the mere numbers would put us to flight,—
But we met in close column his ruffianly throng,

And smote it so sore that we filled him with fright;
Then while ready we lay
For storming next day,
He embarked in his ships, and escaped in the night.

The place was our own; could we hold it? why, no!
Not if Berkeley should gather more force and return;
But one course was left us to baffle the foe—
The birds would not come if the nest we should burn;
So the red, crackling fire
Climbed to roof-top and spire,
A lesson for black-hearted Berkeley to learn.

That our torches destroyed what our fathers had raised
On that beautiful isle, is a matter of blame?
The God of our Fathers, we gave to the flame?
That the houses we dwelt in, the church where they praised
That we smiled when there lay
Smoking ruins next day,
And nothing was left of the town but its name?

We won; but we lost when brave Nicholas died;
The spirit that nerved us was gone from us then;
And Berkeley came back in his arrogant pride
To give to the gallows the best of our men;
But while the grass grows
And the clear water flows,
The town shall not rise from its ashes again. . . .

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

BACON'S EPITAPH, MADE BY HIS MAN

DEATH, why so cruel? What! no other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall

To its late chaos? Had thy rigid force
Been dealt by retail, and not thus in gross,
Grief had been silent. Now, we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousands slain;
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end
If 't be a sin to think Death bribed can be,
We must be guilty; say 't was bribery
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes,
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes
Deservèd plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian art
Him to destroy; whose well-tried courage such,
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could touch.
Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The Heathen made, and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? nor trump, nor drum,
Nor Deputation; these, alas, are dumb
And cannot speak. Our arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquered more than Cæsar: he o'erthrew
Only the outward frame; this could subdue
The rugged works of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill cold, he 'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbec. In a word
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike,
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal,
It was their guilt styled him a criminal.
Only this difference doth from truth proceed,
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed;
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserved measures, until time shall bring
Truth crowned with freedom, and from danger free;
To sound his praises to posterity.

Here let him rest; while we this truth report,
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court,
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Caesar he was friend or foe.

THE TREATY ELM

I SEE the Treaty Elm and hear the rustle
Of autumn leaves, where come the dusty troops
In painted robes and plumes, to crowd and jostle,
A savage scene, save that the peace apostle
Stands central and controls the untamed groups.

These are the boughs the forest eagle lit on
Long ere he perched upon our nation's banner;
Beneath that shade I see the gentle Briton,
And hear the contract binding, though unwritten,
And worded in the plain old scriptural manner.

Across the Delaware the sound comes faintly,
And fainter still across the tide of time,
Though history yet repeats the language quaintly
That fell from lips of Penn, the calm and saintly,
Speaking of love, the only true sublime.

This is his mission, and his sole vocation.
To hear of this, the savage round him presses,
How sweetly falls the beautiful oration,
Which bids them bear the marvelous revelation
Of Christian peace through all their wildernesses!

Not to defraud them of their broad possessions,
He comes, or to control their eagle pinions,
But to pledge friendship and its sweet relations,

Truth and forbearance, gentleness and patience,
To all the people of their wild dominions.

"We meet," he said, "upon the open highway
Of broad good will, and honest faith and duty.
Let love fraternal brighten every by-way,
And peace inviolate be thy way as my way,
Till all the forest blossoms with new beauty."

So spake their friend, and they revered his teaching.
They said, "We will be true to thee and thine."
And through long seasons toward their future reaching,
No act was shown their plighted faith impeaching,
Marring the compact, loving and divine.

O thou, like noble Penn, who truth adorest,
A priest at her great shrine in Freedom's temple,
While o'er this gift in thoughtful mood thou porest,
Point to the faithful children of the forest,
And bid the nations learn from their example.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

THE CHARTER OAK

ONCE there came, in days of yore,
A minion from the mother shore,
With men-at-arms and flashing eye
Of predetermined tyranny.
High words he spake, and stretched his hand,
Young Freedom's charter to demand.

But lo! it vanished from his sight,
And sudden darkness fell like night,
While, baffled still, in wrath and pain,
He, groping, sought the prize in vain;
For a brave hand, in trust to me,

Had given that germ of liberty;
And like our relative of old
Who clasped his arms, serenely bold,

Around the endangered prince who fled
The scaffold where his father bled.
I hid it, safe from storm and blast,
Until the days of dread were past;
And then my faithful breast restored
The treasure to its rightful lord.

For this do pilgrims seek my side,
And artists sketch my varying pride;
And far away o'er ocean's brine,
An acorn or a leaf of mine,
I hear, are stored as relics rich
In antiquarian's classic niche.

—*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

DESTRUCTION OF SCHENECTADY

GOD prosper long our king and queen,
Our lives and safeties all;
A sad misfortune once there did
Schenectady befall.

From forth the woods of Canada
The Frenchmen tooke their way,
The people of Schenectady
To captivate and slay.

They marched for two and twenty daies,
All through the deepest snow;
And on a dismal winter night,
They strucke the cruel blow.

And we were horribly afraid,
  And shook with terror, when
They told us that the Frenchmen were
  More than a thousand men.

The news came on the Sabbath morn
  Just att the break of day,
And with a companie of horse
  I gallopéd away.

But soon we found the French were gone
  With all their great bootye;
And then their trail we did pursue,
  As was our true dutye.

The Mohaques joynd our brave partye,
  And followed in the chase,
Till we came up with the Frenchmen,
  Att a most likelye place.

Our soldiers fell upon their rear,
  And killéd twenty-five;
Our young men were so much enraged
  They took scarce one alive.

D'Aillebout them did commande,
  Which were but thievish rogues,
Else why did they consent and goe,
  With bloodye Indian dogges?

And here I end the long ballad,
  The which you just have redde;
I wish that it may stay on earth
  Long after I am dead.

—*Walter Wilie.*

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

OH, they sang a song of Wind and Sail
In the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather gauge, of tack and sheet
When the anchor rose to the tramp of feet
And the click of the capstan pawl.
They sang brave songs of the old broadsides,
Long Tom and the carronade.
Hi! cutlass and pike as the great sides strike!
Ho! the cheers of the ne'er-afraid!
For they cheered as they fought, did those sailormen,
They stripped to the buff for the fray—
It was blade to blade, it was eye to eye—
Yardarm to yardarm against the sky!
All ye boarders, up and away!

. . . . .

They sang of the men on the quarter-deck
(Brave deeds of those captains bold!)
Never a name but was known to fame
And was praised in the days of old!
Let us sing the song of the fighting men,
The plunge of the roaring bow,
The same old song of the sea and the ship—
The Song of Then and Now!

Gone are the days of the heave and haul.
(Ah! think ye our blood has thinned?)
We're slaves of science, steel and steam,
Not labourers of the wind!
Oh, into the lockers the cable comes
And no one lifts a hand;
The clang of a bell sounds out "That's well!"
And the engines understand!

We make in 'gainst the wind and the tide at night,
  Forge out 'gainst the storm in the morn,
(But, think ye, our arms have lost their might,
  Think ye, our locks are shorn?)

Past are the days of Wind and Sail,
  We've cast off the thrall of the sea,
We take no heed of the weather gauge—
  No fear of the rocks on our lee.
We come and go in the fiercest blow—
  It is food for our hungry fires—
For the great screw churns and the huge hull turns
  As the Soul of the Ship desires!
Courses and topsails and tack and sheet—
  The thresh for the windward place—
Are gone with the rush of the trampling feet
  And the heave on the weather brace.

They raked and fought at pistol shot—
  We fight at four miles and more.
(Think ye, their dangers discount ours—
  Ye men of books ashore?)
The turret turns and the guns are trained—
  But not in the older way;
The conning tower is the place of power
  Where the Soul of the Ship holds sway.
And in open sponson, and close barbette,
  Or below in the noxious air,
Are the brave forms covered with blood and sweat—
  The fighting men are there!

There are dangers our fathers knew not of—
  In the days of wind and sail—
The unseen foes and the sighted Death
  With the foam along the rail!

The channels teem with uncouth shapes—
  But never a warning sign—
Tho' the force of fifty ships lurks there
  In the sullen, sunken mine!
No signals fly that the eye can mark,
  Yet the mesh of the listening wire
Gets range and speed and the orders—hark!
  'Cast loose and Provide'—and—'Fire!'

And the ship she trembles from top to keel—
  Thro' her eighteen thousand tons!
As her scorched decks leap with a thunderous throb
  'Neath the roar of her twelve-inch guns!
Dented, and tortured, and pierced she stands
  The blows of her ringing plates,
Grimy and black she answers back
  To the calls of her fighting mates.
Hear the grinding crash from her armored prow,
  See the battle flags at the mast?
Young Steel-Flanks of the living Now—
  Is Old Ironsides of the past!

Then here's to the crew of the armor clad—
  The men of steel and steam!
They're the same old stock from the parent block—
  When they welcomed the wind abeam.
Tho' one shot may equal a broadside's weight—
  One blow may decide the fight!
They serve their guns, they aim them straight,
  And the Flags will be kept in sight!
The spirit and strength and the will are there—
  The sea has not changed her men—
The vessel must do and the crew must dare
  And Now is the same as Then!

—*James Barnes.*

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

THAT was a brave old epoch,
Our age of chivalry,
When the Briton met the Frenchman
At the fight of La Prairie;
And the manhood of New England
And the Netherlanders true
And the Mohawks sworn, gave battle
To the Bourbon's lilied blue.

That was a brave old governor
Who gathered his array;
He stood to meet, he knew not what,
On that alarming day.
Eight hundred, amid rumours vast
That filled the wild wood's gloom,
With all New England's flower of youth,
Fierce for New France's doom.

And the brave old half five hundred!
Theirs should in truth be fame;
Borne down the savage Richelieu,
On what emprise they came!
Your hearts were great enough, O few!
Only your numbers fail,—
New France asks more for conquerors,
All glorious though your tale.

It was a brave old battle
That surged around the fort,
When D'Hosta fell in charging,
And 't was deadly strife and short;
When in the very quarters
They contested face and hand,

And many a goodly fellow
  Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

And those were brave old orders
  The colonel gave to meet
The forest force with trees entrenched
  Opposing the retreat;
"De Callière's strength 's behind us,
  And in front your Richelieu;
We must go straightforth at them;
  There is nothing else to do."

And then the brave old story comes,
  Of Schuyler and Valrennes,
When "Fight" the British colonel called,
  Encouraging the men.
"For the Protestant Religion
  And the honour of our King!"
"Sir, I am here to answer you!"
  Valrennes cried, forthstepping. . . .

—*William Douw Schuyler-Lighthall.*

THE DEATH OF GOODY NOURSE

THE chill New England sunshine
  Lay on the kitchen floor;
The wild New England north wind
  Came rattling at the door.

And by the wide old fire-place
  Deep in her cushioned chair,
Lay back an ancient woman,
  With shining snow-white hair.

The peace of God was on her face,
  Her eyes were sweet and calm,

And when you heard her earnest voice
It sounded like a psalm.

In all the land they loved her well;
From country and from town
Came many a heart for counsel,
And many a soul cast down.

Her hands had fed the hungry poor
With blessing and with bread;
Her face was like a comforting
From out the Gospel read.

So weak and silent as she lay,
Her warm hands clasped in prayer,
A sudden knocking at the door
Came on her unaware.

And as she turned her hoary head
Beside her chair there stood
Four grim and grisly Puritans—
No visitants for good.

They came upon her like a host,
And bade her speak and tell
Why she had sworn a wicked oath
To serve the powers of hell;

To work the works of darkness
On children of the light,
A witch they might not suffer here
Who read the Word aright.

Like one who sees here fireside yawn,
A pit of black despair,

Or one who wakes from quiet dreams
  Within a lion's lair.

She glared at them with starting eyes,
  Her voice essayed no sound;
She gasped like any hunted deer
  The eager dogs surround.

"Answer us!" hoarse and loud they cry;
  She looked from side to side—
No human help—"Oh, gracious God!"
  In agony she cried.

Then, calling back her feeble life,
  The white lips utter slow
"I am as pure as babe unborn
  From this foul thing, ye know.

"If God doth visit me for sin,
  Beneath His rod I bend."
But pitiless and wroth were they,
  And bent upon their end.

They tortured her with taunt and jeer,
  They vexed her night and day—
No husband's arms nor sister's tears
  Availed their rage to stay.

Before the church they haled her then;
  The minister arose
And poured upon her patient head
  The worst of all its woes:

He bade her be accursed of God,
  For ever here and there;

He cursed her with a heavy curse
No mortal man may bear.

She stood among the cowering crowd,
As calm as saints in Heaven,
Her eyes as sweet as summer skies,
Her face like summer's even.

The devils wrought their wicked will,
On matron and on maid,
"Thou hast bewitched us," cried they all,
But not a word she said.

They fastened chains about her feet,
And carried her away;
For many days in Salem gaol
Alone and ill she lay.

She heard the scythe along the field
Ring through the fragrant air,
She smelt the wild rose on the wind
That bloweth everywhere.

Reviled and hated and bereft,
The soul had plenteous rest,
Though sorrow like a frantic flood
Beat sore upon her breast.

At last the prison door stood wide,
They led the saint abroad;
By many an old familiar place
Her trembling footsteps trod.

Till faint with weakness and distress,
She climbed a hillside bleak,

And faced the gallows built thereon,
Still undisturbed and meek.

They hanged this weary woman there,
Like any felon stout;
Her white hairs on the cruel rope
Were scattered all about.

The body swung upon the tree
In every flitting wind,
Reviled and mocked by passengers
And folk of evil mind.

A woman old and innocent,
To die a death of shame,
With kindred, neighbours, friends thereby
And none to utter blame.

Oh, God, that such a thing could be
On earth which Thou hast made!
A voice from Heaven answered me,
"Father forgive," He said.

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

A SALEM WITCH

THE wind blows east,—the wind blows west,—
It blows up on the gallows tree;
Oh, little babe beneath my breast,
He died for thee!—he died for me!

The judges came,—the children came
(Some mother's heart o'er each had yearned),
They set their black lies o'er my name:—
"A God-accurséd witch who learned

"Each night (they said) the Devil's art,
Through Salem wood by devils drawn."
I, whose heart beat against his heart
From dark till dawn!—from dark till dawn!

He faced them in his fearless scorn
(The sun was on him as he stood);
"No purer is her babe unborn;
I prove her sinless with my blood."

They spared the babe beneath my breast,—
They bound his hands,—they set me free,—
Hush, hush, my babe! hush, hush and rest;
He died for thee!—he died for me!

They dragged him, bound, to Gallows Hill
(I saw the flowers among the grass);
The women came,—I hear them still,—
And held their babes to see him pass.

God curse them!—Nay,—O God forgive!
He said it while their lips reviled;
He kissed my lips,—he whispered: "Live!
The father loves thee in the child."

Then earth and sky grew black,—I fell—
I lay as stone beside their stone.
They did their work. They earned their Hell.
I woke on Gallows Hill, alone.

O Christ who suffered, Christ who blessed,
Shield him upon the gallows tree!
Oh, babe, his babe, beneath my breast,
He died for thee—he died for me!

—*Ednah Proctor Clarke.*

THE BUCCANEER

HE swears; but he is sick at heart:
He laughs; but he turns deadly pale:
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told; it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery. . . .

But thou no more shall haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach
Nor feebly sit ye down,
Watching the swaying weeds:—another day
And thou 'lt have gone far hence that dreadful way. . . .

—*Richard Henry Dana.*

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

OF worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'T was nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond as we 're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two miles round,
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then up speaks Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," says he,
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we 'll march in order, and each man leave his pack;
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise one man more,
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.
Then having scalped the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spied them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, "Here 's an Indian;" with that they started out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began,
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forced to flee them, although they skulked for fear.

Two logs there were behind them that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,
And at a handsome distance, as they were wont to go.

'T was ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians some hours before 't was night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceased a while to fight.

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore;
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,

Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam, too, I 'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavouring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell:
But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and Wymans Captain made,

Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships by the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON

GOD of the nations! Thou whose hand
Led forth their best across the sea,
To find in this unfettered land
Thy largest gift—the soul set free.

Bless Thou the land Thy bounty gave,
Thy feeble few are grown a host;
From eastern sea to western wave,
Blest be their homes from coast to coast.

Give them Thy peace, but if arrayed
Once more against some evil power,
They draw again a righteous blade,
Be with them in the battle hour!

As when upon the Cuban deep
The thunder of our cannon spoke,
And from sad centuries of sleep,
The stately form of freedom woke.

Remembering him we praise to-day,
Hushed is the mighty roar of trade,
And, pausing on its ardent way,
A nation's homage here is laid.

Where, on the great Virginian's grave,
Look down the new-born century's eyes,
And by his loved Potomac wave
In God's long rest, his soldier lies.

A hundred years have naught revealed
To blot this manhood's record high
That blazoned duty's stainless shield
And set a star in honour's sky.

In self-approval firm, his life
Serenely passed through darkest days
In calm or storm, in peace or strife,
Unmoved by blame, unstirred by praise.

No warrior pride disturbed his peace,
Nor place, nor gain. He loved his fields,
His home, the chase, his land's increase,
The simple life that nature yields.

And yet for us all man could give
He gave, with that which never dies,
The gift through which great nations live,
The life-long gift of sacrifice.

With true humility he learned
The game of war, the art of rule;
And, calmly patient, slowly earned
His competence in life's large school.

Well may we honour him who sought
To live with one unfailing aim,
And found at last, unasked, unbought
In duty's path, the jewel, fame!

Aye! Keep your laurels green for him,
And that great memory proudly guard,
Lest time's mere repetition dim
A grateful nation's high award!

Thus, mindful of a faithful past,
We arm us for our present need,
Lest factious storms his harvest blast,
And freedom, overgrown, exceed;

For that dark race our arms set free
Waits justice from our timid sway,
And those far islands of the sea
In freedom's school must win their way.

Aye! We are lords of many lands
And soon or late may sadly learn
That history, with impartial hands,
Will give us only what we earn.

Oh, teach us to not lightly hold
The freeman's right himself to rule,
And not from sloth, and not for gold,
To be the civic despot's tool:

For He who girded us with power,
And gave us strength to do the right,
Will ask us, in His own stern hour,
"How have ye used the gift of might?"

Since, till this harried earth shall gain
The heavens of Thy peace, O Lord!
Freedom and Law will need to reign
Beneath the shadow of the sword.

O Thou who bade us seek and find,
Teach us to seek with humble art
Through laws of the Eternal Mind
The wisdom of the Eternal Heart;

Lo! science on her soaring wing
To heights we dream not now, shall move,
Until her broad horizons bring
Thy larger morn of boundless love.

Thus from the childhood of the soul
We grow toward manhood's stature still,
To see at last the years unroll
The Gospel of the Master's will.

—*Silas Weir Mitchell.*

LOUISBURG

NEPTUNE and Mars in Counsel sate
To humble France's pride,
Whose vain unbridled insolence
All other Powers defied.

The gods having sat in deep debate
Upon the puzzling theme,
Broke up perplexed and both agreed
Shirley should force the scheme.

Shirley, with Britain's glory fired,
Heaven's favouring smile implored;

"Let Louisburg return,"—he said,
"Unto its ancient Lord."

At once the Camp and Fleet were filled
With Britain's loyal sons,
Whose hearts are filled with generous strife
T' avenge their Country's wrongs.

With Liberty their breasts are filled,
Fair Liberty 's their shield;
'T is Liberty their banner waves
And hovers o'er their field.

Louis!—behold the unequal strife,
Thy slaves in walls immured!
While George's sons laugh at those walls—
Of victory assured.

One key to your oppressive pride
Your Western Dunkirk's gone;
So Pepperell and Warren bade
And what they bade was done!

Forbear, proud Prince, your gasconades,
Te Deums cease to sing,—
When Britons fight the *Grand Monarque*
Must yield to Britain's King.

THE SONG OF BRADDOCK'S MEN

TO arms, to arms! my jolly grenadiers!
Hark, how the drums do roll it along!
To horse, to horse, with valiant good cheer;
We 'll meet our proud foe before it is long.
Let not your courage fail you;
Be valiant, stout and bold;

And it will soon avail you,
My loyal hearts of gold.
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen! again I say huzzah!
'T is nobly done,—the day 's our own,—huzzah, huzzah!

March on, march on, brave Braddock leads the foremost;
The battle is begun as you may fairly see.
Stand firm, be bold, and it will soon be over;
We 'll soon gain the field from our proud enemy.
A squadron now appears, my boys;
If that they do but stand!
Boys, never fear, be sure you mind
The word of command!
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen! again I say huzzah!
'T is nobly done,—the day 's our own,—huzzah, huzzah!

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

'T WAS summer morn! A gallant band,
With arms of burnished steel,
Marched by the river's side, inspired
By war's awakening peal,
While on the left the forest deep
Was startled from its ancient sleep.

'T was summer eve! That gallant band,
With half its number slain,
A panic-stricken remnant, fled,
And crossed the stream again;
For Braddock's sun was darkened now,
And death-dew on his writhing brow.

Conversing low, two youthful forms
Upon that eve were seen,
When French and Indian poured the fire
From deep and dark ravine;

When battle-cloud had rolled away,
Among the living still were they.

Beneath brave Gage, two noble steeds
  Had fallen in the fray;
While Washington, now in the van
  Stood hero-like that day.
Thus faithful to their trust they stood
Though England's banner trailed in dust.

BRADDOCK'S EPITAPH

BENEATH this stone brave Braddock lies,
  Who always hated cowardice,
But fell a savage sacrifice,
  Amidst his Indian foes.
I charge you, heroes of the ground,
To guard the dark pavilion round,
And keep off all obtruding sound,
  And cherish his repose.

Sleep, sleep, I say, brave, valiant man,
Bold death, at last, hath bid thee stand,
And to resign thy great command
  And cancel thy commission;
Although thou didst not much incline
Thy post and honours to resign;
Now iron slumber doth confine—
  None envies thy condition.

—*Stephen Tilden.*

THE MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY

THE mists of the valley had fled on the gale,
  And the gay beams of morning enlivened the vale,
When forth from the battlements, ragged and torn,
Came a band of stern warriors, still weary and worn.

Still weary with fighting, and warm in the strife,
They gave to the foeman the care of each life;
For the spotless white banner of Peace floated free,
In the soft, balmy air that rolled up from the sea.

A horde of dark savages hovered around
Like vultures, that watch where the prey may be found;
Still nearer they hovered—a wild shout arose—
'T was the death-knell of vanquished and weaponless foes.

Then the streams that ran down to the Hudson grew red,
For many a gallant lay down with the dead;
Then a flashing red vapour was seen to arise—
A flashing red vapour encircled the skies.

With hatchets uplifted, and scalping-knives raised,
The fierce warriors trembled, and heavenward gazed;
They saw the red vapour careen in the skies—
One moment it flashes, then suddenly dies.

The knife and the hatchet were loosed in the hand;
The death-dealing weapon fell down on the sand;
Full a minute they gazed on the sky's ruddy's breast—
Full a minute they gazed, but the sky was at rest.

Then the death-yell arose, then the blood flowed anew,
And a broad crimson torrent the valley ran through:
The blood-thirsty warriors knelt down by its side,
And drank long and deeply from out the red tide.

. . . . .

The pride of the red man shall triumph no more,
For the wigwams are desolate on the lake's shore;
A thousand bold warriors in anguish have died,
For the Angel of Death laid his hand on the tide.

—Frederic Adams Gage.

ON THE LATE SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION AGAINST LOUISBURG

AT length 't is done, the glorious conflict 's done,
And British valour hath the conquest won;
Success our arms, our heroes, honour crowns,
And Louisburg an English monarch owns!
Swift, to the scene where late the valiant fought,
Waft me, ye muses, on the wings of thought—
That awful scene where the dread god of war
O'er field of death rolled his triumphant car;
There yet, with fancy's eye, methinks I view
The pressing throng, the fierce assault renew;
With dauntless front advance, and boldly brave
The cannon's thunder and th' expecting grave.

On yonder cliff, high hanging o'er the deep,
Where trembling joy climbs the darksome steep;
Britannia lonely sitting, from afar
Waits the event, and overlooks the war;
Thence, rolls the eager wandering eyes about
In all the dread anxiety of doubt;
Sees her fierce sons, her foes with vengeance smite,
Grasp deathless honours, and maintain the fight.

Whilst thus her breast alternate passions sway,
And hope and fear wear the slow hours away.
See! from the realms of everlasting light,
A radiant form wings her aerial flight.
The palm she carries, and the crown she wears,
Plainly denote 't is *Victory* appears;
Her crimson vestment loosely flows behind,
The clouds her chariot and her wings the wind;
Trumpets shrill sounding all around her play,
And laurelled honours gild her azure way—
Now she alights—the trumpets cease to sound,
Her presence spreads expecting silence round:—

And thus she speaks; whilst from her heavenly face
Effulgent glories brighten all the place—

"Britannia, hail! this is at length the day,
And lasting triumph shall thy cares repay;
Thy godlike sons, by *this,* their names shall raise,
And tongues remote shall joy to swell their praise.
I to the listening world shall soon proclaim
Of *Wolfe's* brave deeds, the never-dying fame,
And swell with glory Amherst's patriot name.
Such are the heroes as shall ever bring
Wealth to their country—honour to their king;
Opposing foes, in vain attempt to quell
The native fires that in such bosoms dwell.
To thee, with joy, this laurel I resign,
Smile! smile! Britannia, victory is thine.
Long may it flourish on thy sacred brow!
Long may thy foes a forced subjection know!
See, see their power, their boasted power decline!
Rejoice, *Britannia!* victory is thine!"

Give your loose canvas to the breezes free,
Ye floating thunderers, bulwarks of the sea;
Go, bear the joyful tidings to your king,
And, in the voice of war, declare 't is victory you bring:
Let the wild crowd that catch the breath of fame,
In mad huzzas their ruder joy proclaim:
Let their loud thanks to heaven in flames ascend,
While mingling shouts the azure concave rend.
But let the few, whom reason makes more wise,
With glowing gratitude uplift their eyes;
Oh! let their breast dilate with sober joy.
Let pious praise their hearts and tongues employ;
To bless our *God* with me let all unite,
He guides the conquering sword, *He* governs in the fight.

—*Francis Hopkinson.*

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

THY merits, Wolfe, transcend all human praise,
The breathing marble or the muses' lays.
Art is but vain—the force of language weak,
To paint thy virtues, or thy actions speak.
Had I Duché's or Godfrey's magic skill,
Each line to raise, and animate at will—
To rouse each passion dormant in the soul,
Point out its object, or its rage control—
Then, Wolfe, some faint resemblance should we find
Of those great virtues that adorned thy mind.
Like Britain's genius shouldst thou then appear,
Hurling destruction on the Gallic rear—
While France, astonished, trembled at thy sight,
And placed her safety in ignoble flight.
Thy last great scene should melt each Briton's heart
And rage and grief alternately impart.
With foes surrounded, midst the shades of death,
These were the words that closed the warrior's breath—
"My eyesight fails!—but does the foe retreat?
If they retire, I'm happy in my fate!"

A generous chief, to whom the hero spoke,
Cried, "Sir, they fly!—their ranks entirely broke:
Whilst thy bold troops o'er slaughtered heaps advance,
And deal due vengeance on the sons of France."
The pleasing truth recalls his parting soul,
And from his lips these dying accents stole:—
"I 'm satisfied!" he said, then winged his way,
Guarded by angels, to celestial day.
An awful band!—Britannia's mighty dead,
Receives to glory his immortal shade.
Marlborough and Talbot hail the warlike chief—
Halket and Howe, late objects of our grief,
With joyful song conduct their welcome guest

To the bright mansions of eternal rest—
For those prepared who merit just applause
By bravely dying in their country's cause.

THE STORMING OF HAVANA

IT was a lovely summer day
In Sev'nteen-Sixty-Two
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty!
That twenty ships from New York Bay
Sailed out into the blue,
All filled with Yankee soldiers gay
And Yankee sailors, too
Who joined them for the party
With a yeo-heave-ho!
Connecticut a thousand sent,
New York eight hundred, with them went
Five hundred Jerseymen, intent
To fight with Britons side by side
And blow to dust Spain's boasty pride
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty,
A-fighting we will go!

We cheered the British as they lay
Beside Havana Town
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty!
We laughed to see the cannon grey
In Morro Castle frown,
And set ourselves to work straightway
To tear the old fort down
And join there for a party
With a yeo-heave-ho!
Old General Lyman takes command,
Bold Israel Putnam takes a hand,
And there we cheer and make our stand
To fight with Britons side by side

And blow to dust Spain's boasty pride
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty,
A-fighting we will go!

We make a breach, we raise a shout,
And into Morro rush
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty!
We drive the coward Spaniard out,
His fondest hopes we crush,
The flag of Spain falls in the rout,
The cheer of Spain 's a-hush
When we join them for a party
With a yeo-heave-ho!
And Leon weeps, and old Castile
Bemoans the weight of Yankee steel—
See how the Spanish cringe and kneel!
Britons and Yankees, side by side,
Have blown to dust Spain's boasty pride
With a yeo-heave-ho, my hearty,
A-fighting we will go!

—*Wallace Rice.*

LIBERTY TREE

IN a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named *Liberty Tree.*

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground;
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,

To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was *Liberty Tree.*

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of *Liberty Tree.*

But hear, O ye swains,—'t is a tale most profane,—
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain
To cut down this guardian of ours;
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Through the land let the sound of it flee,
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer
In defence of our *Liberty Tree.*

—*Thomas Paine.*

THE STAMP-ACT CONGRESS

THE Commons framed the Stamp-Act,
It legal writs refused,
And made our bargains go for naught,
Unless, in all we sold or bought,
Their stamps were bought and used.

"The stamps are only vouchers,"
Wrote Green, "to license knaves!"
"To tax, against their own consent,

Where none," said Adams, "represent
Our people, brands us slaves."

"Our chartered free assemblies,
To which our laws entrust
The right to tax us, and to pay
Each crown-official,—only they
Can ever keep him just."

Quoth Thomas Chase: "They only!
But British agents curse
To find that our assemblies true
Have something nobler here to do
Than fill a noble's purse."

"I held my peace," said Hancock,
"Till Britain made for these
That law which all their fleet empowers
To seek in every ship of ours
A bounty they may seize.

"And then when they have seized it,
Our wrong can be discussed
And righted but in England's courts.
And by a judge whom it supports;—
And that, they say, is just.

"No fleet of mine shall carry
A stamp, though all I lose.
I choose, ere it, to save my soul!"
The whole land heard, and soon the whole
Had vowed no stamps to use.

New York had lived by commerce.
Her merchants swore, they all,
Ere stamps they bought, would sail no boats,

And sell no goods, and pass no notes—
They would not live in thrall.

Said Isaac Sears: "No wonder
These human lords combine
The masses' rivalling wealth to steal.
'T is but when those are stript, they feel
Their decency divine.

"For years, to gild the peerage
Have England's ports been made
The marts by law for all we bought,—
Alas! in what that we have wrought
Have they not checked our trade?

"The nobles, while their winnings
Like nuggets clog the sieve
That ours drop through, would not eschew
Their royal rule: 'To others do
What makes them humbly live.'

"And shall we not live humbly
Who but our pride restrain?
And but at home more honest goods?"—
"But homespun!" rang from bay to woods,
Then ran the looms amain. . . .

"Resign!" in Boston greeted
The Stamp-Act agent's sign.
The cry, like thunder, threatened storm;
And torches flashed; the air was warm;
The agent did resign.

"Resign!" erelong the echo
Had rolled to every town.
None dared resist the people's plea,

And none dared hold a stamp, or be
The stamp-man of the crown.

"Our governors," growled the Tories,
"Shall sell the stamps to us."
The governors swore this course to take;
But we, we swore, our lives at stake,
They should not thwart us thus.

The night before the Stamp-Act
Should take effect, ah me!
We slept not much; we melted lead;
We whetted steel; we planned ahead,
We "Sons of Liberty."

Then, when the morn was breaking,
On every hill and plain,
In all the towns, we tolled the bells,
That all began with doleful knells,
As though for Freedom slain.

Anon, they rang out madly
What might have pealed to be
The land's alarm-bell—only now
They pealed to hail the birth and vow
Of "Sons of Liberty."

New York went wild to hear them.
Men flooded every way:
They left their shops; they stopt their mills;
And farmers flocked from all the hills,
And sailors from the bay.

Now who would buy stamped papers?
Was asked in all the ways.
But not a shop was not shut to;

For all had wiser work to do
On this, our day of days. . . .

Then from the fort the cannon
Were turned upon the town;
But "If you fire," the people cried,
"We 'll hang the governor here outside,
Or burn your quarters down."

The governor urged his honour;
"Had pledged," he said, "his oath,
And ought to further Britain's aims."—
We thought New York had equal claims
On oath and honour both.

"And let him pledge his honour
To let the stamps alone,"
Said Isaac Sears; and all the crowd
Who heard him say it, shouted loud
To make his words their own. . . .

The colony's council passed then
A vote opposed by none,—
That England had the stamps assigned
To agents who had all resigned,
Nor was the governor one.

At this the governor wavered,
And wrote a message thus:
"I 'll wait the dawn of further light."
Cried Sears then: "Keep the fox in sight!
He waits till free from us.

"We 'll send him back this answer:
'Awhile the town will wait,

But four and twenty hours from now
Will hold the stamps or else will vow
To hold no more debate.'" . . .

So nothing now was left them
Except to yield us all.
Our mayor took the stamps we asked,
And bore them off, and locked them fast
Within the City Hall.

And loud the people shouted;
They felt that right was done;
Cried "Liberty and Property!
No stamps to curse the Colony!"
And parted, one by one.

The next day all the papers
Without the stamps appeared.
Men took no notes, but trusted men.
Our ships sailed off to sea again;
And none the navy feared.

And none had bought a stamp there,
Or sealed himself a slave;
And half of England, trust my word,
Were thrilled with joy, when they had heard
How we ourselves could save.

At last there came a daybreak
When all the thankful kneeled;
And bells were rung, and banners hung;
And England's weal was drunk and sung—
The Stamp-Act was repealed. . . .

—*George Lansing Raymond.*

BOONE IN THE WILDERNESS OF KENTUCKY.

BRIGHT waved thy woods, Kentucky,
In the summer's sunset glow;
Enamoured evening smiled upon
The scene outspread below;
Nature's Eden, wild, magnificent,
Fresh from her hand was there;
Even angels might admiring gaze
Upon a scene so fair.

Like a mighty temple, dark and old,
Waved the dim wilderness;
God's ancient music spoke his praise
Amid the spreading trees.
By the dark and lonely rivers,
Flowing on in light and shade,
The red man and his shaggy train,
In sole dominion strayed.

From the forest's deep recesses,
Whence curls that wreath of smoke?
By what startling crack of rifle
Are their slumbering echoes woke?
For twice twoscore of nights and days,
The observant savage race
Have marked, with wonder and with fear,
The dreadful stranger's trace.

He has reared his lodge among them,
He has hunted far and wide—
Alone in the vast wilderness,
To range it is his pride!
Now at nightfall by his cabin door
He marks the stars appear—

His heart is filled with home-bred joy—
He smiles at thought of fear!

Woe to your fair dominion,
Woe to your day of fame,
Ye dusky dwellers of the woods!
Your glory 's but a name;
Awaken from your slumbers,
Awake or perish all—
The foe is on your hunting-grounds,
The herald of your fall!

In vain—the tide of life flows in
On the daring hunter's track,
And not the Indian's high emprise
Can turn the current back.
Fierce battled he with force and fraud,
Like a savage beast at bay—
But his star of empire went down
In many a bloody fray.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

WHERE shall we seek for a hero, and where shall we find a story?
Our laurels are wreathed for conquest, our songs for completed glory.
But we honour a shrine unfinished, a column uncapped with pride,
If we sing the deed that was sown like seed when Crispus Attucks died.

Shall we take for a sign this Negro slave with unfamiliar name—

With his poor companions, nameless too, till their lives leaped forth in flame?
Yea, surely, the verdict is not for us, to render or deny;
We can only interpret the symbol; God chose these men to die—
As teachers and types, that to humble lives may chief award be made;
That from lowly ones, and rejected stones, the temple's base is laid!

When the bullets leaped from the British guns, no chance decreed their aim;
Men see what the royal hirelings saw—a multitude and a flame;
But beyond the flame, a mystery; five dying men in the street,
While the streams of severed races in the well of a nation meet!
O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century creed, and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas;
For ever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the sounding unifies all!
One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men!

But alien is one—of class, not race—he has drawn the line
for himself;
His roots drink life from inhuman soil, from garbage of
pomp and pelf;
His heart beats not with the common beat, he has changed
his life-stream's hue;
He deems his flesh to be finer flesh, he boasts that his blood
is blue;
Patrician, aristocrat, Tory—whatever his age or name,
To the people's rights and liberties, a traitor ever the same.
The natural crowd is a mob to him, their prayer a vulgar
rhyme;
The freeman's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a
crime.
Wherever the race, the law, the land,—whatever the time or
throne,
The Tory is always a traitor to every class but his own.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arro-
gance stalks apart;
Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of
the common heart;
Where the masses honour straightforward strength, and
know, when veins are bled,
That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's blood
is red!

And honour to Crispus Attucks, who was leader and voice
that day;
The first to defy, and the first to die, with Maverick, Carr,
and Gray.
Call it riot or revolution, his hand first clenched at the
crown;
His feet were first in perilous place to pull the king's flag
down;

His breast was the first one rent apart that liberty's stream might flow;
For our freedom now and for ever, his head was the first laid low. . . .

Call it riot or revolution, or mob or crowd, as you may,
Such deeds have been seeds of nations, such lives shall be honoured for ay.
They were lawless hinds to the lackeys—but martyrs to Paul Revere;
And Otis and Hancock and Warren read spirit and meaning clear.
Ye teachers, answer: what shall be done when just men stand in the dock;
When the caitiff is robed in ermine, and his sworders keep the lock;
When torture is robbed of clemency, and guilt is without remorse;
When tiger and panther are gentler than the Christian slaver's curse;
When law is a satrap's menace, and order the drill of a horde—
Shall the people kneel to be trampled, and bare their neck to the sword?

Not so! by this Stone of Resistance that Boston raises here!
By the old North Church's lantern, and the watching of Paul Revere!
Not so! by Paris of 'Ninety-Three and Ulster of 'Ninety-Eight!
By Toussaint in St. Domingo! by the horror of Delhi's gate!
By Adams's word to Hutchinson! by the tea that is brewing still!

By the farmers that met the soldiers at Concord and Bunker Hill!

Not so! not so Till the world is done, the shadow of wrong is dread;
The crowd that bends to a lord to-day, to-morrow may strike him dead.
There is only one thing changeless: the earth steals from under our feet,
The times and the manners are passing moods, and the laws are incomplete;
There is only one thing changes not, one word that still survives—
The slave is the wretch who wields the lash, and not the man in gyves!

There is only one test of contract: is it willing, is it good?
There is only one guard of equal right: the unity of blood;
There is never a mind unchained and true that class or race allows;
There is never a law to be obeyed that reason disavows;
There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster,
The master shall drop the whip, and the slaves shall enslave the master!

Oh. Planter of seed in thought and deed has the year of right revolved,
And brought the Nego patriot's cause with its problem to be solved?
His blood streamed first from the building, and through all the century's years,
Outgrowth of story and fame of glory are mixed with his blood and tears.
He lived with men like a soul condemned—derided, defamed and mute;
Debased to the brutal level, and instructed to be a brute.

His virtue was shorn of benefit, his industry of reward;
His love!—O men, it were mercy to have cut affection's cord;
Through the night of woe, no pity save that of his fellow-slave;
For the wage of his priceless labour, the scourging block and the grave! . . .

Has he learned—the slave from the rice-swamps, whose children were sold—has he,
With broken chains on his limbs, and the cry in his blood, "I am free!"
Has he learned through affliction's teaching what our Crispus Attucks knew—
When Right is stricken, the white and the black are counted as one, not two?
Has he learned that his century of grief was worth a thousand years
In blending his life and blood with ours, and that all his toil and tears
Were heaped and poured on him suddenly, to give him a right to stand
From the gloom of African forests, in the blaze of the freest land?
That his hundred years have earned for him a place in the human van
Which others have fought for and thought for since the world of wrong began?

For this, shall his vengeance change to love, and his retribution burn,
Defending the right, the weak, and the poor, when each shall have his turn;
For this, shall he set his woeful past afloat on the stream of night;

For this, he forgets as we all forget when darkness turns to light;
For this, he forgives as we all forgive when wrong has changed to right.
And so, must we come to the learning of Boston"s lesson to-day;
The moral that Crispue Attucks taught in the old heroic way;
God made mankind to be one in blood, as one in spirit and thought;
And so great a boon, by a brave man's death, is never dearly bought!

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

FOUNDING OF THE MISSION OF MONTEREY

GOOD Junipero, the Padre,
When 't was dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey,
Listening as the simple red men
Of their joys and sorrows told,
And their stories of the missions,
And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
Rested by the crescent bay,
Little dreaming he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey,
That this cross on shore he planted
And the ground about it blessed,
And then he and his companions
Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
That Portala's cross at night,

Gleaming with a wondrous splendour,
Than the noon-sun was more bright,
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, O so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
How they gathered all around,
And their spears and arrows buried
In the consecrated ground;
And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
And rare ocean-shells in strings,
And they hung upon the cross-arms
All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians:
"Ah, if rightly understood,
What you tell me of the cross here
Has a meaning deep and good,
For that light is emblematic
That the time is near at hand
When the faith of Christ the Saviour
Will illumine all the land.

"To the cross cling, O my children!
In the storm and in the night,
When you wander, lost and weary,
It will be a guiding light;
Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
Very soon will all have passed,
And the palm and crown of glory
Will be given you at last."

Good Junipero, the Padre
Thus unto the red men told

Of the emblem of salvation
And its story sweet and old,
Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
When 't was dying of the day,
At the foot of dark tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey.

—*Richard Edward White.*

ALAMANCE

NO stately column marks the hallowed place
Where silent sleeps, un-urned, their sacred dust:
The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

The rustic ploughman at the early morn
The yielding furrow turns with heedless tread,
Or tends with frugal care the springing corn,
Where tyrants conquered and where heroes bled.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
The glorious stars stand sentinels on high,
While in sad requiem, near their turfless graves,
The winding river murmurs, mourning, by.

No stern ambition waved them to the deed:
In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die.
The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
"God and their country's right," their battle cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep
Than storied urn or monumental stone;
For Law and Justice guard their dreamless sleep,
And Plenty smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame;
And as their country's glories shall advance,
Shall brighter blaze, o'er all the earth, thy name,
Thou first-fought field of Freedom,—Alamance.

—*Seymour W. Whiting.*

A NEW SONG CALLED THE "GASPEE"

'T WAS in the reign of George the Third
The public peace was much disturbed
By ships of war, that came and laid
Within our ports to stop our trade.

In seventeen hundred seventy-two,
In Newport harbour lay a crew
That played the parts of pirates there,
The sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they 'd weigh and give them chase—
Such actions, sure, were very base;
No honest coasters could pass by
But what they would let some shot fly.

Which did provoke to high degree
Those true-born sons of Liberty,
So that they could no longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there.

But 't was not long 'fore it fell out,
That William Doddington, so stout,
Commander of the *Gaspee* tender,
Which he had reason to remember—

Because, as people do assert,
He almost had his just desert

Here, on the tenth day of last June,
Between the hours of twelve and one—

Did chase the sloop called the *Hannah,*
Of which one Linsey was commander;
They dogged her up to Providence Sound,
And there the rascal got aground.

The news of it flew, that very day,
That they on Nanquit Point did lay,
That night, about half after ten,
Some Narragansett Indian-men—

Being sixty-four, if I remember,
Soon made this stout coxcomb surrender:
And what was best of all their tricks,
They in his breech a ball did fix.

They set the men upon the land,
And burned her up, we understand;
Which thing provoked the king so high,
He said, "Those men should surely die."

So, if he can but find them out,
The hangman he 'll employ, no doubt;
For he has declared in his passion,
"He 'll have them tried in a new fashion."

Now for to find those people out,
King George has offered, very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Doddington.

One thousand more he says he 'll spare,
For those who say they sheriffs were;

One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the leader's name.

Likewise, one hundred pounds per man,
For any one of all the clan.

But let him try his utmost skill,
I 'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty fold.

A NEW SONG

AS near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode.

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf, a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, ax, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels,
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you 'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as though the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst the chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made.

Squash into the deep descended,
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST

THE Mothers of our Forest-Land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Ay ready for severest toil,
Ay free to peril life.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
On old Kan-tuc-kee's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and Life's toil!
They shrank not from the foeman—
They quailed not in the fight,—
But cheered their husbands through the day
And soothed them through the night.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
  Their bosoms pillowed *men!*
And proud were they by such to stand,
  In hammock, fort, or glen.
To load the sure old rifle,—
  To run the leaden ball,—
To watch a battling husband's place,
  To fill it should he fall.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
  Such were their daily deeds,
Their monument!—where does it stand?
  Their epitaph!—who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta,
  No nobler matrons Rome,—
Yet who or lauds or honours them,
  E'en in their own green home!

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
  They sleep in unknown graves:
And had they borne and nursed a band
  Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been neglected more!
  But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
  "The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

—*William Davis Gallagher.*

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, Good night! and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused and to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze

Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defence and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock on the door,
And a word that shall echo for ever more!

For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

I AM a wandering, bitter shade;
Never of me was a hero made;
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;

And if you ask me the fatal cause,
I answer only, "My name was Dawes."

T 's all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot,
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear—
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the old North Church flashed out,
Paul Revere was waiting about,
But I was already on my way.
The shadows of night fell cold and grey
As I rode, with never a break or pause;
But what is the use, when my name was Dawes?

History rings with his silvery name;
Closed to me are the portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me because
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

—*Helen F. Moore.*

THE LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN

'T WAS the gray of the morning. Revere at the gate
With whipstock and fist he did din it, man!
"The British are marching, the hour is late!
Make ready, each Lexington minute-man!"

A hand to the musket—a word to the wife—
The cockade, who but she then should pin it, man?

And there in the doorway she leaned for her life,
Gazing after her Lexington minute-man.

And hurry and scurry we ran to the green;
Not a lad but was bound he 'd be in it, man!
There Hadley and Muzzy and Parker were seen,
All proud of the name of the minute-man.

And Raymond and Harrington ran with Munroe,
And Winship and Wyman did spin it, man!
And Comee and Farmer and Estabrook too
Sprang quick to the call for the minute-man.

Now shoulder to shoulder, and eyes to the front!
The shooting, leave them to begin it, man!
The Nation 's behind us, but we bear the brunt;
Stand fast, every Lexington minute-man!

If they will have a war, let its first shot be here!
They begin, but we 'll end it and win it, man!
So steady, in valour and constancy clear,
Stand fast, every Lexington minute-man!

Ah! well, 't is long over! our land is long free;
My hair, Time 's beginning to thin it, man!
But still at my work or my rest though I be,
My heart beats the tune of the minute-man!

And though my old limbs should be paralysed clean;
Aye! e'en though the grave I were in it, man,
Yet it 's odds but you 'd find me on Lexington green,
If the drum beat the call for the minute-man.

—*Laura Elizabeth Richards.*

THE MINUTE-MEN OF NORTHBORO'

'TIS noonday by the buttonwood, with slender shadowed bud;
'T is April by the Assabet, whose banks scarce hold his flood;
When down the road from Marlboro' we hear a sound of speed—
A cracking whip and clanking hoofs—a case of crying need!
And there a dusty rider hastes to tell of flowing blood,
Of troops a-field, of war abroad, and many a desperate deed.

The Minute-Men of Northboro' were gathering that day
To hear the Parson talk of God, of Freedom, and the state;
They throng about the horseman, drinking in all he should say,
Beside the perfumed lilacs blooming by the Parson's gate:

The British march from Boston through the night to Lexington;
Revere alarms the countryside to meet them ere the sun;
Upon the common, in the dawn, the redcoat butchers slay;
On Concord march, and there again pursue their murderous way;
We drive them back; we follow on; they have begun to run;
All Middlesex and Worcester 's up; Pray God, ours is the day!

The Minute-Men of Northboro' let rust the standing plough,
The seed may wait, the fertile ground upsmiling to the spring.
They seize their guns and powder-horns; there is no halting now,

At thought of homes made fatherless by order of the King.

The pewter-ware is melted into bullets—long past due,
The flints are picked, the powder 's dry, the rifles shine like new.
Within their Captain's yard enranked they hear the Parson's prayer
Unto the God of armies for the battles they must share;
He asks that to their Fathers and their Altars they be true,
For Country and for Liberty unswervingly to dare.

The Minute-Men of Northboro' set out with drum and fife;
With shining eyes they 've blest their babes and bid their wives good bye.
The hands that here release the plough have taken up a strife
That shall not end until all earth has heard the battle-cry.

At every town new streams of men join in the mighty flow;
At every cross-road comes the message of a fleeing foe:
The British force, though trebled, fails against the advancing tide.
Our rifles speak from fence and tree—in front, on every side.
The British fall: the Minute-Men have mixed with bitterest woe
Their late vainglorious vaunting and their military pride.

The Minute-Men of Northboro' they boast no martial air;
No uniforms gleam in the sun where on and on they plod;
But generations yet unborn their valour shall declare:
They strike for Massachusetts Bay; they serve New England's God.

The hirelings who would make us slaves themselves are backward hurled,

On Worcester and on Middlesex their flag 's for ever furled.
Theirs was the glinting pomp of war; ours is the victor's prize:
That day of bourgeoning has seen a race of freemen rise;
A Nation born in fearlessness stands forth before the world
With God her shield, the Right her sword, and Freedom in her eyes.

The Minute-Men of Northboro' sit down by Boston town;
They fight and bleed at Bunker Hill; they cheer for Washington.
In thankfulness they speed their bolt against the British Crown;
And take the plough again in Peace, their warrior's duty done.

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

HERE halt we our march, and pitch our tent
On the rugged forest-ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By winds from the beeches round.
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
But a wilder is at hand,
With hail of iron and rain of blood,
To sweep and waste the land.

How the dark wood rings with our voices shrill,
That startle the sleeping bird!
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
And the step must fall unheard.
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers,
And ere the sun rise twice again,
Must they and the lake be ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fire-flies light the brake;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in flight,
And we 'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE SURPRISE OF TICONDEROGA

'T WAS May upon the mountains, and on the airy wing
Of every floating zephyr came pleasant sound of spring,—
Of robins in the orchards, brooks running clear and warm,
Of chanticleer's shrill challenge from busy farm to farm.

But, ranged in serried order, attent on sterner noise,
Stood stalwart Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys,"—
Two hundred patriots listening, as with the ears of one,
To the echo of the muskets that blazed at Lexington!

"My comrades,"—thus the leader spake to his gallant band,—
"The key of all the Canadas is in King George's hand,
Yet, while his careless warders our slender armies mock,
Good Yankee swords—God willing—may pick his rusty lock!"

At every pass a sentinel was set to guard the way,
Lest the secret of their purpose some idle lip betray,
As on the rocky highway they marched with steady feet
To the rhythm of the brave hearts that in their bosoms beat.

The curtain of the darkness closed 'round them like a tent,
When, travel-worn and weary, yet not with courage spent,
They halted on the border of slumbering Champlain,
And saw the watch lights glimmer across the glassy plain.

O proud Ticonderoga, enthroned amid the hills!
O bastions of old Carillon, the "Fort of Chiming Rills!"
Well might your quiet garrison have trembled where they lay,
And, dreaming, grasped their sabres against the dawn of day!

In silence and in shadow the boats were pushed from shore,
Strong hands laid down the musket to ply the muffled oar;
The startled ripples whitened and whispered in their wake,
Then sank again, reposing, upon the peaceful lake.

Fourscore and three they landed, just as the morning gray
Gave warning on the hilltops to rest not or delay;
Behind, their comrades waited, the fortress frowned before,
And the voice of Ethan Allen was in their ears once more:

"Soldiers, so long united—dread scourge of lawless power!
Our country, torn and bleeding, calls to this desperate hour.
One choice alone is left us, who hear that high behest—
To quit our claims to valour, or put them to the test!

"I lead the storming column up yonder fateful hill,
Yet not a man shall follow save at his ready will!
There leads no pathway backward—'t is death or victory!
Poise each his trusty firelock, ye that will come with me!"

From man to man a tremor ran at their captain's word,—
(Like the "going" in the mulberry-trees that once King David heard),—

While his eagle glances sweeping adown the triple line,
Saw, in the glowing twilight, each even barrel shine.

"Right face, my men, and forward!" Low-spoken, swift-obeyed;
They mount the slopes unfaltering—they gain the esplanade;
A single drowsy sentry beside the wicket gate,
Snapping his aimless fusil, shouts the alarm—too late!

They swarm before the barracks—the quaking guards take flight
And such a shout resultant resounds along the height,
As rang from shore and headland scarce twenty years ago,
When brave Montcalm's defenders charged on a British foe!

Leaps from his bed in terror, the ill-starred Delaplace,
To meet across his threshold a wall he may not pass;
The bayonets' lightning flashes athwart his dazzled eyes,
And in tones of sudden thunder, "Surrender!" Allen cries.

"Then in whose name, this summons?" the ashen lips reply.
The mountaineer's stern visage turns proudly toward the sky,—
"In the name of great Jehovah!" he speaks with lifted sword,
"And the Continental Congress who wait upon His word!"

Light clouds, like summer banners, trailed bright across the east
As the great sun rose in splendour above a conflict ceased:
Gilding the bloodless triumph for equal right and laws,
As with the smile of heaven upon a holy cause.

Still, wave on wave of verdure, the emerald hills arise,

Where once were heroes mustered from men of common guise;
And still, on Freedom's roster, through all the glorious years
Shine the names of Ethan Allen and his bold volunteers!

—*Mary A. P. Stansbury.*

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION

OPPRESSED and few, but freemen yet
The men of Mecklenburg had met,
Determined to be free,
And crook no coward knee,
Though Might in front and Treason at the back
Brought death and ruin in their joint attack.

The tyrant's heel was on the land
When Polk convoked his gallant band
And told in words full strong
The bitter tale of wrong,
Then came a whisper, like the storm's first waves:
"We must be independent, or be slaves!"

But hark! What hurried rider, this,
With jaded horse and garb amiss,
Whose look some woe proclaims,
Ere he his mission names?
He rides amain from far off Lexington,
And tells the blood-red news of war begun!

Then Brevard, Balch, and Kennon spoke
The wise bold words that aye invoke
Men to defend the right
And scorn the despot's might;
Until from all there rose the answering cry:
"We will be independent, or we die."

When Alexander called the vote,
No dastard "nay's" discordant note
Broke on that holy air—
For dastard none was there!
But in prompt answer to their country's call,
They pledged life, fortune, sacred honour—all!

In solemn hush the people heard;
With shout and cheer they caught the word:
Independence! In that sign
We grasp our right divine;
For the tyrant's might and the traitor's hate
Must yield to men who fight for God and State!

The hero shout flew on the breeze;
Rushed from the mountains to the seas;
Till all the land uprose,
Their faces to their foes,
Shook off the thraldom they so long had borne,
And swore the oath that Mecklenburg had sworn!

—*William C. Elam.*

THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL

'T WAS June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's breath,
When life is a gladsome thing, and a distant dream is death;
There was gossip of birds in the air, and a lowing of herds by the wood,
And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds good;
Then the nun-like Twilight came, violet-vestured and still,
And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of Bunker Hill.

There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon rousing word;
There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that heard;—
Lads from the Hampshire hills, and the rich Connecticut vales;
Sons of the Old Bay Colony, from its shores and its inland dales;
Swiftly they fell in line; no fear could their valour chill;
Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Then a deep voice lifted a prayer to the God of the brave and the true,
And the heads of the men were bare in the gathering dusk and dew;
The heads of a thousand men were bowed as the pleading rose,—
Smite thou, O Lord, as of old Thou smotest Thy people's foes!
Oh, nerve Thy servants' arms to work with a mighty will!
A hush, and then a loud *Amen!* on the eve of Bunker Hill.

Now they are gone through the night with never a thought of fame,
Gone to the field of a fight that will win them a deathless name;
Some will never again behold the set of the sun,
But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington,
Martyrs to Freedom's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we thrill,
The men whose might made strong the height on the eve of Bunker Hill!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

NOT yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
On came the foe, in even line;
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine,
We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
A sheet of flame! A roll of death!
They fell by scores; we held our breath;
Then nearer still they came;
Another sheet of flame!
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Forshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reinforced,
Mid louder roar of ship's artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry
And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war,
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood's birthrights claiming,
Onward once more they came;
Another sheet of dreadful flame!
Another and another still;
They broke, they fled;
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commander's rage,
Into each empty barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge,
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill;

That volley was the last;
Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet,
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
Led off the remnant of those heroes true,
The foe too shattered to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
From that stanch, beaming hour
History took a fresh higher start;
And when the speeding messenger that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
Riding to take command,
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington
With hand uplifted cries,
His great soul flashing in his eyes:
"Our liberties are safe; the cause is won."
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred, in haste to lead such noble men.

—*George Henry Calvert.*

BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL

IN seventeen hundred and seventy-five,
Our Bristol town was much surprised
By a pack of thievish villains,
That will not work to earn their livings.

October, 't was the seventh day,
As I have heard the people say,
Wallace, his name be ever curst!
Came on our harbour just at dusk.

And there his ship did safely moor,
And quickly sent his barge on shore,
With orders that should not be broke,
Or they might expect a smoke,

Demanding that the magistrates
Should quickly come on board his ship,
And let him have some sheep or cattle,
Or they might expect a battle.

At eight o'clock, by signal given,
Our peaceful atmosphere was riven
By British balls, both grape and round,
As plenty afterward were found.

But oh! to hear the doleful cries,
Of people running for their lives!
Women, with children in their arms,
Running away to the farms!

With all their firing and their skill,
They did not any person kill;

Neither was any person hurt
But the Reverend Parson Burt.

And he was not killed by a ball,
As judged by jurors one and all;
But, being in a sickly state,
He, frightened, fell, which proved his fate.

Another truth to you I 'll tell,
That you may see they levelled well;
For, aiming for to kill the people,
They fired their shot into a steeple.

They fired low, they fired high,
The women scream, the children cry;
And all their firing and their racket,
Shot off the topmast of a packet.

THE BOYS' REDOUBT

IN Continental Buff and Blue,
With lappets richly laced,
Beneath the shade the elm-trees made,
A martial figure paced.

Along the sluggish Charles's banks
He bent at length his way,
Just as the gun, at set of sun,
Went booming o'er the Bay.

His soul was racked with doubt and strife,
Despondence gloomed his eye;
He needs must bear his weight of care
Out to the open sky.

The breeze that flapped his soldier's cloak,
  The woods so broad and dim,
The tides whose sway no bonds could stay,
  All seemed so free to him!

Yet the young nation that had wrung,
  Beyond the angry seas,
From savage grace, a refuge-place,
  To pray as they might please,—

Must it be hounded from its haunts?
  Be fettered at the stake?
Be forced again to wear the chain
  It risked its all to break?

His step grew heavier with the thought,
  His lips less firm were set:
It could not be that such as he
  Must yield!—and yet—and yet—

How could they ever hope to win
  A single fight in lack
Of everything, while England's king
  Had Europe at his back?

Thus musing sad beside the Charles,
  He saw the Cambridge boys,
An eager band, pile up the sand
  With roar of riot noise.

"Ha! lads, what do you here?" he said,
  Arrested by their shouts;
"*What do we here?* Why, give us cheer;
  We 're building a redoubt!

"Who knows how soon Lord Howe may come,
And all his lion cubs,
With growls and snarls, straight up the Charles,
In his old British tubs?

"And creeping from them in the dark,
As quiet as a mouse,
Now what if they should snatch away,
Right out of 'Vassar House,'

"Our new-made chief; before a man
Has leave to fire a gun?
That ends it! For there 'll be no war
Without a Washington!

"Our fathers' hands are filled with work;
Beside they 're grieving still
For Warren and the gallant band
That fell at Bunker Hill.

"So we will help them, as we can;
You wear the Buff and Blue;
Yet we aver, we 're ready, sir,
To fight as well as you.

"Maybe you 're on the General's staff;
Then say we Cambridge boys
Will yell and shout from our redoubt
With such a savage noise,

"That all the vessels in the Bay
Will hear the wild uproar,
And swear again that Prescott's men
Are lining all the shore!"

"Brave lads," the soldier said, and raised
The cap that hid his brow;
"Some day, some day I 'll surely pay
The debt I owe you now!

"Your high, heroic mettled hearts,
Your faith that wavers not,
To me are more than cannon's store,
Or tons of shell or shot.

"What people ever fails to gain
The patriot's dearest prize,
When '*die* or *win*' is blazing in
The very children's eyes?

"No need to bear the General word
Of tasks so rich in cheer:
He makes his due salute to you,—
You see the General here!"

—*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC

ROUND Quebec's embattled walls
Moodily the patriots lay;
Dread disease within its thralls
Drew them closer day by day;
Till from suffering man to man,
Mutinous, a murmur ran.

Footsore, they had wandered far,
They had fasted, they had bled;
They had slept beneath the star
With no pillow for the head;
Was it but to freeze to stone
In this cruel icy zone?

Yet their leader held his heart,
  Naught discouraged, naught dismayed;
Quelled with unobtrusive art
  Those that muttered; unafraid
Waited, watchful, for the hour
When his golden chance should flower

'T was the death-tide of the year;
  Night had passed its murky noon;
Through the bitter atmosphere
  Pierced nor ray of star nor moon;
But, upon the bleak earth beat
Blinding arrows of the sleet.

While the trumpets of the storm
  Pealed the bastioned heights around,
Did the dauntless heroes form,
  Did the low, sharp order sound.
"Be our watchword *Liberty!*"
Cried the brave Montgomery.

Here, where he had won applause,
  When Wolfe faced the Gallic foe,
For a nobler, grander cause
  Would he strike the fearless blow,—
Smite at Wrong upon the throne,
At Injustice giant grown.

"Men, you will not fear to tread
  Where your general dares to lead!
On, my valiant boys!" he said,
  And his foot was first to speed;
Swiftly up the beetling steep,
Lion-hearted, did he leap.

Flashed a sudden blinding glare;
  Roared a fearsome battle-peal;
Rang the gloomy vasts of air;
  Seemed the earth to rock and reel;
While adown that fiery breath
Rode the hurtling bolts of death

Woe to him, the valorous one!
  Now a silent clod of clay!
Nevermore for him the sun
  Would make glad the paths of day:
Yet 't were better thus to die
Than to cringe to tyranny!—

Better thus the life to yield,
  Striking for the right and God,
Upon Freedom's gory field,
  Than to kiss Oppression's rod!
Honour, then, for all time be
To the brave Montgomery!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

OFF FROM BOSTON

SONS of valour, taste the glories
  Of celestial Liberty;
Sing a triumph o'er the Tories,
  Let the pulse of joy beat high.

Heaven, this day, hath foiled the many
  Fallacies of George the king;
Let the echo reach Britanny,
  Bid her mountain summits ring.

See yon navy swell the bosom
  Of the late enragéd sea;

Where 'er they go we shall oppose them,
Sons of valour must be free.

Should they touch at fair Rhode Island,
There to combat with the brave;
Driven from each hill and highland,
They shall plough the purple wave.

Should they thence to fair Virginny
Bend a squadron to Dunmore,
Still with fear and ignominy,
They shall quit the hostile shore.

To Carolina or to Georgy,
Should they touch at fair Rhode Island,
This land of heroes shall disgorge the
Sons of tyranny and shame.

Let them rove to climes far distant,
Situate under Arctic skies,
Call on Hessian troops assistant,
And the savages to rise.

Boast of wild brigades from Russia,
To fix down the galling chain;
Canada and Nova Scotia
Shall discharge these hordes again.

In New York state, rejoined by Clinton,
Should their standards mock the air,
Many a surgeon shall put lint on
Wounds of death, receivéd there.

War, fierce war, shall break their forces,
Nerves of Tory men shall fail,

Seeing Howe, with altered courses,
Bending to the western gale.

Thus, from every bay of ocean,
Flying back, with sails unfurled;
Tost with ever-troubled motion,
They shall quit this smiling world.

Like Satan, banishéd from Heaven,
Never see the smiling shore,
From this land so happy, driven,
Never stain its bosom more.

—*Hugh Henry Breckenridge.*

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

FROM dusk till dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the strips of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats;
They bore the marks of want and cold
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mould and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the colour of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

—*Minna Irving.*

THE BOASTING OF SIR PETER PARKER

'T WAS the proud Sir Peter Parker came sailing in from the sea.
With his serried ships-of-line a-port, and his ships-of-line a-lee;
A little lead for a cure, he said, *for those rebel sires and sons!*
And the folk on the Charleston roof-tops heard the roar of the shotted guns;
They heard the roar of the guns off shore, but they marked, with a hopeful smile
The answering ire of a storm of fire from Sullivan's sandy isle.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw with the climbing noon
Ruin and wreck on each blood-stained deck that day in the wane of June,—
The shivered spar and the shattered beam and the torn and toppling mast
And the grimy gunners wounded sore, and the seamen falling fast;
But from the stubborn fort ashore no sight of a single sign
That the rebel sires and sons had quailed before his ships-of-the-line.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw the fall of the flag
From the fortress wall; then rang his call—*They have lost their rebel rag!*
And the fifty guns of the *Bristol* flamed, and the volumed thunder rolled;
'T is now, the haughty Admiral cried, *We'll drive them out of their hold!*
But little he knew, and his British crew, how small was their vaunted power,
For lo, to the rampart's crest there leaped the dauntless man of the hour!

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw with a wild amaze,
The hero spring from the fortress height 'mid the hail and the fiery haze;
Under the wall he strode, each step with the deadliest danger fraught,
And up from the sand with a triumph hand the splintered staff he caught.

And 'mid the burst of his comrades' cheers the flag on the bastion set.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who slunk through the night to sea,
With his shattered ships-of-line a-port and his ships-of-line a-lee;
Above there was wreck and below was wreck, and the sense of loss and woe,
For the sneered-at rebel sires and sons had proved them a direful foe;
But War's dark blight on the land lay light, and they hailed with a joyful smile
The stars of victory burning bright over Sullivan's sandy isle.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

RODNEY'S RIDE

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The North and the South on the genial air
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English State
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the counties three on the Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead,
Give us both and the king shall not work his will;
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hold, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
Whom stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black; I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies,
On the northward road ere the "God-speed!" dies.
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The roads winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into Newcastle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream;
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate 's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride,—
For the act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

—*Elbridge Streeter Brooks.*

INDEPENDENCE BELL

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
  Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
  So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
  Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
  Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
  "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
  "Oh, God grant they wont refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
  "I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life 's at hazard,
  We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
  While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
  Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
  Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
  With thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
  Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
  And his iron-sceptred sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
  On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
  Long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Down along its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he 's shouting, "ring! grandfather,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
O'er the gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
From the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
When we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE MARYLAND BATTALION

SPRUCE Macaronis, and pretty to see,
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;
Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
Bold in a fox-hunt and gay at a ball;
Prancing soldados so martial and bluff,
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff—
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low prayer,
And the sweethearts that braided the sword-knots were fair.

There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills.
And the bugle sang fanfaron down by the mills;
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the Grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!
Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead!

"O Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?

Have you never a dash for brave Mordacai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralara! Tralara! Now praise we the Lord
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralara! Tralara! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good bye!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I 'll be bound
'T will be easy to count us, face up on the ground.
If we hold the road open, though Death take the toll,
We 'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

—*John Williamson Palmer.*

HAARLEM HEIGHTS

THEY 'VE turned at last! Good bye, King George,
Despite your hireling band!
The farmer boys have borne a brunt,
The 'prentice lads will stand!

Though Peace may lag and Fortune flag,
Our fight 's as good as won;
We 've made them yield in open field!
We 've made the Redcoats run!

Our Rangers sallied forth at dawn,
With Knowlton at their head
To rout the British pickets out
And spend a little lead.

We gave them eight brisk rounds apiece,
And hurried fighting, back;

For, eighteen score, the Light Armed Corps,
  Were keen upon our track.

Along the vale of Bloomingdale
  They pressed our scant array;
They swarmed the crag and jeered our flag
  Across the Hollow Way.

Their skirmishers bawled, "Hark, away!"
  Their buglers, from the wall
In braggart vaunt and bitter taunt
  Brayed out the hunting call!

Oh, sound of shame! it woke a flame
  In every sunburned face,
And every soul was hot as coal
  To cleanse the foul disgrace.

And some that blenched on Brooklyn Heights
  And fled at Turtle Bay
Fair wept for wrath, and thronged my path
  And clamoured for the fray.

Our General came spurring!—
  There rolled a signal drum,—
His eye was bright; he rose his height;
  He knew the time had come.

He gave the word to Knowlton
  To lead us on once more—
The pick of old Connecticut,—
  And Leitch with Weedon's corps.

Of proud Virginia Riflemen,—
  Tall hunters of the deer,—

To round the boastful Briton's flank
And take him in the rear.

We left the dell, we scaled the fell
And up the crest we sprang,
When swift and sharp along the scarp
A deadly volley rang.

And down went Leitch of Weedon's corps!
Deep hurt, but gallant still;
And down went Knowlton—he that bore
The sword of Bunker Hill.

I raised his head. But this he said,
Death-wounded as he lay:
"Lead on the fight! I hold it light
If we but get the day!"

In open rank we struck their flank,
And oh! the fight was hot!
Up came the Hessian Yagers!
Up came the kilted Scot!

Up came the men of Linsingen,
Von Donop's Grenadiers!
But soon we sped the vengeful lead
A-whistling 'bout their ears!

We buckled front to Varnum's brunt;
We scrambled up their right,
And hurling back the crimson wrack
We swept along the height.

The helmets of the Hessians
Are tumbled in the wheat;

The tartan of the Highlander
  Shall be his winding-sheet!

A mingled rout, we drove them out
  From orchard, field and glen;
In goodly case it seemed to chase
  Our hunters home again!

We flaunted in their faces
  The flag they thought to scorn,
And left them with a loud "Hurrah!"
  To choke their bugle-horn!

Upon a ledge embattled
  Above the Hudson's shore
We dug the grave for Knowlton
  And Leitch of Weedon's Corps.

And though in plight of War's despite
  We yield this island throne,
Upon that ledge we left a pledge
  That we shall claim our own.

—*Arthur Guiterman*

NATHAN HALE

TO drum-beat and heart-beat
  A soldier marches by,
There is colour in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
  In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
  He seeks the Briton's camp,
He hears the rustling flag

And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives out no warning sign.

A sharp clang, a steel clang
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, and steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;

And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die;
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

THE TEARS OF WASHINGTON

WE lesser folk from a poorer plan,
Who think of Washington
As something more than a mortal man,—
As an unmoved, holy one,—
Should recall that weary November day
When he stood within Fort Lee
To see its sister fort the prey
Of a ruthless enemy.

He knew, this general sad and wise,
Fort Washington must fall;
Orders he 'd forwarded to apprise
Its garrison of recall;
But the blundering Congress these withdrew;
And he saw the foemen's glee
As the white flag o'er the river flew
For the British victory;

And he saw the Hessian butchers there
With brutal sword and cheer
Fell on his unarmed soldiers ere
The British interfere.
His sad head bowed, he wept great tears
For those hapless prisoners,
For his heart knew all his country's fears,
His piteousness was hers.

—*Ernest L. Valentine.*

WASHINGTON ON THE DELAWARE

THE snow was red with patriot blood,
The proud foe tracked the blood-red snow,
The flying patriots crossed the flood
A tattered, shattered band of woe.
Forlorn each barefoot hero stood,
With bare head bended low.

"Let us cross back! Death waits us here;
Recross or die!" the chieftain said.
A famished soldier dropped a tear—
A tear that froze as it was shed;
For oh, his starving babes were dear—
They had but this for bread!

A captain spoke—"It cannot be!
These bleeding men, why, what could they?
'T would be as snowflakes in the sea!"
The worn chief did not heed or say.
He set his firm lips silently,
Then turned aside to pray.

And as he kneeled and prayed to God,
God's finger spun the stars in space;
He spread his banner blue and broad,

He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Till war walked heaven fire shod
And lit the chieftain's face:

Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
Till every sword shook in its sheath—
"Up! up! Face back. But not one word!"
God's flag above; the ice beneath—
They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth!

Ho! Hessians, hirelings at meat
While praying patriots hunger so!
Then, bang! Boom! Bang! Death and defeat!
And blood? Aye, blood upon the snow!
Yet not the blood of patriotic feet,
But heart's blood of the foe!

O ye who hunger and despair!
O ye who perish for the sun,
Look up and dare, for God is there;
And man can do what man has done!
Think, think of darkling Delaware!
Think, think of Washington!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

BATTLE OF TRENTON

ON Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington, he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

The pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
The rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colours, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er the bright canteen
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

ASSUNPINK AND PRINCETON

GLORIOUS the day when in arms at Assunpink,
And after at Princeton, the Briton we met;
Few in both Armies—they 'd skirmishes call them,
Now hundreds of thousands in battle are set,
But for numbers engaged, let me tell you,
Smart brushes they were, and two battles that told;
There 't was I first drew bead on a foeman—
I, mere stripling, not twenty years old.

Tell it? Well, friends, that is just my intention;
There's nothing a veteran hates and abhors
More than a chance lost to tell his adventures,
Or give you his story of battle and wars.
Nor is it wonder old men are loquacious,
And talk, if you listen, from sun unto sun;
Youth has the power to be up and be doing
While age can but tell of the deeds it has done.

Ranged for a mile on the banks of Assunpink
There, southward of Trenton, one morning we lay;
When, with his red-coats all marshalled to meet us,
Cornwallis came fiercely at close of the day—
Driving some scouts who had gone out with Longstreet,
From where they were crossing at Shabbaconk Run—
Trumpets loud blaring, drums beating, flags flying—
Three hours, by the clock, before setting of sun.

Two ways were left them by which to assail us.
And neither was perfectly to their desire—
One was the bridge controlled by our cannon,
The other the ford that was under our fire
"Death upon one side and Dismal on t' other,"
Said Sambo, our cook, as he gazed on our foes;

Cheering and dauntless they marched to the battle,
And, doubtful of choice, both the dangers they chose.

Down at the ford, it was said, that the water
Was reddened with blood from the soldiers who fell;
As for the bridge, when they tried it, their forces
Were beaten with terrible slaughter, as well.
Grape-shot swept causeway, and pattered on water,
And riddled their columns, that broke and gave way;
Thrice they charged boldly, and thrice they retreated;
Then darkness came down, and so ended the frav.

How did I get there? I came from our corn-mill
At noon of the day when the battle begun,
Bringing in flour to the troops under Proctor;
'T was not very long ere that errand was done.
Up to that time I had never enlisted,
Though Jacob, my brother, had entered with Wayne;
But the fight stirred me; I sent back the horses,
And made up my mind with the rest to remain.

We camped on *our* side—the south—of Assunpink,
While *they* bivouacked for the night upon *theirs;*
Both posting sentries and building up watch-fires,
With those on both sides talking over affairs.
"Washington's caught in a trap!" said Cornwallis,
And smiled with a smile that was joyous and grim;
"Fox! but I have him!"—the earl had mistaken
The fox, by the coming of daylight, had him.

Early that night, when the leaders held a council,
Both St. Clair and Reed said our action was clear;
Useless to strike at the van of our foemen—
His force was too strong; we must fall on his rear
Washington thought so, and bade us replenish
Our watch-fires till nearly the dawn of the day;

Setting some more to make feint of intrenchment,
While swiftly in darkness the rest moved away.

Marching by Sandtown, and Quaker Bridge crossing,
We passed Stony Creek a full hour before dawn,
There leaving Mercer with one scant battalion
Our foes to amuse, should they find we had gone;
Then the main force pushed its way into Princeton,
All ready to strike those who dreamed of no blow;
Only a chance that we lost not our labour,
And slipped through our fingers, unknowing, the foe.

Mawhood's brigade, never feeling its danger,
Had started for Trenton at dawn of the day,
Crossed Stony Creek, after we had gone over,
When Mercer's weak force they beheld on its way;
Turning contemptuously back to attack it,
They drove it with ease in disorder ahead—
Firelocks alone were no match for their cannon—
A fight and then flight, and brave Mercer lay dead.

Murdered, some said, while imploring for quarter—
A dastardly deed, if the thing had been true—
Cruel our foes, but in that thing we wronged them,
And let us in all give the demon his due.
Gallant Hugh Mercer fell sturdily fighting,
So long as his right arm his sabre could wield,
Stretching his enemies bleeding around him,
And then, overpowered, fell prone on the field.

Hearing the firing, we turned and we met them,
Our cannon replying to theirs with a will;
Fiercely with grape and with canister swept them,
And chased them in wrath from the brow of the hill.
Racing and chasing it was into Princeton,
Where, seeking the lore to be taught in that hall,

Redcoats, by scores, entered college, but stayed not—
We rudely expelled them with powder and ball.

Only a skirmish, you see, though a sharp one—
It did not last over a fourth of an hour;
But 't was a battle that did us this service—
No more, from that day, had we fear of their power.
Trenton revived us, Assunpink encouraged,
But Princeton gave hope that we held to the last;
Floodtide had come on the black, sullen water
And ebb-tide for ever and ever had passed.

Yes! 't was the turn of the tide in our favour—
A turn of the tide to the haven that bore,
Had Lord Cornwallis crossed over Assunpink
That day we repelled him, our fighting were o'er.
Had he o'ertaken us ere we smote Mawhood,
All torn as we were it seems certain to me,
I would not chatter to you about battle,
And you and your children would not have been free.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE WAY TO THE NEUTRAL GROUND

COME, ride with me! old memories surround
Each nook and dingle of the Neutral Ground.

Out of the Tory city
In the moonless murk of the night,
Where few knew patriot pity,
We slipped in our sudden flight.
We led our steeds from the thicket
Where we left them muzzle-bound,
And sped toward the outmost picket,—
The way to the Neutral Ground.

We did not flag nor falter—
A spy may not drowse nor drift,
For capture means the halter,
A bough, and a speedy shrift,
With a faint *pad! pad!* on the gravel
Did our horses' hoof-beats sound;
Oh, we had good cause to travel
The way to the Neutral Ground!

From a cheery tavern ingle
The light of a log fire flowed,
As we flashed, our cheeks a-tingle,
Down a dip of the Kingsbridge Road;
But we had not dared to tarry
Had the cup been garland-crowned;
On that path one had best be wary,—
The way to the Neutral Ground.

A challenge rude and ringing;
A mocking, back-flung word,
And a bullet's vicious singing
Above as we onward spurred.
Past the rugged Morris highland,
Where the British cannon frowned,
We dashed up the wood-capped island,—
The way to the Neutral Ground.

This was where the swart Waldeckers
Burst in through the oak and pine,
And the bloody Hessian wreckers
Fell foul of the Patriot line;
Where the Pennsylvania yeomen,
Till a cordon girt them round,
Stood staunch 'gainst the foreign foemen,—
The way to the Neutral Ground.

The last dark danger scorning,
We shortened the naked sword,
As we came, ere the lift of morning,
To the Spuyten Duyvil ford.
Charge!—Did their volley blind us?
Nay, but a forward bound,
And lo, we had left behind us
The way to the Neutral Ground

Death? We have known it nearer
In foray and open fight,
But the black dread ne'er spoke clearer
Than out of that murky night.
Still oft by our campfires biding
We start at some sudden sound,
For in dreams we 've been riding—riding
The way to the Neutral Ground.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO

HAIL, patriot, statesman, hero, sage;
Hail, Freedom's friend! hail, Poland's son!
Whose laurels greener grew with age,
Plucked first beside George Washington!
Hail, champion in a holy cause!
When hostile bands our shores attack,
Whose valour bade th' oppressor pause—
Hail, patriot friend from Poland's wrack!

A hearty welcome to our shore,
Thou youthful chieftain, sore distressed;
Who dauntless, want and peril bore,
Nor e'er to tyrant bowed thy crest.
Thou exile from despotic power,
That fain would crush the freeborn brave,

Thy glory gilt a tottering tower,
While monarch claimed thee but a slave.

Whene'er the lips of youth inquire
The path to virtue, honour, fame;
To glory's temple proud aspire,
While warmly glows the ardent flame;
The voice of age will freely tell
How ardent rushed'st thou 'gainst our foe,
And led thy troopers by thy spell—
Thou gallant brave Kosciuszko!

—*Robert S. Coffin.*

BATTLE OF ORISKANY

AS men who fight for home, and child, and wife,
As men oblivious of life
In holly martyrdom,
The yeomen of the valley fought that day,
Throughout thy fierce and deadly fray,—
Blood-red Oriskany.

From rock and tree and clump of twisted brush
The hissing gusts of battle rush,—
Hot-breathed and horrible!
The roar, the smoke, like mist on stormy seas,
Sweep through thy splintered trees,—
Hard-fought Oriskany.

Heroes are born in such a chosen hour;
From common men they rise, and tower,
Like thee, brave Herkimer!
Who wounded, steedless, still beside the beech
Cheered on thy men, with sword and speech,
In grim Oriskany.

But ere the sun went toward the tardy night,
The valley then beheld the light
Of freedom's victory;
And wooded Tryon snatched from British arms
The empire of a million farms—
On bright Oriskany.

The guns of Stanwix thunder to the skies;
The rescued wilderness replies;
Forth dash the garrison!
And routed Tories, with their savage aids,
Sink reddening through the sullied shades—
From lost Oriskany.

—*Charles D. Helmer.*

BALLAD OF "OLD GLORY"

HEAR the story
Of "Old Glory"—
How the flag was first unfurled
Above the land
By a dauntless band
In the heart of a wooded world.

'T was the red August light
That brooded over the sky;
And the dog-star glowered by night
With its baleful, gory eye;
And the leaguers cried: "If you 're stubborn still,
Forsooth, ye are like to die!"

Here Saint Leger lay,
And the boastful Baronet there;
And the painted savage horde
Crouched in their leafy lair;
And they tightened under the veil of the dark
The meshes of their snare

But the gallant Gansevoort,
He would not yield an ell;
Bullet for bullet he bandied them,
And he flung them shell for shell;
And he grimly swore that he 'd stand his ground
Till the last defender fell.

From the parapet his gaze,
In the blaze of the middle morn,
Lit on the leaguers' camp
And marked it silent and shorn;
Then sudden out from the wood there leapt
A ranger wander-worn.

The back-swung gate he gained,
And he shouted, "Herkimer!"
"Where?" cried the gallant Gansevoort;
"He comes," quoth the wanderer,
"From the bivouac-place at Orisca's pines
By the road through fern and fir.

"And this is the word he sends:
'Fire thou a signal gun,
And fall in force on the leaguers' front
Ere the nooning of the sun.'"
Then, "Volunteers!" cried Gansevoort;
And there sprang forth many a one.

Down on the leaguers' camp
With a battle-shout they bore;
(Some had gone ere the grey of dawn,
Toward the clear Orisca's shore
To harry the hardy Herkimer
On-pressing to the fore);
And those of the startled leaguers left,
I' faith, they were smitten sore!

Hither and yon they fled,
Impetuous, pell-mell;
While arms and stores by the triple scores
To the valiant victors fell.
"A flag," cried the gallant Gansevoort,
"Of our success should tell!"

A flag? They had only heard
What the emblem was to be,—
Of the stripes and stars as the avatars
That should symbol liberty,
That should tell the earth of the blesséd birth
Of a people truly free!

And these undaunted souls,
Foiled should they be? Not they!
In the cumber and clutter of battle spoils
A keen eye saw a way
To show the foe what should work them woe
Upon many an after day!

The folds of a camlet cloak
To the banner brought its blue;
A British soldier's red coat lent
The stripes of a ruddy hue;
A sheet gave white, then in the light
Of the August noon it flew.

And O, what a cheer went up
To the vault of the burning sky!—
Ah, many a marching year since then
Has the fair flag waved on high!
And many another year, God please,
Shall the same brave banner fly!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

GENERAL STARK AT BENNINGTON

PUSH on the column, Colonel Baum, with steady step and sure,
Push on the column, Colonel Baum, with Indian scouts before,
And show your German blood to-day, and let the war-whoop tell
That savage bands with tomahawks can do my bidding well;
The flour and corn of Bennington, so snugly packed away,
Shall have Burgoyne for owner before the close of day.

With stealthy tread, an hundred strong, the feathered Indians go,
And Baum, with half a thousand, brings up the rear as slow;
With wain, and black-mouthed cannon, and ensign in the breeze,
They come, ye brave Green Mountain boys, your garnered hoard to seize.
But Stark had heard about you, Baum, and the patriot sternly said,
That rebel corn and flour will make a *stony kind of bread;*
Yes, Stark has got the warning, and if you still persist,
An iron mill will do the work, and you shall be the grist.
That corn and flour are dear to him as silver from the mine,
And oh! Burgoyne, keep cool to-day, it never shall be thine.

Throw up your breastwork, Colonel Baum, and give your cannon play,
For Freedom's rusty firelocks will match you well to-day;
And say your prayer and make your peace, before it is too late,
For there are portents on the wind, and messengers of fate;

New Hampshire's plain militia and Warner's regiment,
When fighting for their children's bread, will surely not relent;
Throw up your breastwork, Colonel Baum, for it will be your last,
As came upon Assyrian host that mystic angel-blast;
So on thy forces and on thee, the whirlwind shall descend,
And here upon the rebel soil thy brief career must end.

. . . . .

They count the spoils of victory with bosoms beating strong,
And every brazen field-piece is honoured with a song;
Around the swords and muskets, like joyous boys they press,
Theirs is an El Dorado mine of hope and happiness.
And while the captured foe look on, with sad and altered mien,
They pipe a gleesome roundelay upon the trodden green;
And cheer the gallant captain who led their forces on,
And canonised the very dust of good old Bennington.
Who proved to British veterans the rusty firelock's power,
And kept within his lion gripe his country's corn and flour.

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

MARCH! March! March! from sunrise till it 's dark,
And let no man straggle on the way!
March! March! March! as we follow old John Stark,
For the old man needs us all to-day.

Load! Load! Load! Three buckshot and a ball,
With a hymn-tune for a wad to make them stay!
But let no man dare to fire till he gives the word to all,
Let no man let the buckshot go astray.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire all along the line,
When we meet those bloody Hessians in array!
They shall have every grain from this powder-horn of mine,
Until the cowards turn and run away.

Charge! Charge! Charge! let not one of them escape
To threaten liberty another day!
All their violence and greed, their ruthlessness and rape—
A mighty debt—we 're marchin~ to repay

Home! Home! Home! When the fight is fought and won,
To home where the women watch and pray!
To tell them how John Stark finished what he had begun,
And to hear them thank our God for the day.

—Edward Everett Hale.

SAINT LEGER

FROM out of the North-land his leaguer he led,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!
And the war-lust was strong in his heart as he sped;
Their courage, he cried, *it shall die i' the throat*
When they mark the proud standards that over us float—
See rover and ranger, redskin and redcoat!
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

He hurried by water, he scurried by land,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger,
Till closely he cordoned the patriot band;
Surrender, he bade, *or I tighten the net!*
Surrender? they mocked him, *we laugh at your threat!*
By Heaven! he thundered, *you 'll live to regret*
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!

He mounted his mortars, he smote with his shell,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger;
Then fumed in a fury that futile they fell;
But he counselled with rum till he chuckled, elate,
As he sat in his tent door, *Egad, we can wait,*
For famine is famous to open a gate!
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

But lo! as he waited, was borne to his ear,—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger—
A whisper of dread and a murmur of fear!
They come, and as leaves are their numbers enrolled!
They come, and their onset may not be controlled.
For 't is Arnold who heads them, 't is Arnold the bold—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!

Retreat! Was the word e'er more bitterly said,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!
Than when to the North-land your leaguer you led?
Alas, for Burgoyne in his peril and pain—
Who lists in the night for the tramp of that train!
And, alas, for the boasting, the vaunting, the vain
Saint Leger!

—*Clinton Scollard*

BETTY ZANE

WOMEN are timid, cower and shrink
At show of anger some folk think;
But men there are who for their lives
Dare not so far asperse their wives.
We let that pass—so much is clear,
Though little perils they may fear,
When greater perils men environ
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way,
And so our wondering praise obtain,
As on a time did Betty Zane.

A century since, out in the west,
A block-house was by Girty pressed—
Girty, the renegade, the dread
Of all that border, fiercely led

Five hundred Wyandots, to gain
Plunder and scalp-locks from the slain;
And in this hold—Fort Henry then,
But Wheeling now—twelve boys and men
Guarded with watchful ward and care
Women and prattling children there,
Against their rude and savage foes,
And Betty Zane was one of those.

There had been forty-two at first
When Girty on the border burst;
But most of those who meant to sta
And keep the Wyandots at bay,
Outside by savage wiles were lured,
And ball and tomahawk endured,
Till few were left the place to hold,
And some were boys and some were old;
But all could use the rifle well.
And vainly from the Indians fell,
On puncheon roof and timber wall,
The fitful shower of leaden ball.

Now Betty's brothers and her sire,
Were with her in this ring of fire
And she was ready, in her way,
To aid their labour day by day,
In all a quiet maiden might,
To mould the bullets for the fight,
And, quick to note and so report,
Watch every act outside the fort;
Or, peering through the loopholes, see
Each phase of savage strategy—
These were her tasks, and thus the maid
The toil-worn garrison could aid.

Still, drearily the fight went on
Until a week had nearly gone.

When it was told—a whisper first,
And then in loud alarm it burst—
Their powder scarce was growing; they
Knew where a keg unopened lay
Outside the fort at Zane's—what now?
Their leader stood with anxious brow.
It must be had at any cost,
Or toil and fort and lives were lost,
Some one must do that work of fear;
What man or men would volunteer?

Two offered, and so earnest they,
Neither his purpose would give way;
And Shepherd, who commanded, dare
Not pick nor choose between the pair.
But ere they settled on the one
By whom the errand should be done,
Young Betty interposed, and said:
"Let me essay the task instead,
Small matter 't were if Betty Zane
A useless woman, should be slain;
But death, if dealt on one of those,
Gives too much vantage to our foes."

Her father smiled with pleasure grim—
Her pluck gave painful pride to him;
And while her brothers clamoured "No!"
He uttered, "Boys, let Betty go!
She 'll do it at less risk than you;
But keep her steady in your view,
And be your rifles shield for her.
If yonder foe make step or stir,
And so you'll serve her in her need.
Pick off each wretch who draws a bead

Now I recover from surprise,
I think our Betty's purpose wise."

The gate was opened, on she sped;
The foe, astonished, gazed, 't is said,
And wondered at her purpose, till
She gained the log-hut by the hill.
But, when in apron wrapped, the cask
She backward bore, to close her task,
The foemen saw her aim at last,
And poured their fire upon her fast.
Bullet on bullet near her fell,
While rang the Indian's angry yell;
But safely through that whirring rain,
Powder in arms, came Betty Zane.
They filled their horns, both boys and men
And so began the fight again.
Girty, who there so long had stayed,
By this new feat of feet dismayed,
Fired houses round and cattle slew,
And moved away—the fray was through.
And when the story round was told,
How they maintained the leaguered hold
It was agreed, though fame was due
To all who in that fight were true,
The highest mead of praise, 't was plain
Fell to the share of Betty Zane.

A hundred years have passed since then;
The savage never came again.
Girty is dust; alike are dead
Those who assailed and those bestead.
Upon those half-cleared, rolling lands,
A crowded city proudly stands;
But of the many who reside

By Green Ohio's rushing tide,
Not one has lineage prouder than
(Be he poor or rich) the man
Who boasts that in his spotless strain
Mingles the blood of Betty Zane.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

THY vineyards, O my sunny land, are beautiful to see,
Thy noble Seine rolls on in pride, with waters glad and free,
But far across the ocean's breast, I hear the notes of woe,
And a voice sinks deep within my heart, whose burden still is, "Go!"
Beside thee, oh, my cherished one! at eventide I stand,
And kiss thy ruby lips in love, and clasp thy lily hand,
But through my veins, like lava-tide, what stronger currents flow,
For e'en affection's plea is dumb before that mandate, "Go!"
Across the waves a blade of steel fair Freedom holds to me,
Its tempered edge at feast, and court, and hearthstone bright I see;
That blade my hand is pledged to wield, that tempered edge to prove,
To Washington and Liberty I consecrate my love.
Here, in the flush of opening life, from rank and ease I haste
The soldier's rugged toil to share,—the soldier's meal to taste.
The camp-fire and the bivouac, the muster and the march;
The bugle-blast, the battle-shock, beneath heaven's shrouded arch;
Be these my future scene, be this the warp and woof of life.
A brother to the poor oppressed, I join them in the strife,

I claim with them alliance, I hail them kith and kin;
I bind their bleeding hearts to mine, to suffer or to win.

. . . . .

A ship is out upon the deep; beneath its canvas fold
There muses one, how young in years, in stern resolve how old!
Still to the western shore he turns, oh! land him safely there,
And consummate his fondest wish, fulfil his dearest prayer.
O Ocean, chain thy tempest now, restrain thy sterner mood,
And bid thy softest breezes waft the beautiful, the good;
For never to thy charge was given a brighter gem than he,
Who rends the strongest ties of love to battle with the free.

. . . . .

A bright September day beheld a contest long and stern,
The youthful nobleman was there, his battle-task to learn;
And 'mid the iron hail he stood and cheered his fainting men
Inspired with hope the faltering ranks and rallied them again;
A wound he bears, but, heedless all, he presses onward yet,
And Freedom here accepts thy blood, thou gallant Lafayette;
Around thy brow unfading wreaths America shall twine
And think of thee with throbbing heart—of thee and. Brandywine!

ARNOLD AT STILLWATER

AH, you mistake me, comrades, to think my heart is steel!
Cased in a cold endurance, nor pleasure nor pain to feel;
Cold as I am in my manner, yet over these cheeks so seared
Teardrops have fallen in torrents, thrice since my chin grew beard.

Thrice since my chin was bearded I suffered the tears to fall;
Benedict Arnold, the traitor, he was the cause of them all!
Once, when he carried Stillwater, proud of his valour, I cried;
Then, with my rage at his treason—with pity when André died.

Benedict Arnold, the traitor, sank deep in the pit of shame,
Bartered for vengeance his honour, blackened for profit his fame;
Yet never a gallanter soldier, whatever his after crime,
Fought on the red field of honour than he in his early time.

Ah, I remember Stillwater, as it were yesterday!
Then first I shouldered a firelock, and set out the foemen to slay.
The country was up all around us, racing and chasing Burgoyne,
And I had gone out with my neighbours, Gates and his forces to join.

Marched we with Poor and with Learned, ready and eager to fight;
There stood the foemen before us, cannon and men on the height;
Onward we trod with no shouting, forbidden to fire till the word;
As silent their long line of scarlet—not one of them whispered or stirred.

Suddenly, then, from among them smoke rose and spread on the breeze;
Grapeshot flew over us sharply, cutting the limbs from the trees;

But onward we pressed till the order of Cilley fell full on the ear;
Then we levelled our pieces and fired them, and rushed up the slope with a cheer.

Fiercely we charged on their center, and beat back the stout grenadiers,
And wounded the brave Major Ackland, and grappled the swart cannoneers;
Five times we captured their cannons, and five times they took them again;
But the sixth time we had them we kept them, and with them a share of their men.

Our colonel who led us dismounted, high on a cannon he sprang;
Over the noise of our shouting clearly his joyous words rang:
"These are our own brazen beauties! Here to America's cause
I dedicate each, and to freedom!—foes to King George and his laws!"

Worn as we were with the struggle, wounded and bleeding and sore,
Some stood all pale and exhausted; some lay there still in their gore;
And round through the mass went the murmur, that grew to a whispering clear,
And then to reproaches outspoken—"If General Arnold were here!"

For Gates, in his folly and envy, had given the chief no command,
And far in the rear some had seen him horseless and moodily stand,

Knitting his forehead in anger, gnawing his red lip in pain,
Fretting himself like a bloodhound held back from his prey
by a chain.

Hark at our right there is cheering! there is the rattle of
drums,
Here is the well-known brown charger! Spurring it madly
he comes!
Learned's brigade has espied him, rending the air with a
cheer;
Woe to the terrified foemen, now that our leader is here!

Piercing the tumult behind him, Armstrong is out on his
track;
Gates has dispatched his lieutenant to summon the fugitive
back;
Armstrong might summon the tempest, order the whirlwind
to stay,
Issue commands to the earthquake—would they the man-
date obey?

Wounds, they are healed in a moment—weariness instantly
gone,
Forward he pointed his sabre—led us, not ordered us on.
Down on the Hessians we thundered, he, like a madman
ahead;
Vainly they strove to withstand us; raging, they shivered
and fled.

On to their earthworks we drove them, shaking with ire
and dismay;
There they made stand with a purpose to beat back the tide
of the day.
Onward we followed, then faltered; deadly their balls whis-
tled free,

Where was our death-daring leader? Arnold, our hope, where was he?

He? .He was everywhere riding! hither and thither his form,
On his brown charger careering, showed us the path of the storm;
Over the roar of the cannon, over the musketry's crash,
Sounded his voice, while his sabre lit up the way with its flash.

Throwing quick glances around him, reining a moment his steed—
"Brooks, that redoubt!" was his order; "let the rest follow my lead.
Mark where the smoke-cloud is parting—see where the gun-barrels glance—
Livingston, forward! On, Wesson, charge them! Let Morgan advance!"

"Forward!" he shouted, and, spurring on through the sally-port then,
Fell sword in hand on the Hessians, closely behind him our men.
Back shrank the foemen in terror; off went their forces pellmell,
Firing one Parthian volley; struck by it, Arnold, he fell.

Ours was the day. Up we raised him; spurted the blood from his knee—
"Take my cravat, boys, and bind it; I am not dead yet," said he.
"What! did you follow me, Armstrong? Pray, do you think it quite right,
Leaving your duties out yonder, to risk your dear self in the fight?"

"General Gates sent his orders"—faltering the aide-de-camp spoke—
"You 're to return, lest some rashness——" Fiercely the speech Arnold broke:
"Rashness! Why, yes, tell the general the rashness he dreaded is done!
Tell him his kinsfolk are beaten! tell him the battle is won!"

Oh, that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from a daylight of honour into the terrible night!—
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS

. . . . . .

THE forest leaves lay scattered cold and dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,
When with as withered hearts
And hopes as dead and cold.

A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conqueror's feet
Laid their war-weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dishonoured;
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there:
The soldier's trial task
Is not alone "to die."

Honour to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
  Nor mocks his captive's doom—
  The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning flashes in the cloud
  Of the Invader's wrath,
  Threatening a gallant land.

His armies' trumpet-tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes: from a thousand hills
  Her answering voices shout,
  And her bells ring to arms!

Then danger hovers o'er the Invader's march,
On raven wings, hushing the song of fame,
  And glory's hues of beauty
  Fade from the cheek of death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree,
  The eagle eye of art
  Is dim and powerless then,

And war becomes a people's joy, the drum
Man's merriest music, and the field of death
  His couch of happy dreams,
  After life's harvest home.

He battles heart and arm, his own blue sky
Above him, and his own green land around,
  Land of his father's grave,
  His blessing and his prayers,

Land where he learned to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved in life, the last forgot,
Land of his frolic youth,
Land of his bridal eve,

Land of his children—vain your columned strength,
Invaders—vain your battles' steel and fire.
Choose ye the morrow's doom—
A prison or a grave.

And such were Saratoga's victors—such
The Yeomen-Brave whose deeds and death have given
A glory to her skies,
A music to her name.

In honourable life her fields they trod,
In honourable death they sleep beneath her sod;
Their sons' proud feelings here
Their noblest monument.

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

VALLEY FORGE

OUR path is traced by a crimson stain,
We leave our mark on the snow-clad plain,
As onward to Valley Forge we press,
Where all will be bleak and verdureless.

Our wives are sighing by hearthstones drear,
Our babes are sobbing and we not near,
The tempest rages through the rifted wood,
But Grief keeps time in her wildest mood.

We go with the ax our huts to raise,
And then to creep to the camp-fire's blaze,
And talk, as our heart-strings closer twine,
Of comrades we lost at Brandywine.

We will know what Famine means, and wish
For the nook of home and the smoking dish;
And our aching limbs, as they shrink with cold,
Will feel how scant is the garment's fold.

Our path is traced by a ruddy dye,
But we turn our thoughts to the distant sky
And the snow-clad plain seems a vernal sod,
When we feel our cause is the cause of God.

The foe will lodge in the city gay,
And Howe and his troops keep cares away,
And the feast and the dance will loudly tell
How St. George's sons hold carnival.

But we in the rude-built huts will wait
For a brighter day and a nobler fate;
And, as clings to the sire the trusting son,
We will nestle close to our Washington.

Our path is traced by a crimson stain,
Our blood pours out like the April rain,
But a Spartan heart and an iron will
Shall be the portion of freemen still.

Then, brothers, on to the forest wild,
Let the axes ring,—be the timber piled,—
The cheek of the Briton will burn with shame
When Valley Forge has a deathless name.

THE BAPTISM OF THE FLAG

STRONG in the breeze at the mainmast top there swung
the sullen Snake,
"DON'T TREAD ON ME!" his warning plain for friend and
foe to take;

And his fangs were pointed to England and the wind was fair in the West
As we sailed that day out of Portsmouth Bay with joy in the sailor's breast.

Like a dolphin leapt the *Ranger* through the mist of the salt sea spray,
Like a panther kept her keen nose down to smell the scent of her prey;
And each hearty aboard saw glory ahead and felt good luck in his bones,
For the ship and crew were staunch and true and our captain was JOHN PAUL JONES.

On, on we sailed to the shrinking East for wearisome days and nights,
Until at dusk the lookout cried, "Straight for'ard the harbour lights!"
"Wear ship!" cried the Captain; "heave to! and out with the anchor, for now, I swear,
That should be Nantes on the coast of France whose lights are gleaming there."

When daylight came and the lips of the sky were red on the lips of the sea,
The bos'n piped, "All hands on deck!" and up on the deck came we;
There stood the Captain with folded arms as we ranged ourselves in line,
And said not a word that ever we heard, but we saw his eyeballs shine.

We looked at him and he looked at us and, silent still, he laid

His hand on the halliards and lowered straight the flag we so proudly displayed.
"What is this?" we asked. "Has he traitor turned? By God! it shall go right hard
But we stretch his neck from the quarter deck to the end of yonder yard!"

The Captain read our thoughts and smiled, then raised his hand, and said:
"When I am false to my land, my men, may lightning strike me dead!
I have lowered the flag, 't is true; but see! another it place will take—
The Stars and Stripes of the Thirteen States shall fly in the place of the Snake."

And when the flag at the mainmast top was floating free and clear,
Captain and crew their voices joined three times in a thunderous cheer—
Cheered till the echo came back to us from out of the rocking shrouds,
Cheered till it seemed the sound of our cheers would pierce the purple clouds.

Far off in the harbour the Admiral heard the sound of our cheers, and he
With all of his fleet weighed anchor then and straightway put to sea;
But when he saw the Stars and Stripes saluting his own ensign
Then down in salute came the Lilies of France on all the ships-of-the-line.

"To your knees, my men!" cried Captain PAUL, "and let us humbly pray

We may fight like men and die like men for the Flag we have raised this day;
Whatever the fates may weave for us, whatever may chance to be,
While the broad sea rolls we must spill our souls for the Starry Flag of the Free!"
And there in the light of the open sea GOD's wind first kissed the sign
That freedom was born to men of our race and all of our children's line;
And there to GOD on His pathless deep and under His rosy sky,
His sea-birds screaming around the Flag, we swore for that Sign to die.

—Barrett Eastman.

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

'TIS of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the pitch-pine spars,—
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowied along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked
the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent
like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her
stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and
silv'ry track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow from
shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone
to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the old bell
tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quenched on
Waterford Tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her own top-
sails three,
Her spanker and her standing jib—the courses being free;
"Now, lay aloft! my heroes bold, let not a moment pass!"
And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each mast.

What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs upon
the breeze?
'T is time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the old
Saltees,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us
past—
"Haul snug your flowing courses! lay your top-sail to the
mast!"

Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck
of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the decks
of our patriot bark.

"Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried, "out booms
and give her sheet,"
And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot ahead of
the British fleet,
And amidst a thundering shower of shot with stun'-sails
hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the
break of day.

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies,
What clouds of smoke in volumes rise,
What means this dreadful roar!
Is from his base Vesuvius thrown,
Is sky-topt Atlas tumbled down,
Or Etna's self no more?

Shock after shock torments my ear;
And lo! two hostile ships appear,
Red lightnings round them glow;
The *Yarmouth* boasts of sixty-four,
The *Randolph*, thirty-two—no more—
And will she fight this foe?

The *Randolph* soon on Stygian streams
Shall coast along the land of dreams,
The islands of the dead!
But fate, that parts them on the deep,
Shall save the Briton, still to weep,
His ancient honours fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,
Where yonder starry streamer plays;
  Does Mars with Jove engage?
'T is Biddle wings those angry fires,
Biddle, whose bosom Jove inspires
  With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash! and hark, the ball
Drives through the *Yarmouth,* flames and all;
  Her bravest sons expire;
Did Mars himself approach so nigh,
Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly
  The *Randolph's* fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,
"And shall we strike to *thirty-two?*"
  (Said Hector, stained with gore);
"Shall Britain's flag to these descend—
Rise, and the glorious conflict end,
  Britons, I ask no more!"

He spoke—they charged their cannon round,
Again the vaulted heavens resound,
  The *Randolph* bore it all,
Then fixed her pointed cannons true—
Away the unwieldy vengeance flew;
  Britain, thy warriors fall.

The *Yarmouth* saw, with dire dismay,
Her wounded hull, shrouds shot away,
  Her boldest heroes dead—
She saw amidst her floating slain
The conquering *Randolph* stem the main—
  She saw, she turned, and fled!

That hour, blest chief, had she been thine,
Dear Biddle, had the powers divine
  Been kind as thou wert brave;
But fate, who doomed thee to expire,
Prepared an arrow tipped with fire,
  And marked a watery grave.

And in that hour when conquest came
Winged at his ship a pointed flame
  That not even *he* could shun—
The conquest ceased, the *Yarmouth* fled,
The bursting *Randolph* ruin spread,
  And lost what honour won.

—*Philip Freneau.*

JOHN PAUL'S FIRST VICTORY

She's a beautiful brig, the *Ranger,* as she breasts the waves so free,
With her eighteen guns, and her sixscore men—the bravest that sail the sea,
With the merriest captain aboard of her that ever shattered spars,
For John Paul Jones is the name he owns, and his flag is the Stripes and Stars.

He sails away from the shores of France, and he 's off for Britain now,
With the starry banner mainmast high and defiance on his prow;
On an April day he sails away, and a merry, merry dance
Shall the Briton jig for our beautiful brig ere she comes again to France.

He is off for Carrickfergus, where the *Drake* at anchor lies
With a hundred men and fifty men—King George's flag she flies;
And out she comes with her twenty guns, three kingdoms looking on:
Will she ever sail back from the battle wrack when John Paul Jones has gone?

Out in mid-channel she meets him, with an hour left of the sun:
"It is therefore time to begin," says Jones, and he blazes with every gun;
Yard-arm to yard-arm she meets him; and just as the sun goes down
A brave ship flies our flag on the skies, that had served King George's Crown.

For her rigging is all in tatters, her gallant captain's dead,
And the blood of a fourth part of her crew has dyed her decks to red;
With her flag shot away—and another, her valour was turned to fear;
But with quick repairs away she bears with a hearty American cheer.

Jones makes the old North Channel, he skirts the Irish shore,
And England, Scotland, Ireland, thousands of men and more,
Are a-shiver with dread at his daring, and dismayed at the prize that is his,
As he sails in glee, the *Drake* and he, from the first of his victories.

John Paul is back in sunny France with his beautiful brig
and prize—
The harbour of Brest is a-roar with guns, and the starry
banner flies
With a clearer blue than the heavens, and a livelier red than
the morn,
And a lovelier white than the sun's own light, for Freedom's
hope new born.

—*Wallace Rice.*

RETREAT FROM BARREN HILL

A MORN in May, and Howe and Grant held converse deep
and low,
Concerting how they might dislodge their strongly posted
foe;
East of the Schuylkill's stream, they knew, the firm in-
trenchment lay
Where Lafayette, the chieftain, stood, in all his bright array.
And thus Lord Howe began, in tones as measured and as
stern
As ever mark the lion-hearts on battle-fields who learn:

"The boy of France has arrogance within his panting breast,
Since in the rebel cause his king companionship expressed,
As if the Bourbon, by his pen, proclaiming traitors free,
Could snatch a falling land from what must be its destiny,
As if the Fleur-de-lis had strength within our breadth to
thrive,
And by its blooming petals could a scentless shrub revive.
In commerce and alliance an ancient Christian crown,
Forgetful of its dignity, has stooped to rebels down;
And joy was in that rebel camp, and salvos shook the ground,
And eloquence proclaimed the news with syllables profound.
Why, Grant, it stings me to the quick to see the dastard
brood

Thus revelling like buccaneers within the wild greenwood.
As if the Lion's crest had fallen, as if our sinewy arm
Was by a treaty paralysed and robbed of vigour warm.
Go, Grant, and take thy chosen force and march to Barren Hill,
And let the cannon tell the tale that Britons we are still;
Surprise the boy of France at once, and by thy victor word,
Strip from him all his chosen host as plumage from a bird,
Silence the battery,—shall he dare post himself so high,
While quartered yet in Valley Forge the menial forces lie?
Forward! your very chargers prance, and this be still your tone,—
'Down with the rebel foe and France! Saint George and Albion!'"

Militia on the lookout! deserted is your post;
Grant will effect his purpose, and Lafayette be lost.
Militia on the lookout! how faithless to your trust!
Your country's banner-fold to-day through you may trail in dust.
Down on your forces, like a hawk, he makes a circling sweep,—
He, Grant the Briton, who your cause in infamy would steep.
Ah! Lafayette, 't will tax your skill to draw your forces off;
Mature your measures quickly now, or be the foeman's scoff;
In fertile policy to-day be all thy wisdom shown,
And though a boy in years, thou shalt in acts a man be known.
Draw off thy forces to the camp, and never lose a man;
Stamp conquest even on retreat and march with rear and van,
Elude the snare with wary heart and when the net is thrown,
Theirs be the blank astonishment to find the prey is gone.

Joy in the camp of Valley Forge—two thousand chosen men

Are piping out the roundelay, like maidens in a glen;
And Barren Hill becomes a name potential in its spell;
For there the gallant Lafayette performed the hero well.
And Grant went back to Howe chagrined, with drooping
rear and van,
To whisper how at Barren Hill, the boy had foiled the man.

THE VICTORY AT MONMOUTH

"HOLD them in check,—that British host,
Till I bring up the van;
And, Lee, whatever be the cost,
Be sure to play the man.
Clinton at Monmouth halts to-day,
All waiting for our blow,
And what will Howe, his chieftain, say
Upon his overthrow?
Remember Valley Forge, and stir
Thy every pulse to life;
Remember Valley Forge, nor err,
When once begins the strife.
Decision, prudence, zeal, be thine,
A will of iron power;
Each element of force combine,
And grasp the favouring hour.
I lean on thee: my bursting heart
Has had its days of gloom;
But still I hoped a rill would start,—
A flower in sunlight bloom.
Hold them in check, that British host,
Till I bring up the van;
And, Lee, whatever be the cost,
Be sure to play the man."

Time sped, and Washington advanced
To grapple with the strong,
His warrior spirit all entranced
With notes of victor-song,—
When on, in full retreat, came Lee,
With charger wet with foam.
Why did his reinforcement flee?
Why did he not strike home?
"Go back, Oh, recreant, turn the tide,
Ere we be swept away;
Go back nor let my soul deride
To see the great decay."

Stung to the quick, he spurred his steed,
And brought his troops to bear.
Alas! the tempest-shaken reed
Defeat again must share;
Thus driven back afresh, there came
That thunderbolt of war,
And Washington, like Etna flame,
Became the guiding star.
Give way! his cannons blaze in might;
Give way! his sword is strong;
Or ere the shades of coming night
Will be avenged the wrong.
To Sandy Hook that night withdrew
The shattered British host.
Clinton the rebels' courage knew,
And Monmouth was our boast.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

IN their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging

And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment,
bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
rolled the roll of the drummer.
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires:
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!
Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red Saint George's
Cannoneers;
And the villainous saltpetre
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud:
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

—*Guy Humphreys McMaster.*

MOLLIE PITCHER

'TWAS hurry and scurry at Monmouth town
For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane
Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain
Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried.
And a bombardier made swift reply.
Wheeling his cannon into the tide;
He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Mollie Pitcher sprang to his side,
Fired as she saw her husband do.
Telling the king in his stubborn pride
Women like men to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Mollie Pitcher, you save the day,"
He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
A woman has ever a woman's ways,
And the army was wild with cheers.

—*Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*

WYOMING

A DEMON yell, a flash of steel, and massacre complete;
All hope shut out, one rayless void, no refuge, no retreat;
From farm to farm the tidings spread, and terror-stricken men
Rush forth in haste, never to see the lowly hearth again.
With food and raiment left untouched, and money's garnered store,
The surging flame behind, alas! and stern, stern want before.
Base, base the hearts that plotted deep! Can Susquehanna's flood
Wash out from candid page of truth that chronicle of blood?
No!—treachery so marked as this, on iron tablet traced,
Can never by the lapse of time, be softened or effaced.

Advance, ye Continental troops! drive off the savage foe,
And bid Wyoming's vale again its cultured beauty show.
Hide, hide yourselves, ye Tory band; Revenge no longer sleeps,
And Justice puts the helmet on when suffering Goodness weeps;
In sternest fray the thought will come how Innocence has bled—

How through the air to lowly hearts the barbéd arrows sped.
Then, then, ye Continental troops, with British foe in sight,
Recall Wyoming's peaceful vale and all the past requite.

The matron at her peaceful hearth, the maiden 'mid her glee,
The yeoman at his noonday meal beneath the homestead tree,
The grandame by whose side in joy her daughter's children play,
All sunk in death when treachery performed its function base,
And the plumèd savage swept in wrath through Nature's loveliest place. . . .

Wyoming vale! now beautiful, till serpents turned along,
And brothers of a common blood concerted cruel wrong;
Till Loyalists with double heart could stimulate a foe
Who, once in carnage but embarked, no mild relenting know!

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE

WHEN the French fleet lay
In Massachusetts Bay
On that day

When the British squadron made
Its impudent parade
Of blockade;

All along, and up and down

The harbour of the town,—
The brave, proud town

That had fought with all its might
Its bold, brave fight
For the right,

To win its sway alone
And hold and rule its own,
Such a groan

From the staunch hearts and stout
Of the Yankees there went out:
But to rout

The British lion then
Were maddest folly, when
One to ten

Their gallant allies lay,
Scant of powder, day by day,
In the Bay.

Chafing thus, impatient, sore,
One day along the shore
Slowly bore

A clipper schooner, worn
And rough and forlorn,
With its torn

Sails fluttering in the air:
The British sailors stare
At her there,

So cool and unafraid.
"What! she's running the blockade,
The jade!"

They all at once roar out,
Then—"Damn the Yankee lout!"
They shout.

Athwart her bows red hot
They send a challenge shot;
But not

An inch to right or left she veers,
Straight on and on she steers,
Nor hears

Challenge or shout, until
Rings forth with British will,
A shrill

"Heave to!" Then sharp and short
Question and quick retort
Make British sport.

"What is it that you say,—
Where do you hail from, pray,
What is my cargo, eh!"

"My cargo? I 'll allow
You can hear 'em crowing now,
At the bow.

"And I 've long-faced gentry too,
For passengers and crew,
Just a few,

"To fatten up, you know,
For home use, and a show
Of garden sass and so.

"And from Taunton town I hail;
Good Lord, it was a gale
When I set sail!"

The British captain laughed
As he leaned there abaft:
"'T is a harmless craft,

"And a harmless fellow too,
With his long-faced gentry crew;
Let him through,"

He cried; and a gay "Heave ahead!"
Sounded forth, and there sped
Down the red

Sunlit track, unafraid,
Straight through the blockade,
This jade

Of a harmless craft,
Packed full to her draught,
Fore and aft,

With powder and shot.
One day when, red hot
The British got

Their full share and more
Of this cargo, they swore,
With a roar,

At the trick she had played,
This "damned Yankee jade"
Who had run the blockade!
—*Nora Perry.*

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowlèd head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

BURNING OF FAIRFIELD

(July 6, 1779)

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
Ye desolate plains, my breaking voice inspire,
And give soft music to my song of woe.
How pleasant, Fairfield, on the enraptured sight
Rose thy tall spires and oped thy social halls!
How oft my bosom beat with pure delight
At yonder spot where stand thy darkened walls!
But there the voice of mirth resounds no more.
A silent sadness through the streets prevails;
The distant main alone is heard to roar,
The hollow chimneys hum with sudden gales—

Save where scorched elms the untimely foliage shed,
Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—
Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
'Mid recent graves, o'er desolation's scene.
How changed the blissful prospect when compared,
These glooms funereal, with thy former bloom,
Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shared,
Long ere he sealed thy melancholy doom.
That impious wretch with coward voice decreed
Defenseless domes and hallowed fanes to dust;
Beheld, with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,
And spurred his bands to rapine, blood, and lust.
Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
To touch his feelings or to soothe his rage—
Vain the fair drop that rolled from beauty's eye,
Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.
Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds survive in glory's page?
Could Britons seek of savages the same,
Or deem it conquest thus the war to wage?

Yes, Britons scorn the councils of the skies,
Extend wide havoc, spurn the insulted foes;
The insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,
Resistance growing as the danger grows.
Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,
The visionary shapes before me stand;
The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,
And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.
Long, dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driven,
In black'ning volumes o'er the landscape bend:
Here the broad splendour blazes high to heaven.
There umbered streams in purple pomp ascend
In fiery eddies round the tott'ring walls,
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly,
With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,

The works of years in glowing embers lie.
Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
Clouds tinged with dies intolerably bright:
Behold, well pleased, the village wrapped in fire,
Let one wide ruin glut thy ravished sight!
Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eyes,
See age and sickness tremulously slow
Creep from the flames. See babes in torture die,
And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.
Go, gaze enraptured with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain;
Where no bold bands can check thy cursed career,
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain!
These be thy triumphs, this thy boasted fame!
Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless song,
Repeat through endless years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrong."

—*David Humphreys.*

PUTNAM'S LEAP

PUT rowels to thy steed and sweep
The hundred steps of stone,
And Fame shall cancnise thy leap,
And make thy deed our own.

The outpost has been visited,
Thy men are few but tried,
And if to field of action led,
Would be their leader's pride.

Tryon approaches—foot and horse,
Now plant the cannon high!
And bid the hail, with whirlwind force,
From each old field-piece fly.

Retard their progress,—bid thy men
To yonder swamp withdraw;
Put rowels to thy steed—and then,
Escape the vulture's maw.

The precipice is near the church,
With hundred steps of stone,—
Leave Tryon gaping in the lurch,
To find the bird has flown.

One plunge—and he has cleared the steep,
While British bullets shower.
Ah, Albion's cavalry! that leap
Has far eclipsed your power.

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER

COME listen and I 'll tell you
How first I went to sea,
To fight against the British
And earn our liberty.
We shipped with Cap'n Whipple
Who never knew a fear,
The Captain of the *Providence,*
The Yankee Privateer.

We sailed and we sailed
And made good cheer!
There were many pretty men
On the Yankee Privateer.

The British Lord High Admiral
He wished old Whipple harm,
He wrote that he would hang him,
At the end of his yard arm.
"My Lord," wrote Cap'n Whipple back,

"It seems to me it's clear
That if you want to hang him,
You must catch your Privateer."

We sailed and we sailed
And made good cheer,
For not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

We sailed to the south'ard,
And nothing did we meet,
Till we found three British frigates
And their West India fleet.
Old Whipple shut our ports
As we crawled up near.
And he sent us all below
On the Yankee Privateer,

So slowly he sailed
We dropped to the rear,
And not a soul suspected
The Yankee Privateer.

At night we put the lights out
And forward we ran
And silently we boarded
The biggest merchantman.
We knocked down the watch,—
And the lubbers shook for fear,
She's a prize without a shot
To the Yankee Privateer.

We sent the prize north
While we lay near,

And all day we slept
On the bold Privateer.

For ten nights we followed,
And ere the moon rose,
Each night a prize we 'd taken
Beneath the Lion's nose.
When the British looked to see
Why their ships should disappear,
They found they had in convoy
A Yankee Privateer.

But we sailed and sailed
And made good cheer!
Not a coward was on board
Of the Yankee Privateer.

The biggest British frigate
Bore round to give us chase,
But though he was the fleeter
Old Whipple would n't race,
Till he 'd raked her fore and aft
For the lubbers could n't steer,
Then he showed them the heels
Of the Yankee Privateer.

Then we sailed and we sailed
And we made good cheer,
For not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

Then northward we sailed
To the town we all know,
And there lay our prizes
All anchored in a row;
And welcome were we

To our friends so dear,
And we shared a million dollars
On the bold Privateer.

We'd sailed and we'd sailed
And we made good cheer,
We had all full pockets
On the bold Privateer.

Then we each manned a ship
And our sails we unfurled,
And we bore the Stars and Stripes
O'er the oceans of the world.
From the proud flag of Britain
We swept the seas clear,
And we earned our independence
On the Yankee Privateer.

Then landsmen and sailors,
One more cheer!
Here is three times three
For the Yankee Privateer!

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT

HIGHLANDS of Hudson! ye saw them pass,
Night on the stars of their battle-flag;
Threading the maze of the dark morass
Under the frown of the Thunder Crag;

Flower and pride of the Light Armed Corps,
Trim in their trappings of bluff and blue,
Silent they skirted the rugged shore,
Grim in the promise of work to do.

"Cross ye the ford to the moated rock!
Let not a whisper your march betray!
Out with the flint from the musket lock!
Now! let the bayonet find the way!"

"Halt!" rang the sentinel's challenge clear,
Swift came the shot of the waking foe,
Bright flashed the ax of the Pioneer
Smashing the abatis, blow on blow.

Little they tarried for British might!
Lightly they recked of the Tory jeers!
Laughing, they swarmed to the craggy height,
Steel to the steel of the Grenadiers!

Storm King and Dunderberg! wake once more
Sentinel giants of Freedom's throne,
Massive and proud! to the Eastern shore
Bellow the watch-word: "The fort 's our own!"

Echo our cheers for the Men of old!
Shout for the Hero who led his band
Braving the death that his heart foretold
Over the parapet, "spear in hand!"

—*Arthur Guiterman*

AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT

WOULD you hear of an old-time sea-fight?
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?
List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the sailor told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you (said he),

His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be;
Along the lowered eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the cannon touched,
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under the water,
On our lower gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopped by the sentinels,
They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.
Our frigate takes fire,
The other asks if we demand quarter?
If our colours are struck and the fighting done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
"We have not struck," he composedly cries, "we have just begun our part of the fighting."

Only three guns are in use,
One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's mainmast,
Two well served with grape and canister silence his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top,
They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain,
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve, there in the beams of the moon, they surrender to us.

—*Walt Whitman.*

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on the May day of that far-off year
Seventeen hundred and eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night

In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgement which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
No faithless servant, frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say;
'Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles.'" And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd, dry humour natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.
And there he stands in memory to this day.
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark.
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear. . . .

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD

HERE 'S the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you 'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much at they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you 've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What, No? Come—that 's bad; why he had
All the Jerseys aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "Rebel High Priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God,—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on the way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach?—did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day;—think of him and his band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance,—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view,—
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?
Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice,—"Put Watts into 'em,—Boys, give 'em Watts!"
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you 'll turn up a ball,—
But not always a hero like this,—and that 's all.

—*Francis Bret Harte.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry song we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts the tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

MACDONALD'S RAID

I REMEMBER it well; 't was a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When MacDonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who 'll back me, brave comrades? I am hot for a raid.

Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring,
Then swift death to the redcoats, and down with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you 'll be strong as four score,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, staunch heart and bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift deaths to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; MacDonald's tall form
Seated firm in his saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark;
His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on wing—
Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

'T was three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride,
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms.
When fierce yells as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout,
With stranger cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without,
Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring,
"Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke, and shout,
That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt,
And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
"Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day,
Are the works, think you, strong? God of Heaven, what
a din!
'T is the front wall beseiged—have the rebels rushed in?
It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
Of 'Death to the Redcoats, and down with the King'!"

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped,
And ere long, be assured that our broadswords were red;
And the ground here and there, by an ominous stain
Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain:
A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose,
With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose,
By one back-handed blow the MacDonald cuts down,
To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer through the crown,
And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring
With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
Whose heart was unpierced, or whose headpiece uncleft,
What should we do next, but—as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm
'Mid a land of pure peace—just serenely drop down
On a few constant friends who still stopped in the town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing,
As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King?—

Of the King or his minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
From a love-girdled earth; but alack! on our bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast

Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash ruse at last,
So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
The old watchwords abroad, "Down with the Redcoats and
King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-beaten track
We had traversed that morn, we glanced momently back,
And beheld their long earthworks all compassed in flame;
With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,
And the soil was ploughed up, and the space 'twixt the trees
Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdingnag bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"

Ah! *that* was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men
Like yon weaklings to-day had durst cope with us then?
Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow
I 'd o'ermatch half a score of your fops even now—
The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
Through the whole wasted day the thronged streets of the
town;
Why, their dainty white necks, 't were pastime to wring—

Aye! *my* muscles are firm still; *I* fought 'gainst the King!
Dare you doubt it? Well, give me the weightiest of all
The sheathed sabres that hang there, unlooped on the wall;
Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my clasp;
Do you see, how with one hand I poise it and grasp
The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing sweep
I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep—
That forlorn, final sleep! God! what memories cling
To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst the King!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

SUMTER'S BAND

WHEN Carolina's hope grew pale
Before the British lion's tread,
And Freedom's sigh in every gale
Was heard above her martyred dead.

When from her mountain heights subdued,
In pride of place forbid to soar,
Her eagle banner, quenched in blood,
Lay sullen on the indignant shore.

Breathing revenge, invoking doom,
Tyrant! upon thy purple host,
When all stood wrapt in steadfast gloom,
And silence brooded o'er her coast

Stealthy, as when from thicket dun,
The Indian springs upon his bow,
Up rose, South Mount, thy warrior son,
And headlong darted on the foe.

Not in the pride of war he came,
With bugle note and banner high,
And nodding plume, and steel of flame,
Red battle's gorgeous panoply!

With followers few, but undismayed,
Each change and chance of Fate withstood,
Beneath her sunshine and her shade,
The same heroic brotherhood!

From secret nook, in other land,
Emerging fleet along the pine,
Prone down he flew before his band,
Like eagle on the British line.

Catacoba's waters smiled again,
To see her Sumter's soul in arms;
And issuing from each glade and glen,
Rekindled by war's fierce alarms.

Thronged hundreds through the solitude
Of the wild forest to the call,
Of him, whose spirit, unsubdued,
Fresh impulse gave to each, to all.

By day the burning sands they ply,
Night sees them in the fell ravine;
Familiar to each follower's eye,
The tangled brake, the hall of green.

Roused by their tread from covert deep,
Springs the gaunt wolf, and thus while near
Is heard, forbidding thought of sleep,
The rattling serpent's sound of fear.

Before or break of early morn,
Or fox looks out from copse to close,
Before the hunter winds his horn,
Sumter's already on his foes!

He beat them back! beneath the flame
Of valour quailing, or the shock!
And carved, at last, a hero's name
Upon the glorious Hanging Rock!

And time, that shades or sears the wreath
Where Glory binds the soldier's brow,
Kept bright her Sumter's name in death,
His hour of proudest triumph, now.

And ne'er shall tyrant tread the shore,
Where Sumter bled, nor bled in vain;
A thousand hearts shall break, before
They wear th' oppressor's chains again.

O never can thy sons forget
The mighty lessons taught by thee;
Since—treasured by the eternal debt—
Their watchword is thy memory!

—*James Wright Simmons.*

BARON DE KALB

FROM the blue Moselle, where the waters sleep,
In a cradle of sunshine, broad and deep,
Where the vine-hills ring with the song of glee,
And the thyme has fragrance for bird and bee;
From the land of love and beauty's spell,
De Kalb, the noble, has come to dwell
In the forest home of the western wild,
Where Freedom yearns for her wayworn child.

And his is the warm Teutonic blood
Which leaps at the sound of the rushing flood,
And his is the German nerve of steel
Which will not bend at the cannon's peal;
A heart that clings to the good and true,
As the cedar stern, but as mild as dew;
Stern in its impulse against the wrong,
Mild to the feeble who meet the strong.

Talk to him now of that bloody fray,
When Bunker's height in its glory lay;
Talk to him now of that freezing night,
When December's stars had a holy light,
When the winds were bleak and the shores were bare,

As Washington crossed the Delaware,
And see how his cheek, to his feelings true
Like a sunset cloud, has a deeper hue.

On the field at last, on the battle-ground,
His heart is up to its noblest bound,
And Camden will tell, on the future page,
Of the blood of youth and the skill of age;
Of the blood of youth, for De Kalb was young
In the hopes he cherished when tocsins rung;
Of the skill of age, for De Kalb was wise,
And judgement tempered his sympathies.

Eleven his wounds on that fatal day,
When sabre and sword made clear the way;
Eleven his wounds when Du Buysson sped
With his master's fate his own to wed.
"Oh, spare the Baron de Kalb!" his cry;
The plaint went up to the tropic sky,
But the pulse of Britain beat fiercely on,
And her heart was a fragment of roughest stone.

Du Buysson falls to the victor's share,
For such was the issue of filial care;
And the loyal heart of the baron beat
From the field of mortals its sad retreat.
A stranger died who our cause revered,
In his closing moments by Freedom cheered,
Sounding these words with a blessed tone,—
"The patriot sinks, but the work goes on."

KING'S MOUNTAIN

WE have him on the mountain now, a lion fierce at bay,
Then up, and spread your toils at once, and on to the foray;

Cleveland and Shelby in the van, with Williams in the rear,
Flanked by the hearts of oak that throbbed so sternly with Sevier;
Four rebel knights upon their shields have struck a brazen tone,
And given to the waiting winds, the spell-word, Ferguson!

Around the mountain's rocky base, and up its slope of green,
Our rifle-locks will take a hue from heaven's own garish sheen.
Upon its apex we must stand, the victors of the hour,
And front to front repel the host, whose serried columns lower.
King's Mountain! blot the soaring name! the Tory brood must die;
While we another title give—the Mount of Liberty.

Baptised anew, from its broad heights, the patriot eye shall view
Through the transforming lens of Hope, a landscape bold and new;
No haze to intercept the beam, whose fairy tint shall write
Those blessed words "The promised land!" on every rood in sight.
We have him on the mountain now, he who has trained our young
To speak of Washington the brave, with free and ribald tongue;

He who has trailed his serpent length in many a garden pure,
And by his honeyed speech has made his victim doubly sure,
His banner with its royal crest, his overtures of guile,

His wild harangue, or flowery tropes, or bland, seductive smile,
His show of wealth, his promise, too, of guerdons yet to come,
Have lured our fledgelings from their nest, our children from their home.

They have been trained by martial rule in fratricidal war.
Trained on their kin the curse to heap 'neath hate's malignant star.
Such tutelage might well become a spirit lost to shame,
But manhood he has blotted out from his dishonoured name.
Injustice finds but sordid means to compass ends of wrong,
And truth and goodness prove to it a by-word and a song.

They march to spirit strung to hope, and round the mountain go,
As Hebrew legions once of old surrounded Jericho.
Ho, Ferguson! the net is spread, the picket-guard in vain;
Rebels can to the mountains press if you refuse the plain.
Retreat ye may not when a belt of galling fire surrounds
And stout Invasion's iron tramp from every quarter sounds.

The thrust and parry of the sword, the hand-to-hand foray,
The lips compressed and sullen brow, are all in vain to-day.
Schooled in the art of war and trained to cunning and finesse,
Thy tactics, Ferguson, the brave, shall never serve thee less;
Above a thousand shell be lost on whom has leaned thy arm,
Thy bulwarks must forego their strength, thy banner fold its charm.

O, Shelby, in the rescue there! Press, Williams, to his aid!
Look, Cleveland, how the ranks grow thin beneath thy trenchant blade,
And yonder plunges our Sevier amid the heaving tide.
Like swimmer, when amidst the sea he dashes surge aside,
While, with their brows like stiffened cords, the standard bearers leap,
And plant the pennon of the true upon the crimson steep.

Thus Carolina's patriot heart with Washington could beat.
And from her borders sounded out "The Loyalist's Retreat."
No foot of ground to renegades was voted by the true,
But all her soil was Holyrood that met the ardent view;
Her pulse was lightning to the touch, when the sword she buckled on
And hunted from his mountain lair the subtile Ferguson.

THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS

TO the Cowpens, riding proudly, boasting loudly, rebels scorning,
Tarleton hurried, hot and eager for the fight;
From the Cowpens, sore confounded, on that January morning,
Tarleton hurried somewhat faster, fain to save himself by flight.

In the morn he scorned us rarely, but he fairly found his error,
When his force was made our ready blows to feel;
When his horsemen and his footmen fled in wild and pallid terror
At the leaping of our bullets and the sweeping of our steel.

All the day before we fled them, and we led them to pursue us,
Then at night on Thickety mountain made our camp;
There we lay upon our rifles, slumber quickly coming to us,
Spite the crackling of our camp-fires and our sentries' heavy tramp.

Morning on the mountain border ranged in order found our forces.
Ere our scouts announced the coming of the foe;
While the hoar-frost lying near us, and the distant water-courses,
Gleamed like silver in the sunlight, seemed like silver in their glow.

Morgan ranged us there to meet them, and to greet them with such favour
That they scarce would care to follow us again;
In the rear, the Continentals—none were readier, nor braver;
In the van, with ready rifles, steady, stern our mountain men.

Washington, our trooper peerless, gay and fearless, with his forces
Waiting panther-like upon the foe to fall,
Formed upon the slope behind us, where, on raw-boned country horses,
Sat the sudden-summoned levies brought from Georgia by McCall. . . .

On they came, our might disdaining, where the raining bullets leaden
Pattered fast from scattered rifles on each wing;
Here and there went down a foeman, and the ground began to redden·

And they drew them back a moment, like the tiger ere his spring.

Then said Morgan, "Ball and powder kill much prouder men than George's;
On your rifles and a careful aim rely.
They were trained in many battles—we in workshops, fields, and forges;
But we have our homes to fight for, and we do not fear to die."

Though our leader's words we cheered not, yet we feared not, we awaited,
Strong of heart, the threatened onset, and it came;
Up the sloping hillside, swiftly rushed the foe so fiercely hated;
On they came with gleaming bayonet, 'mid the cannon's smoke and flame

At their head rode Tarleton proudly; ringing loudly o'er the yelling
Of his men we heard his voice's brazen tone;
With his dark eyes flashing fiercely, and his sombre features telling
In their look the pride that filled him as the champion of the throne. . . .

Through the pines and oaks resounding, madly bounding from the mountain,
Leapt the rattle of the battle and the roar;
Fierce the hand-to-hand engaging, and the human freshet raging
Of the surging current urging past a dark and bloody shore.

Soon the course of fight was altered; soon they faltered at the leaden
Storm that smote them, and we saw their centre swerve.
Tarleton's eye flashed fierce with anger; Tarleton's face began to redden;
Tarleton gave the closing order—"Bring to action the reserve!"

Up the slope his legion thundered, fell three hundred, fiercely spurring,
Cheering lustily, they fell upon our flanks;
And their worn and wearied comrades, at the sound so spirit-stirring,
Felt a thrill of hope and courage pass along their shattered ranks.

By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted, lightly drifted to the nor'ward
And displayed in all their pride the scarlet foe;
We beheld them, with a steady tramp and fearless, moving forward,
With their banners proudly waving, and their bayonets levelled low.

Morgan gave his order clearly—"Fall back nearly to the border
Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!"
Oh! they thought we had retreated, and they charge in fierce disorder,
When out rang the voice of Howard—"To the right about, face!—Fire!"

Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our volley,
And our balls made red a pathway down the hill;

Broke the foe and shrank and cowered; rang again the voice
of Howard—
"Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!"—and we did it
with a will.

In the meantime, one red-coated troop, unnoted, riding faster
Than their comrades on our rear in fury bore;
But the light-horse, led by Washington, soon brought it
disaster,
For they shattered it and scattered it, and smote it fast
and sore.

Like a herd of startled cattle from the battle-field we drove
them;
In disorder down the Mill-gap road they fled;
Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled before our
chasing,
And he stopped not for the dying, and he stayed not for
the dead.

Down the Mill-gap road they scurried and they hurried with
such fleetness—
We had never seen such running in our lives!
Ran they swifter than if seeking homes to taste domestic
sweetness,
Having many years been parted from their children and
their wives. . . .

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE HEIGHTS ABOVE SANTEE

TO Orangeburg retreats
Lord Rawden with his band,
And Colonel Cruger meets,
With forces at command.
And now its fold invites
That banner of the free

Where it mantles on the heights,
On the heights above Santee.

The scouting-parties haste,
With Sumter in the van,
And Marion firmly braced,
To play again the man.
"From Charleston keep them back,
Lest stronger grown than we,
They should evade our track
From the heights above Santee."

"What is the news?" said Greene,
"My scouting-parties brave?"
"The British flag is seen
By Congaree's blue wave."
"Then onward, hearts of oak,
Such is the sure decree,
If they invite the stroke
From the heights above Santee."

Forth pealed the clarion note,
The bold battalion goes,
The trumpet's brazen throat
Anticipates the blows.
But Rawdon still retreats,
With feeble heart and knee,
For a drum behind him beats
From the heights above Santee.

At Eutaw Springs they halt,
Like panting stag at bay;
Ah! yonder azure vault
Shall blush ere close of day.
For the red cloud of war
The zenith soon must see,

Its masses roll from afar,
From the heights above Santee.

"Regain the state you love,
Old Carolina brave!
They who for lordship strove
May measure here a grave!
Strike for your Leader, Greene.
A thunderbolt is he,
Whose campfires late were seen
On the heights above Santee."

The musket gives the ball,
The clashing sword-blade rings,
And hundreds fighting fall
In the fray at Eutaw Springs;
To Charleston fled the rest
Like phantoms o'er the lea,
To one small section pressed
From the heights above Santee.

Give to the patriot chief
The captured standard now,
And trace in bold relief
Upon the gold his brow.
The locust horde he swept
From mainland to the sea,
When to the vale he stept
From the heights above Santee

FORT NINETY-SIX

OUR mound was thirty feet in air,
Our riflemen were posted there,
So strong the vantage ground;

Saint George and rebels fairly met,
And on the bristling parapet
We made the bullets sound.

It was the twenty-fifth of May
When freemen caught the reveille
And sprang before the ditch;
And Cruger felt how vain his tricks
To keep the fort of Ninety-six
So close within our reach.

Augusta had surrendered first,
And Lee, who manly hopes had nursed,
Had proved the Chevalier.
"Push on to Ninety-Six," cried Greene,
"To wrench their last defence I mean,
And keep our border clear."

"Along the Congaree their posts
Have failed to verify the boasts
Which English legions swelled;
When Marion, from the everglades,
Put lightning in his rusty blades,
The vaunting heart has quailed."

Then merrily the ground we broke,
And music lingered in the stroke,
And pushed our works with form;
For hands untrained were quick to learn,
And brows were fixed and looks were stern,
Precursive of the storm.

"They 'll beat a parley, yet," said Greene,
"Savannah's waters with their sheen
Shall dance in double joy,
For on the crested parapet

Our rifle balls are ringing yet
And powder is our toy."

"But Rawdon comes to reinforce!"
Alas! like note of raven hoarse
Fell the announcement dire;
From Ireland he has drawn the band,
And his may prove a wizard wand
To intermit our fire.

Hard is it for the gallant ship
To find her solid cable slip
When she would grasp the shore.
Hard was it at the Isthmian race
For combatant to yield his place
And sink to run no more.

Thus reaching to the golden fruit,
We had to yield, in hot pursuit
Pressed Rawdon on our men.
"Wheel, and retreat," the words of gloom,
The flower is frosted in its bloom,
It cannot scent the glen.

But when the timid said to Greene,
"In old Virginia be thou seen,
And be from care exempt,"
He cried with words of proud disdain,
"Our Carolina I will gain,
Or die in the attempt!"

EMILY GEIGER

'TWAS in the days of the Revolution,—
Dark days were they and drear,—
And by Carolina firesides

The women sat in fear;
For the men were away at the fighting,
And sad was the news that came,
That the battle was lost; and the death-list
Held many a loved one's name.

When as heart-sore they sat round the camp-fires,
"What, ho! Who 'll volunteer
To carry a message to Sumter?"
A voice rang loud and clear.
There was a sudden silence,
But not a man replied;
They knew too well of the peril
Of one who dared that ride.

Outspoke then Emily Geiger,
With a rich flush on her cheek,—
"Give me the message to be sent;
I am the one you seek.
For I am a Southern woman;
And I'd rather do and dare
Than sit by a lonely fireside,
My heart gnawed through with care."

They gave her the precious missive;
And on her own good steed
She rode away, 'mid the cheers of the men,
Upon her daring deed.
And away through the lonely forests,
Steadily galloping on,
She saw the sun sink low in the sky,
And in the west go down.

"Halt!—or I fire!" On a sudden
A rifle clicked close by.

"Let you pass? Not we, till we know you are
No messenger nor spy."
"She's a Whig,—from her face,—I will wager,"
Swore the officer of the day.
"To the guard-house, and send for a woman
To search her without delay."

No time did she lose in bewailing;
As the bolt creaked in the lock,
She quickly drew the precious nc
That was hidden in her frock.
And she read it through with hurried care,
Then ate it piece by piece,
And calmly sat her down to wait
Till time should bring release.

They brought her out in a little,
And set her on her steed,
With many a rude apology,
For this discourteous deed.
On, on, once more through the forest black,
The good horse panting strains,
Till the sentry's challenge: "Who comes there?"
Tells that the end she gains.

Ere an hour, in the camp of Sumter
There was hurrying to and fro.
"Saddle and mount, saddle and mount."
The bugles shrilly blow.
"Forward trot!" and the long ranks wheel,
And into the darkness glide:
Long shall the British rue that march
And Emily Geiger's ride.

BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS

HARK! 't is the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes
Who compassed its summits, and died.
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foeman had clambered the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted him down for the fight.

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'T is the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunter who hears of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With his knife and his rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather,
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag which the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to his sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot in the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe,
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now they wind together,

As the mountain-brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:

"The British—the Tories are on us,
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

No war-council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound of the steed;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,
And, with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never with arms of more vigour
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life.

'T was the meeting of eagles and lions,
'T was the rushing of tempests and waves;
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves.
Scotch Ferguson sounded his whistle,

As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!

An hour, and the battle is over,
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way,
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenges the wrongs of the state;
And the oak tree for many a season
Bears fruit for the vultures of fate!

—*William Gilmore Simms.*

YORKTOWN

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighbouring pines;

While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear;
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scared faces from the sight,
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! fourscore years have passed; and where
The Gallic bugles stirred the air,

And, through breached batteries, side by side,
To victory stormed the hosts allied,
And brave foes grounded, pale with pain,
The arms she might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

O, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,
Ye spared the wrong; and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall!
Your world-wide honour stained with shame,—
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where 's now the flag of that old war?
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak;
Symbol of terror and despair,
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!
Brave sport to see the fledgeling born
Of Freedom by its parent torn! . . .

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

NEWS FROM YORKTOWN

"PAST two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"
How the voice rolled down the street
Till the silence rang and echoed

With the stir of hurrying feet!
In the hush of the Quaker city,
As the night drew on to morn,
How it startled the troubled sleepers,
Like the cry of a man-child born!

"Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"
How they gathered, man and maid,
Here a child with a heart for the flint-lock,
There the trembling grandsire staid!
From the stateliest homes of the city,
From hovels that love might scorn,
How they followed that ringing summons,
Like the cry for a king's heir born!

"Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"
I can see the quick lights flare,
See the glad, wild face at the window,
Half dumb in a breathless stare.
In the pause of an hour portentous,
In the gloom of a hope forlorn,
How it throbbed to the star-deep heavens,
Like the cry for a nation born!

"Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"
How the message is sped and gone
To the farm and the town and the forest
Till the world was one vast dawn!
To distant and slave-sunk races,
Bowed down in their chains that morn,
How it swept on the winds of heaven,
Like a cry for God's justice born!

—Lewis Worthington Smith.

SONG, ON CAPTAIN BARNEY'S VICTORY OVER THE SHIP "GENERAL MONK"

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
Long the *General Monk* had reigned;
All subduing, all reducing,
None her lawless rage restrained:
Many a brave and hearty fellow
Yielding to this warlike foe,
When her guns began to bellow
Struck his humbled colours low.

But grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide watery way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May;
"Now we soon," said Captain Rogers,
"Shall their men of commerce meet;
In our hold we'll have them lodgers,
We shall capture half their fleet.

"Lo! I see their van appearing—
Back our topsails to the mast—
They toward us full are steering
With a gentle western blast;
I've a list of all their cargoes,
All their guns, and all their men:
I am sure these modern Argos
Can't escape us one in ten:

"Yonder comes the *Charming Sally*
Sailing with the *General Greene*—
First we'll fight the *Hyder Ali*,
Taking her is taking them;
She intends to give us battle,
Bearing down with all her sail—

Now, boys, let our cannon rattle!
To take her we cannot fail.

Our eighteen guns, each a nine-pounder,
Soon shall terrify this foe;
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
Bringing rebel colours low."—
While he thus anticipated
Conquests that he could not gain,
He in the Cape May channel waited
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus addressed his gallant crew—
"Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,
Let your hearts be firm and true;
This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main,
We must fight her—must reduce her,
Though our decks be strewed with slain.

"Let who will be the survivor,
We must conquer or must die,
We must take her up the river,
Whate'er becomes of you or I;
Though she shows most formidable
With her eighteen pointed nines,
And her quarters clad in sable,
Let us balk her proud designs.

"With four nine-pounders, and twelve sixes
We will face that daring band;
Let no danger damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand.
Fighting for your country's honour,
Now to gallant deeds aspire;

Helmsman, bear us down upon her,
Gunner, give the word to fire!"

Then yardarm and yardarm meeting,
Strait began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,
Belched their smoky flames away:
Soon the langrage, grape, and chain shot,
That from Barney's cannons flew,
Swept the *Monk,* and cleared each round top,
Killed and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally,
But they, from their quarters fled,
While the roaring *Hyder Ali*
Covered o'er his decks with dead.
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave inferior foe.

All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarter call.
Then the *Monk's* proud flag descended,
And her cannon ceased to roar;
By her crew no more defended,
She confessed the contest o'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,
You have humbled one proud foe,
No brave action this surpasses,
Fame shall tell the nations so—
Thus be Britain's woes completed,

Thus abridged her cruel reign
Till she ever, thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main.

—*Philip Freneau.*

THE TREATY OF PARIS

AMERICA has won the day,
Through Washington, our chief,
Come let 's rejoice, with heart and voice,
And bid adieu to grief.

Now we have Peace, and may increase
In number, wealth, and arts,
If every one, like Washington,
Will strive to do their parts.

Use industry, and frugal be,
Like Washington, the brave,
So we shall see, 't will easy be,
Our Country for to save.

Industry and frugality
Will all our taxes pay,
Whilst every State, without its mate.
May rule itself alway.

ON DISBANDING THE ARMY

YE brave Columbian bands! a long farewell!
Well have ye fought for freedom—nobly done
Your martial task—the meed immortal won—
And Time's last records shall your triumphs tell.

Once friendship made their cup of suff'rings sweet—
The dregs how bitter, now those bands must part!
Ah! never, never more on earth to meet;

Distilled from gall that inundates the heart,
What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start!

Ye, too, farewell who fell in fields of gore,
And changed tempestuous toil for rest serene;
Soon shall we join you on the peaceful shore
(Though gulfs irremeable roll between),
Thither by death-tides borne, as ye full soon have been.

—David Humphreys.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH

THEY come!—they come!—the heroes come
With sounding fife and thundering drum;
Their ranks advance in bright array,—
The heroes of America!

He comes!—'t is mighty Washington
(Words fail to tell all he has done),
Our hero, guardian, father, friend!
His fame can never, never end.

He comes—he comes!—our Clinton comes!
Justice her ancient seat resumes;
From shore to shore let shouts resound,
For Justice comes, with Freedom crowned.

She comes!—the angelic virgin—Peace,
And bids stern War his horrors cease;
Oh! blooming virgin, with us stay,
And bless, oh! bless America.

Since Freedom has our efforts crowned,
Let flowing bumpers pass around:
The toats is "Freedom's favourite son,
Health, peace, and joy to Washington!"

SHE stands erect before the powers of earth,
To claim their sanction and their meed receive;
And Europe's sovereigns, to attest her worth,
Hasten with hers their names to interweave.
For they have heard of all that sanguine strife
Which roused the granite purpose of her will,
And how at last, with scarcely rescued life,
She to the future looks, all hopeful still.

She stands erect before the powers of earth,
Girding her loins for glory's lustrous crown.
And as she flings her gorgeous ensign forth,
The elder nations her fair birthright own;
They come to grasp her hand with love and truth,
To form the league her interest which seals,
And catch from her the ardent glow of youth,
Which, as they hail her, to their bosom steals.

And first old Sweden, where Adolphus ruled,
Monarch who right espoused and held it fast,
Whose mind and heart by discipline were schooled,
Mild as the zephyr, stern 'mid war's loud blast.
Old Sweden, with her boreal lights aglow,
Hailed the new star whose virgin disk appeared,
And Denmark came, a fostering arm to throw
Around the pillar now by freedom reared.

Spain, too, where Charles and Philip, sire and son,
Held the firm rein beneath the tropic sky,
Beheld what God, by Washington, had done,
And hastened all her joy to testify.
And Russia, whose imperial Peter stood
In bold relief upon her infant page,

Prepared to canonise the great and good,
And in the work of amity engage.

From Elsinore to where the Escurial pile
Told of the sacred dust of chivalry,
Through Europe's length, the continent and isle,
Rang the bold deeds of her who now was free.
Monmouth and Saratoga had their spell
From Stockholm to the Adriatic main,
And by the blue Garonne could children tell
How Britain wept beside her sundered chain.

And when America uprose at last,
To challenge homage from the gazing throng,
And Yorktown's fame to burning history passed,
There filled her ear a swell of generous song;
For even kings had marked her onward stride,
Her alternating phases to the goal,
And when she gained it felt an honest pride,
And in their treaties threw an ardent soul.

Oh! my dear country, how thy pulses beat
When thou 'mid sovereign nations took thy place!
The price was weighty, but the gain was sweet,
Blooming the crown, though long and hard the race.
Begun in fears, continued in suspense,
The fight for truth had closed 'mid joyous peals;
And as thou marked thy fair inheritance,
To thy moist lid is it a tear-drop steals?

Yes, tears of gratitude become thee now,
With wider sway and more exalted name,
With coronet upon thy matron brow,
And history wedded to eternal fame.

Oh! stand, my country, by Potomac's wave,
Where sleeps thy Father in his tomb august
And there a blessing from his spirit crave
Upon thy mighty charge, thy more than hallowed trust.

UNTIL THE WORLD IS FREE

MIGHTY in purpose, strong in truth and right,
America stands forth before the world
A nation. On her banner burning bright
Liberty, the defiance lately hurled
At those who would enslave us, proudly streams,
And *Independence* proudly there beside it gleams!

But with these dignities new duties march:
No folk is free except within the law,
And freedom but the keystone in the arch
Of justice which doth span God's throne of awe;
Be free then, but be just and merciful!
So shall the sword of independence never dull.

Now have we done with despots and with kings
While yet the world without unto their will
Is bent. Our banner still defiance flings
To sceptred power, and may not rest until
All peoples and all lands alike are free
From threat of princes and their brood of tyranny.

Unto our shores let freedom's lovers throng
From every land to share our heritage;
Their strength shall swell the burden of our song
Till it shall ring in every clime and age.
Ourselves are free, and here we dedicate
To universal freedom this our new-born State!

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

AUTHOR and God of freedom, Thou dost plant
In every breast a longing to be free.
Thou to the patriot's arm dost courage grant
To battle with oppression, and decree
The tyrant's fate; to break the captive's chain.
Thou dost inspire the love of liberty
That brooks no bondage of the soul and brain,
Which dares forbid the mind of man to try
Thy vast domain unfettered, tyranny
That wingéd thought would prison in a cage,
Or clip her wings lest too far she should fly.
Thou lovest well man's eager thought and life
Instinct with strength of his high parentage;
Nor wouldst Thou have us bow before Thy shield
And faint reluctant homage to Thee yield,
Wrung from us by o'erpowering majesty.
Wouldst Thou not have us sons of God, unbent,
Free like Thyself, as we Thine image bear?
Dost Thou not call us to high enterprise,
To master earth and sea and scale the skies
To broader conquest, noble victory;
To greater triumphs of self-government;
To share Thy wondrous thoughts and walk with Thee?

In the titanic struggle yet to be,
When right and light and human liberty
With powers of greed and tyranny engage
In mortal combat, final war to wage—
A world-wide struggle coming on apace
In many a waking land and longing race—
My country, do thou make a valiant fight
And for the people's cause put forth thy might!
And may the Lord of Hosts who made thee free
Set thee, great guardian of liberty,

To lead the nations, marching in the van,
The fearless champion of the rights of man;
Arm thee with light, and with immortal fire
Thine altars keep aflame, they heart inspire
Lest commonweal be reckoned little worth,
And Freedom, throttled, perish from the earth!

O sacred Freedom, man has loved thee long,
And long for thee his precious blood doth spill;
In this thy new-found home for ever dwell;
Shine as an angel, panoplied and strong
Oppression to destroy, to right old wrong,
The weak to guard, and hopes untold fulfil:
Hopes of brave martyrs, patriots who fell
Happy in death that thee they couldst not slay;
Hopes for the time to come, that day most fair,
When thou to every land shalt blessings bear,
When man with God is free, when man shall pray
Not to some tyrant, but to God alone,
The God of Freedom, seated in His throne.

GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE

AROUND the shores which Hudson's billows lave,
His laurel wreaths shall ever verdant bloom;
And Trenton's cypress shade the hero's grave,
Whilst pensive Princeton mourns his early tomb.

August abodes! ye heard the trumpet's sound
Which bade his columns range, his squadrons form;
Ye saw his courses snuff the embattled ground,
And Greene, triumphant, rule the vengeful storm.

Arrayed in tears and garbs of sable hue
See Brandywine the chieftain's hearse attend;

And Germantown lament, and Monmouth robed in yew,
And Ashley's waters wail their godlike friend.

Immortal grounds! the theme of every age,
Your meanest dust shall speak the hero's praise;
Here bolted vengeance burst with tenfold rage,
And there he drove the lightning's rapid blaze.

Not less illustrious are the banks of Dan,
Of Gullford's fields, where feats of bold emprise
Proclaim the genius of the matchless man,
For whom a nation mourns with pride-lit eyes.

We saw his arms the volleyed thunders deal,
Which checked Cornwallis in his wild career,
With Tarleton's sword and Rawdon's murderous steel;
When savage Balfour paled with guilty fear.

Illustrious spots on earth's high favoured mould!
What though no clarions swell to dire alarms,
And no proud chief, in pomp of burnished gold,
Leads on his troops in bright glow of arms;

Yet shall the veteran there recount the tale
Of armies raised, unclothed, unfed, unpaid,
Who stood the summer's heat, the winter's gale,
Nor turned their bosoms from the tyrant's blade.

Such were the men who owned the power of Greene
When the shrill music, lengthening down the line,
Urged rank on rank, to try the dubious scene,
And combat hosts, by despots thought divine.

Thrice honoured chief! the work of death is past,
Thy task completed, smiling peace descends,

Hushed is the din, the mute trumpet's blast,
And ardent warriors greet as ancient friends.

Mature in life, with endless honour crowned,
Too bright for earth, and fit for purer skies,
Celestial bards his mighty deeds resound,
Whilst thus, aloud, a prince of angels cries:

"At God's decree, by Heaven's high throne, I swear,
'T is done! 't is done! his time shall be no more!
Thou king of death descend on wings of air,
And waft the hero to his native shore."

—*George Richards.*

THE SETTLER

HIS echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound, 'mid gorgeous trees
  The streams whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
  Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
  Dark cave and swamp lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
  His world, and his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot;
  'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
  Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
  All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
  Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
  The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
  Rude winter brought his snow;
And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
  As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
  Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
  Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
  Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,

And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed his savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
His fangs, with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And, with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound,
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight, to bleed, to die!
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.

—*Alfred Billings Street.*

THE NEW ROOF

COME, muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

Come, up with the *plates,* lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they 're the ground-work of all;

Examine them well, and see that they 're sound,
Let no rotten part in our building be found;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm, and our citizens free.

Now hand up the *girders,* lay each in his place,
Between them the *joists,* must divide all the space;
Like assemblymen *these* should lie level along,
Like *girders,* our senate prove loyal and strong;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm over citizens free.

The *rafters* now frame; your *king-posts* and *braces,*
And drive your pins home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm over citizens free.

Our *king-posts* are *judges;* how upright they stand,
Supporting the *braces;* the laws of the land;
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong,
And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
Laws equal and just, for a people that 's free.

Up! up! with the *rafters;* each frame is a *state:*
How noble they rise! their span, too, how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the walls, whilst the walls they defend;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
Combinéd in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the *purlins,* and drive your pins through;
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true.
The *purlins* will bind all the rafters together:

The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
United as states, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the *turret;* our glory and pride;
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to *preside;*
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars and arches, and towering height;
Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be
A federal head o'er a people that's free.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete;
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat;
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof;
Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

-Francis Hopkinson.

THE NORTHWEST

LET Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,
And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented vale;
Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their balm,
Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant and calm;
Give me the cold blast of my country again,
Careering o'er snow-covered mountain and plain,
And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to my breast,
With vigour and health from the cloudless Nor' West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,
And gem-studded waters on golden sands flow,
Where shrubs, blossom-laden, bright birds, and sweet trees
With odours and music encumber the breeze;
I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,
To hear thy wild winter-notes, brilliant and free,

To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings oppressed,
And gather a tone from the bracing Nor' West.

Mists melt at thy coming, clouds flee from thy wrath.
The marsh and its vapours are sealed on thy path,
For spotless and pure as the snow-covered North,
Their cold icy cradle, thy tempests come forth.
Thy blue robe is borrowed from clearest of skies,
Thy sandals were made where the driven snow lies,
And stars, seldom seen in this low world, are blessed
To shine in thy coronet—brilliant Nor' West.

For ever, for ever, be thine, purest wind,
The lakes and the streams of my country to bind;
And oh! though afar I am fated to roam,
Still kindle the hearths and the hearts of my home!
While blows from the polar skies holy and pure
Thy trumpet of freedom, the land shall endure,
As snow in thy pathway, and stars on thy crest,
Unsullied and beautiful—glorious Nor' West.

—*John Kearsley Mitchell.*

THE FOUNDERS OF OHIO

THE footsteps of a hundred years
Have echoed, since o'er Braddock's Road
Bold Putnam and the Pioneers
Led History the way they strode.

On wild Monongahela stream
They launched the *Mayflower* of the West,
A perfect State their civic dream,
A new New World their pilgrim quest.

When April robed the buckeye trees
Muskingum's bosky shore they trod;

They pitched their tents, and to the breeze
  Flung freedom's star-flag, thanking God!

As glides the Oyo's solemn flood,
  So fleeted their eventful years;
Resurgent in their children's blood,
  They still live on—the Pioneers.

Their fame shrinks not to names and dates,
  On votive stone, the prey of time;
Behold where monumental States
  Immortalise their lives sublime!

—*William Henry Venable.*

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!
  Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle! . . ."

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the *Union* shall be her name! . . ."

The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!

She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound.
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon's salvos spoke,
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honour sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretence that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless licence masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! where by patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him. . . .

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THUS, some tall tree that long hath stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroyed, or length of years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,
To dust returns by slow decays;
But, when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long befriended by your art,
The world laments your exit made;
So long accustomed to your aid,
Philosopher, 't is hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground
Successors easily are found;
But, matchless Franklin! what a few
Can hope to rival such as you,
Who seized from kings their sceptred pride,
And turned the lightning's darts aside!

—*Philip Freneau.*

THE "LADY WASHINGTON"

(June 16, 1791)

COME, all ye bold Northwest men
Who plough the raging main,
Come listen to my story
While I relate the same;
'T was of the *Lady Washington*
Decoyed as she lay
At Queen Charlotte's Island,
In North America.

On the sixteenth day of June, boys,
In the year of 'ninety-one,
The natives in great numbers
On board our ship did come;
Then for to buy our fur of them
Our captain did begin,
But mark what they attempted
Before long time had been.

Abaft upon our quarter-deck,—
Two stout arm-chests did stand,
And in both of them were left the keys,
By the gunner's careless hand.
Which quickly they procuring,
Of them did make a prize,
Thinking we had no other arms
For to defend our lives.

Our captain spoke unto them,
And unto them did say:
"If you'll return me back those keys
I for the same will pay";
No sooner had he spoke these words,
Than they drew forth their knives.
Saying, "The vessel 's ours, sir,
And we will have your lives."

Our captain then perceiving
The ship was in their hands,
Upon the men and officers
Laid quickly his commands:
"Go down into the cabin,
And there some arms prepare,
See that they are well loaded,
Be sure, and don't miss fire."

Then down into the cabin,
Straightway we did repair,
And to our sad misfortune
Few guns could we find there;
We only found six pistols,
Two small swords, and a gun,
And "Blow her up," we soon agreed
Was all that could be done.

Our powder we got ready,
And our gun-room open laid;
Our souls we did commit to God,
A hurried prayer we prayed,—
We then informed our captain,
Saying, "Ready now are we."
He says, "A signal I will give,
It shall be 'Follow me.'"

All this time upon the quarter-deck
Each man was forced to stand,
With twelve of these cursed savages
With knives in every hand,
Till one of these bloodthirsty hounds,
He made a spring below,
Then cried the captain, "Follow me,"
And with him we did go.

And with what few firearms we had,
We rushed on deck amain,
And by our being resolute,
Our quarter-deck did gain;
Soon as we reached our arm-chest,
Such slaughter there made we,
That in less than ten minutes
Our ship of them was free.

Then we threw overboard the dead,
That on our deck there lay;
And finding we 'd nobody hurt,
To work we went straightway.
The number killed upon our deck,
That day, was sixty good,
And full as many wounded,
As soon we understood.

'T was early the next morning,
At the hour of break of day,
We sailed along abreast the town,
Which we came to straightway;
We called all hands to quarters,
And at the town did play,
Till we made them return the things
They'd stole from us that day.

I 'd have you all take warning,
And always ready be
For to suppress those savages
Of Northwest America;
For they are so desirous
Some vessel for to gain,
That they will never leave it off
Till most of them are slain.

And now unto old China,
We're fastly rolling on,
Where we shall drink good punch, for which
We've suffered all along.
And when the sixteenth of June,
Around does yearly come,
We'll drink in celebration
Of what that day was done.

And now for to conclude,
And make end unto my song,
Success to the commander
Of the *Lady Washington!*
Success to the commander
Wherever he may go!
O may death and dire destruction
Always attend his foe.

SAINCLAIRE'S DEFEAT

'TWAS November the fourth, in the year of 'ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson;
Sainclaire was our commander, which may remembered be,
For there we left nine hundred men in the Western Territory.

At Bunker's Hill and Quebec, there many a hero fell,
Likewise on Long Island, ('t is I the truth can tell),
But such a dreadful carnage may I never see again
As happened near St. Mary's, upon the river plain.

Our army was attacked just as the day did dawn,
And soon was overpowered and driven from the lawn.
They killed Major Ouldham, Levin and Briggs likewise,
And horrid yells of savages resounded through the skies.

Major Butler was wounded the very second fire;
His manly bosom swelled with rage when forced to retire;
And as he lay in anguish, nor scarcely could he see,
Exclaimed, "ye hounds of hell! Oh, revenged I will be!"

We had not been long broke when General Butler found
Himself so badly wounded, was forced to quit the ground;

"My God!" says he "what shall we do? we 're wounded, every man;
Go, charge them, valiant heroes, and beat them, if you can."

He leaned his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath,
And like a valiant soldier sunk in the arms of death;
When blessed angels did await his spirit to convey,
And unto the celestial fields he quickly bent his way.

We charged again with courage firm, but soon again gave ground;
The war-whoop then redoubled, as did the foes around.
They killed Major Ferguson, which caused his men to cry,
"Our only safety is in flight, or fighting here, to die."

"Stand to your guns," said valiant Ford; "let's die upon them here,
Before we let the savages know we ever harboured fear!"
Our cannon-balls exhausted, and artillery-men all slain,
Obliged were our musketmen the enemy to sustain.

Yet three hours more we fought them, and then were forced to yield,
When three hundred warriors lay stretched upon the field.
Says Colonel Gibson to his men, "My boys, be not dismayed;
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid.

"Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die than they should gain the field!"
With that he got a fatal shot, which causéd him to yield.
Says Major Clarke, "My heroes, I can here no longer stand;
We'll strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can."

The word, " Retreat ! " being passed around, there was a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods like wolves and sheep they fly.
This well-appointed army, who but a day before,
Defied and braved all danger, had like a cloud passed o'er.

Alas, the dying and wounded, how dreadful was the thought!
To the tomahawk and scalping-knife in misery are brought.
Some had a thigh and some an arm broke on the field that day,
Who writhed in torments at the stake to close the dire affray.

To mention our brave officers, is what I wish to do;
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with more courage true.
To Captain Bradford, I belonged, in his artillery—
He fell that day among the slain—a valiant man was he.

DANIEL BOONE'S SECOND WESTERN MIGRATION

HA! how the woods give way before the step
Of these new-comers! What a sickening smell
Clings round my cabin, wafted from their town
Ten miles away! But yesterday I heard
A stranger's gun sound in the loneliest glen
That yet remains to me; and when I climbed
The mountain there, and stood alone, alone!
Upon its top amid the sounding clouds,
And proudly thought that I was first to crown
That mighty mountain with a human soul,
Another's footprint in the airy sand
Smote my unwilling eyes, and I at once

Was sceptreless, unthroned, there beaten back
To restless thought again. This cannot last:
For I am of the mould that loathes to breathe
The air of multitudes, I must respire
The Universe alone, and hear, alone,
Its Lord walking the ancient wilderness;
And this, because He made me so—no more.

I must away: for action is my life;
And it is base to triumph in a Past,
However big with mighty circumstance,
Danger full-faced and large heroic deed,
If yet a Future calls. It calls to me.
What if some seventy years have thinned this hair,
And dimmed this sight, and made the blood roll on
Less riotous between the banks of life?—
This heart hath viguor yet, and still the woods
Have voices for my ear; and still the stream
Makes music in my thought; and every hour
Can show some awful miracle performed
Within the wilderness; and Danger still
Leans proudly o'er the mountain's dizzy crag,
Bathing his forehead in the passing cloud,
And calls to me with a most taunting voice
To join him there. He shall not call in vain.
Yes! Surely I must go, and drink anew
The splendour that is in the pathless woods,
And wear the blue sky as a coronal,
And bid the torrent sound my conquering march,
And ponder far away from all that mars
The everlasting wonder of the world,
And with each dewy morning wake and feel
As though that world, so fresh, so beautiful
With sunrise and the mist, had just been made.

Farewell, O dweller of the towns! One State
Have I made eminent within the wild,
And men from me have that which they call "Peace":
Still do the generations press for room,
And surely they shall have it. Tell them this:
Say: "Boone, the old State-Builder, hath gone forth
Again, close on the sunset; and that there
He gives due challenge to that Indian race
Whose lease to this majestic land, misused.
It hath pleased God to cancel."

—*William Ross Wallace.*

HAIL, COLUMBIA

HAIL! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;

While offering peace, sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

—*Joseph Hopkinson.*

THE "CONSTELLATION" AND THE "INSURGENTE"

WHEN Freedom, fair Freedom, her banner displayed,
Defying each foe who her rights would invade,

Columbia's brave sons swore those rights to maintain,
And o'er ocean and earth to establish her reign;
United they cry,
While that standard shall fly
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Though Gallia through Europe has rushed like a flood,
And deluged the earth with an ocean of blood;
While by faction she 's led, while she 's governed by knaves,
We court not her smiles and will ne'er be her slaves;
Her threats we defy,
While our standard shall fly;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Though France with caprice dares our Statesmen upbraid,
A tribute demands, or sets bounds to our trade;
From our young rising Navy our thunders shall roar,
And our commerce extend to the earth's utmost shore,
Our cannon we 'll ply,
While our standard shall fly;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

To know we 're resolved, let them think on the hour,
When Truxton, brave Truxton, off Nevis's shore,
His ship manned for battle, the standard unfurled
And at the *Insurgente* defiance he hurled—
And his valiant tars cry,
While our standard shall fly,
Resolved, firm, and steady,

We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Each heart beat exulting, inspired by the cause;
They fought for their country, their freedom and laws;
From their cannon loud volleys of vengeance they poured,
And the standard of France to Columbia was lowered,
Huzza! they now cry,
Let the Eagle wave high;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Then raise high the strain, pay the tribute that 's due
To the fair *Constellation,* and all her brave crew;
Be Truxton revered, and his name be enrolled
'Mongst the chief of the ocean, the heroes of old.
Each invader defy,
While such heroes are nigh,
Who always are ready,
Resolved, firm, and steady,
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

THE "CONSTELLATION" AND THE "INSURGENTE"

COME all ye Yankee sailors, with swords and pikes advance,
'T is time to try your courage and humble haughty France,
The sons of France our seas invade,
Destroy our commerce and our trade,
'T is time the reckoning should be paid.

On board the *Constellation,* from Baltimore we came,
We had a bold commander and Truxton was his name!
Our ship, she mounted forty guns,

And on the main so swiftly runs,
To prove to France Columbia's sons
Are brave Yankee boys.

We sailed to the West Indies in order to annoy
The invaders of our commerce, to burn, sink, and destroy;
Our *Constellation* shone so bright,
The Frenchmen could not bear the sight,
Away they scampered in affright
From the brave Yankee boys.

'T was on the ninth of February, at Montserrat we lay,
And there we spied the *Insurgente* just at the break of day,
We raised the orange and the blue,
To see if they our signal knew,
The *Constellation* and her crew
Of brave Yankee boys.

Then all hands were called to quarters, while we pursued in chase,
With well-primed guns, our tompions out, well splied the main brace.
Soon to the French we did draw nigh,
Compelled to fight, they were, or fly,
The word was passed: "*Conquer or die!*"
My brave Yankee boys.

Lord! our cannons thundered with peals tremendous roar,
And death upon our bullets' wings that drenched their decks with gore.
The blood did from their scuppers run,
Their chief exclaimed, "We are undone!"
Their flag they struck; the battle won,
By the brave Yankee boys.

Then to Saint Kitts we steered, we brought her safe in port,
The grand salute was fired, and answered from the fort,
John Adams in full bumpers toast,
George Washington Columbia's boast,
And now, "the girl we love the most!"
My brave Yankee boys.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT

FOR him who sought his country's good,
In plains of war, 'mid scenes of blood;
Who, in the dubious battle's fray,
Spent the warm noon of life's bright day,
That to a world he might secure
Rights that for ever shall endure,
Rear the monument of fame!
Deathless is the hero's name.

For him, who, when the war was done,
And victory sure, and freedom won,
Left glory's theatre, the field,
The olive-branch of peace to wield;
And proved when at the helm of state
Though great in war, in peace as great;
Rear the monument of fame!
Deathless is the hero's name!

For him, whose worth, though unexpressed,
Lives cherished in each freeman's breast,
Whose name, to patriot souls so dear,
Time's latest children shall revere,
Whose brave achievements praised shall be
While beats one breast for liberty;
Rear the monument of fame!
Deathless is the hero's name!

But why for him vain marbles raise?
Can the cold sculpture speak his praise?
Illustrious shade! we can proclaim
Our gratitude, but not thy fame.
Long as Columbia shall be free,
She lives a monument of thee;
And may she ever rise in fame,
To honour thy immortal name!

LOUISIANA

LAND of the mocking bird, sunlight, and beauty;
Land where the willows bend over the stream;
Land where the odour of sweet-scented flowers
Enraptures the senses and nurtures a dream.

Land where the ladies are fairer than Eden;
Land where the men are chivalric and brave;
Land where the hero lives over in story
While tears of affection drop over his grave.

Land of my boyhood, my manhood, my prime;
Land of my soul's love, land of my birth;
Let me sleep where the arm of the willow is waving
And gray-tinted moses encircle the earth.

HOW WE BURNED THE "PHILADELPHIA"

BY the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
He would scourge us from the seas;
Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
Then lighted his hookah, and took his ease,
And troubled his soul no more.

The moon was dim in the western sky,
And a mist fell soft on the sea,
As we slipped away from the *Siren* brig
And headed for Tripoli.

Behind us the hulk of the *Siren* lay,
Before us the empty night;
And when again we looked behind,
The *Siren* was gone from our sight.

Nothing behind us, and nothing before
Only the silence and rain;
As the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
And cast us up again.

Through the rain and the silence, we stole along,
Cautious and stealthy and slow,
For we knew the waters were full of those
Who might challenge the *Mastico*.

But nothing we saw till we saw the ghost
Of the ship we had come to see,
Her ghostly lights and her ghostly frame
Rolling uneasily.

And as we looked, the mist drew up
And the moon threw off her veil,
And we saw the ship in the pale moonlight,
Ghostly and drear and pale.

Then spoke Decatur low and said:
"To the bulwark's shadow all!
But the six who wear the Tripoli dress
Shall answer the sentinel's call."

"What ship is that?" cried the sentinel.
"No ship," was the answer free;
"But only a Malta ketch in distress
Wanting to moor in your lee.

"We have lost our anchor, and wait for day
To sail into Tripoli town,
And the sea rolls fierce and high to-night,
So cast a cable down."

Then close to the frigate's side we came,
Made fast to her unforbid—
Six of us bold in the heathen dress,
The rest of us lying hid.

But one who saw us hiding there
"Americano!" cried.
Then straight we rose and made a rush
Pell-mell up the frigate's side.

Midshipman Morris was first aboard,
Decatur and Laws came then,
And the rest of us with our cutlasses,
Nearly a hundred men.

Less than a hundred men were we,
And the heathen were twenty score;
But a Yankee sailor in those old days
Liked odds of one to four.

And first we cleaned the quarter-deck,
And then from stern to stem
We charged into our enemies
And quickly slaughtered them.

All around was the dreadful sound
  Of corpses striking the sea,
And the awful shriek of dying men
  In their last agony.

Skulls we crushed, and necks we cracked,
  And mighty breasts stove in,
And our eyes were filled with battle-smoke
  And our ears with a fearsome din.

The heathen fought like devils all,
  But one by one they fell,
Swept from the deck by our cutlasses,
  To the water, and so to hell.

Some we found in the black of the hold,
  Some to the fo'c's'le fled,
But all in vain; we sought them out
  And left them lying dead;

Till at last no soul but Christian souls
  Upon that ship was found;
The twenty score were dead, and we,
  The hundred, safe and sound.

And, stumbling over the tangled dead,
  The deck a crimson tide,
We fired the ship from keel to shrouds
  And tumbled over the side.

Then out to sea we sailed once more,
  With the world as light as day,
And the flames revealed a hundred sail
  Of the heathen there in the bay.

All suddenly the red light paled,
And the rain rang out on the sea;
Then—a dazzling flash, a deafening roar,
Between us and Tripoli!

Then, nothing behind us, and nothing before,
Only the silence and rain;
And the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
And cast us up again.

By the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
He would scourge us from the seas;
Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
Then lighted his bookah, and took his ease,
And troubled his soul no more.

—Barrett Eastman.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

HARK! how the passing bell
Heaves to the gale its sullen swell!
And, lo! in sorrow's pomp arrayed,
To the dull beat of death,
The slowly-moving cavalcade!
The half-suspended breath
Scarce frees the struggling sigh,
And hallowed tears bedew mute beauty's eye.
Now, o'er the mansions of the dead
With slowly-solemn, measured tread,
Around their slumbering hero drawn,
The silent soldiers print the lawn.
Now the long blaze
Arrests the gaze!
The hollow vaults resound!
The blazing sky,

The thundering ground,
The piercing eye,
More eloquent than pity's flow,
Proclaim the soldier's manly woe.
High o'er the scene the curling cloud aspires:
Fraught with a nation's fervid sighs,
The mighty incense seeks the skies
And tells astonished worlds a Hamilton expires.

REUBEN JAMES

THREE ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples shore,
And the knightly King of Naples lent him seven galleys more,
And never since the *Argo* floated in the middle sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur—how their names ring out like gold!—
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as true and bold;
Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won;
But one common sailor's glory is the splendour of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his sword.
Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was running fast,
And they grappled and they struggled, and they fell beside the mast.
Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen, undismayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword-arm, and he dropped the useless blade.

Then a swinging Turkish sabre clove his left and brought
him low,
Like a gallant bark dismasted, at the mercy of the foe
Little mercy knows the corsair: high his blade was raised
to slay,
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur struggling
lay.
"Help!" the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty com-
rade sprung,
And the cimetar like lightning o'er the Yankee captain
swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flashed on
high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate's taunting
cry,
Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and true
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can do.
Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood around
his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance doubly
sweet,
Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head be-
low,
And upon his 'fenceless forehead Reuben James received the
blow!

So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor
died;
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame
and pride.
Yet we grudge him not his honours, for whom love like this
had birth—
For God never ranks His sailors by the Register of earth!

—*James Jeffrey Roche.*

THE PASSING OF RICHARD SOMERS

HE breaks and gives his finger ring,
Decatur, Stewart grasp his hand;
And Richard Somers, hero-king,
Goes forth to take his last command,
The *Intrepid,* brimmed with shot and shell;
A dozen men her fate to share
Take ship upon a slumbering hell
And on to Tripoli they fare.

We strain our eyes into the night,
We hold our ears down to the sea,
A moment by the dwindling light,
A moment o'er the waters free,
We see and hear the *Intrepid* float,
We hear and see her gallant men,
Then soft and slow fade men and boat
Their country ne'er shall see again.

We 're staring forth with all our eyes,
We 're listening with all our ears,
Time never such a laggard lies—
Two hours have grown as many years!
A sudden wavering light is seen
As if along a deck—'t is past!
Then leaps beyond a fearful sheen
And rolls an awful thunder-blast.

The bursting blaze of batteries,
An outcry of tormented hate,
The plash of fragments in the seas,
A silence worse than any fate;
A gunboat of the Moors destroyed,
Two others shattered on the shore,
A hundred souls hurled through the void—
Alas, for we may know no more!

No more we know; but this is thought:
That o'er the *Intrepid* thronged the foe;
Awhile our gallant sailors fought,
Till every hope had fallen low.
With lighted lantern on the deck,
Down where the shells and powder sleep,
There Richard Somers sent the wreck
Of friend and foe along the deep.

Beneath the blue of foreign skies,
Beside the sheen of alien waves,
With all his men bold Somers lies
And all unmarked their silent graves;
Yet who, of all their countrymen,
Shall hear this tale of golden pride
But Richard Somers lives again
Within the land for which he died?

—*Wallace Rice.*

ON THE DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN LEWIS

LET the Nile cloak his head in the clouds, and defy
The researches of science and time;
Let the Niger escape the keen traveller's eye,
By plunging or changing his clime.

Columbus! not so shall thy boundless domain
Defraud thy brave sons of their right;
Streams, midlands, and shorelands elude us in vain,
We drag their dark regions to light.

Look down, sainted sage, from thy synod of gods;
See, inspired by thy venturous soul,
Mackenzie roll northward his earth-draining floods,
And surge the broad waves to the pole.

With the same soaring genius thy Lewis ascends,
And, seizing the car of the sun,
Over the sky-propping hills and high waters he bends,
And gives the proud earth a new zone.

Potowmak, Ohio, Missouri had felt
Half her globe in their cincture compressed;
His long curving course has completed the belt,
And tamed the last tide of the West.

Then hear the loud voice of the nation proclaim,
And all ages resound the decree:
Let our occident stream bear the young hero's name,
Who taught him his path to the sea.

These four brother floods, like a garland of flowers,
Shall entwine all our states in a band
Conform and confederate their wide-spreading powers,
And their wealth and their wisdom expand.

From Darien to Davis one garden shall bloom,
Where war's weary banners are furled,
And the far scented breezes that waft its perfume,
Shall settle the storms of the world.

—*Joel Barlow.*

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;

Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The colour of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that falls for all;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgement thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE PROPHET'S-TOWN FIGHT

O'ER western hills, Columbia's martial band
Marched forth to guard her own defenceless land,
From savage inroads, on her new frontiers,
Defend the people, and allay their fears.

Harrison, a commander of great renown,
Led on our troops near by the Prophet's town.
After toils o'ercome, and obstructions past,
Near this savage town, they encamped at last.

November the seventh, before 't was light,
Those Indian tribes began a bloody fight;
Dark was the hour, and gloomy all around,
When horrid yells from savage tribes did sound.

The doleful war-whoop roared incessantly,
Which plainly did foretell some mischief nigh;
Then on our troops they rushed with fiercest rage,
Who quickly formed their ranks, did them engage.

Still pressing on, like heroes they did fight;
They charged those tribes, and put them all to flight;
Their tomahawks they used in firm array,
Yet to our gallant troops they soon gave way.

What carnage 's seen—the dead confusèd lie,
Our troops and savage men both mix and die;
And garments rolled in blood, stood full in view,
Caused by that base, that wicked Indian crew.

How many youths that left their native shore,
Their dearest friends—alas! are now no more.
Oh! we lament so many met their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom.

Columbia's heroic bands, her pride and boast,
And they who speak the truest, praise them most,
Their great exploits appear sublimely bright,
Shine in their native, not a borrowed light.

FAREWELL, PEACE

FAREWELL, Peace! another crisis
Calls us to "the last appeal,"
Made when monarchs and their vices
Leave no argument but steel.
When injustice and oppression
Dare avow the tyrant's plea,
Who would recommend submission?
Virtue bids us to be free.

History spreads her page before us,
Time unrolls his ample scroll;
Truth unfolds them, to assure us,

States, united, ne'er can fall.
See, in annals Greek and Roman,
What immortal deeds we find;
When those gallant sons of woman
In their country's cause combined.

Sons of Freedom! brave descendants
From a race of heroes tried,
To preserve our independence
Let all Europe be defied.
Let not all the world, united,
Rob us of one sacred right;
Every patriot heart 's delighted
In his country's cause to fight.

Come then, War! with hearts elated
To thy standard we will fly;
Every bosom animated
Either to live free or die.
May the wretch that shrinks from duty,
Or deserts the glorious strife,
Never know the smile of beauty,
Nor the blessing of a wife.

DESTRUCTION OF FORT DEARBORN

I HEARD the Block-House gates unbar, the column's solemn tread,
I saw the Tree of a single leaf its splendid foliage shed
To wave awhile that August morn above the column's head;
I heard the moan of muffled drum, the woman's wail of fife,
The Dead March played for Dearborn's men just marching out of life,
The swooping of the savage cloud that burst upon the rank
And struck it with its thunderbolt in forehead and in flank,

The spatter of the musket-shot, the rifles' whistling rain—
The sand-hills drift round hope forlorn that never marched again!

–Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

FIRST-FRUITS IN 1812

WHAT *is that a-billowing there*
Like a thunderhead in air?
Why should such a sight be whitening the sea.
That 's a Yankee man-of-war,
And three things she 's seeking for—
For a prize, and for a battle, and a breeze.

When the war blew o'er the sea
Out went Hull and out went we
In the *Constitution,* looking for the foe;
But five British ships came down—
And we got to Boston-town
By a mighty narrow margin, you must know!

Captain Hull can't fight their fleet,
But he fairly aches to meet
Quite the prettiest British ship of all there were;
So he stands again to sea
In the hope that on his lee
He 'll catch Dacres and his pretty *Guerrière.*

'T is an August afternoon
Not a day too late or soon,
When we raise a ship whose lettered mainsail reads:
All who meet me have a care,
I am England's Guerrière;
So Hull gayly clears for action as he speeds.

Cheery bells had chanted five
On the happiest day alive
When we Yankees dance to quarters at his call;
While the British bang away
With their broadsides' screech and bray;
But the *Constitution* never fires a ball.

We send up three times to ask
If we sha'n't begin our task?
Captain Hull sends back each time the answer *No;*
Till to half a pistol-shot
The two frigates he had brought,
Then he whispers, *Lay along!*—and we let go.

Twice our broadside lights and lifts
And the Briton, crippled, drifts
With her mizzen hanging hopeless at her poop;
Laughs a Yankee, *She 's a brig!*
Says our Captain, *That 's too big;*
Try another, so we 'll have her for a sloop!

We hurrah, and fire again,
Lay aboard of her like men,
And, like men, they beat us off and try in turn;
But we drive bold Dacres back
With our muskets' snap and crack—
All the time our crashing broadsides boom and burn.

'T is but half an hour, bare,
When that pretty *Guerrière*
Not a stick calls hers aloft or hers alow,
Save the mizzen's shattered mast,
Where her "meteor's flag" 's nailed fast
Till, a fallen star, we quench its ruddy glow.

Dacres, injured, o'er our side
Slowly bears his sword of pride,
Holds it out, as Hull stands there in his renown:
No, no! says the American,
Never from so brave a man—
But I see you 're wounded, let me help you down.

All that night we work in vain
Keeping her upon the main,
But we 've hulled her far too often, and at last
In a blaze of fire there
Dies the pretty *Guerrière;*
While away we cheerly sail upon the blast.

Oh, the breeze that blows so free!
Oh, the prize beneath the sea!
Oh, the battle!—was there ever better won?
Still the happy Yankee cheers
Are a-ringing in our ears
From old Boston, glorying in what we 've done.

What is that a-billowing there
Like a thunderhead in air?
Why should such a sight be whitening the seas?
That 's *Old Ir'nsides,* trim and taut,
And she 's found the things she sought—
Found a prize, a bully battle, and a breeze.

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN

WHEN brave Van Rensselaer crossed the stream,
Just at the break of day,
Distressing thoughts, a restless dream,
Disturbed me where I lay.

But all the terrors of the night
Did quickly flee away:
My opening eyes beheld the light
And hailed the new-born day.

Soon did the murdering cannon's roar
Put blood in all my veins;
Columbia's sons have trod the shore
Where the proud Briton reigns.

To expose their breast to cannon's ball,
Their country's rights to save,
O what a grief to see them fall!
True heroes, bold and brave!

The musket's flash, the cannon's glow,
Thundered and lightened round,
Struck dread on all the tawny foe,
And swept them to the ground.

I thought what numbers must be slain,
What weeping widows left!
And aged parents full of pain,
Of every joy bereft.

The naked savage yelling round
Our heroes where they stood,
And every weapon to be found
Was bathed in human blood.

But bold Van Rensselaer, full of wounds,
Was quickly carried back;
Brave Colonel Bloom did next command
The bloody fierce attack.

Where Brock, the proud insulter, rides,
In pomp and splendour great;
Our valiant heroes he derides,
And dared the powers of fate.

"Here is a mark for Yankee boys,
So shoot me, if you can:"
A Yankee ball soon closed his eyes,
Death found him but a man.

They slaughtered down the tawny foe,
And Britons that were near;
They dealt out death at every blow,
The battle was severe.

Five battles fought all in one day,
Through four victorious stood,
But ah, the fifth swept all away,
And spilt our heroes' blood.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife
On them did try their skill;
Some wounded, struggling for their life
Did black barbarians kill.

Brave Wadsworth boldly kept the field,
Till their last bullets flew;
Then all were prisoners forced to yield,
What could the general do?

Militia-men! O fie for shame!
Thus you your country flee.
'T is you at last will bear the blame
For loss of victory.

When mild Van Rensselaer did command,
You would not him obey;
But stood spectators on the strand,
To see the bloody fray.

The number killed was seventy-four,
Prisoners, seven hundred sixty-nine,
Wounded, two hundred or more,
Who languished in great pain.

Some have already lost their lives,
And others like to go;
But few, I fear, will tell their wives
The doeful tale of woe.

—William Banker, Jr.

THE "WASP'S" FROLIC

I WAS on board the sloop-of-war *Wasp,* boys,
We set sail from Delaware Bay,
To cruise on Columbia's fair coast, sirs,
Our rights to maintain on the sea.

Three days were not passed on our station,
When the *Frolic* came up to our view;
Says Jones, "Show the flag of our nation";
Three cheers were then gave by our crew.

We boldly bore up to this Briton,
Whose cannon began for to roar;
The *Wasp* soon her stings from her side ran,
When we on them a broadside did pour.

Each sailor stood firm at his quarters,
'T was minutes past forty and three,

When fifty bold Britons were slaughtered,
Whilst our guns swept their masts in the sea.

Their breasts then with valour still glowing,
Acknowledged the battle we'd won,
On us then bright laurels bestowing,
When to leeward they fired a gun.

On their decks we the twenty guns counted,
With a crew for to answer the same;
Eighteen was the number we mounted,
Being served by lads of true game.

With the *Frolic* in tow, we were standing,
All in for Columbia's fair shore;
But fate on our laurels was frowning,
We were taken by a seventy-four.

—*Anonymous.*

THE "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN"

HOW glows each Yankee patriot bosom that boasts a Yankee heart,
To emulate such glorious deeds and nobly take a part;
When sailors with their thundering guns,
Prove to the English, French, and Danes
That Neptune's chosen favourite sons
Are brave Yankee boys.

The twenty-fifth of October, that glorious happy day,
When we beyond all precedent, from Britons bore the sway,—
'T was in the ship, *United States,*
Four-and-forty guns the rates,
That she should rule, decreed the Fates
And brave Yankee boys.

Decatur and his hardy tars were cruising on the deep,
When off the Western Islands they to and fro did sweep,
The *Macedonian* they espied,
"Huzza! bravo!" Decatur cried,
"We 'll humble Britain's boasted pride,
My brave Yankee boys."

The decks were cleared, the hammocks stowed, the boatswain pipes all hands,
The tompions out, the guns well sponged, the Captain now commands;
The boys who for the country fight,
Their words, "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights!"
Three times they cheered with all their might,
Those brave Yankee boys.

Now chain-shot, grape, and langrage pierce through her oaken sides,
And many a gallant sailor's blood runs purpling in the tides;
While death flew nimbly o'er their decks,
Some lost their legs, and some their necks,
While Glory's wreath our ship bedecks,
For brave Yankee boys?

My boys, the proud Saint George's Cross, the stripes above it wave,
And busy are our generous tars, the conquered foe to save,
Our Captain cries, "Give me your hand,"
Then of the ship, who took command
But brave Yankee boys?

Our enemy lost her mizzen, her main- and fore-topmast,
For ev'ry shot with death was winged, which slew her men so fast,
That they lost five to one in killed,
And ten to one their blood was spilled,

So Fate decreed and Heaven had willed,
For brave Yankee boys.

Then homeward steered the captive ship, now safe in port she lies,
The old and young with rapture viewed our sailors' noble prize;
Through seas of wine their health we 'll drink,
And wish them sweethearts, friends, and chink,
Who 'fore they 'd strike, will nobly sink,
Our brave Yankee boys.

JACK CREAMER

THE boarding nettings are triced for fight;
Pike and cutlass are shining bright;
The boatswain's whistle pipes loud and shrill;
Gunner and topman work with a will;
Rough old sailor and reefer trim
Just as they stand by the cannon grim;
There 's a fighting glint in Decatur's eye,
And brave Old Glory floats out on high.

But many a heart beats fast below
The laughing lips as they near the foe;
For the pluckiest knows, though no man quails,
That the breath of death is filling the sails.
Only one little face is wan;
Only one childish mouth is drawn;
One little heart is sad and sore
To the watchful eye of the Commodore,
Little Jack Creamer, ten years old,
In no purser's book or watch enrolled,
Must mope or skulk while his shipmates fight,—
No wonder his little face is white!

"Why, Jack, old man, so blue and sad?
Afraid of the music?" The face of the lad
With mingled shame and anger burns,
Quick to the Commodore he turns:
"I 'm not a coward, but I think if you—
Excuse me, Capt'n, I mean if you knew

(I s'pose it 's because I 'm young and small)
I 'm not on the books! I 'm no one at all!
And as soon as this fighting work is done,
And we get our prize-money, every one
Has his share of the plunder—*I* get none."

"And you 're sure we shall take her?" "Sure? Why, sir,
She 's only a blessed Britisher!
We 'll take her easy enough, I bet;
But glory 's all that I 'm going to get!"
"Glory! I doubt if I get more,
If I get so much," said the Commodore;
"But faith goes far in the race for fame,
And down on the books shall go your name."

Bravely the little seaman stood
To his post while the scuppers ran with blood,
While grizzled veterans looked and smiled
And gathered new courage from the child;
Till the enemy, crippled in pride and might,
Struck his crimson flag and gave up the fight.
Then little Jack Creamer stood once more
Face to face with the Commodore.

"You have got your glory," he said, "my lad,
And money to make your sweetheart glad.
Now, who may she be?" "My mother, sir,
I want you to send the half to her."

"And the rest?" Jack blushed and hung his head;
"I 'll buy some schoolin' with that," he said.

Decatur laughed; then in graver mood:
"The first is the better, but both are good.
Your mother shall never know want while I
Have a ship to sail, or a flag to fly;
And schooling you 'll have till all is blue,
But little the lubbers can teach to you."

Midshipman Creamer's story is told—
They did such things in the days of old,
When faith and courage won sure reward,
And the quarter-deck was not triply barred,
To the forecastle hero; for men were men,
And the Nation was close to its Maker then.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA"

SCARCE had Fame her Hull rewarded,
Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,
Eager, while the world applauded,
To subdue his country's foes.

Hull, on board the *Constitution,*
Sunk his foe beneath the flood;
Fired with equal resolution,
Bainbridge sought the field of blood.

Lambert met him in the *Java,*
Fierce the hot contention rose;
Like the streams of Etna's lava,
Fell our vengeance on the foes.

Neptune shunned the fierce commotion,
Saw his realm with carnage spread,
Saw our fire consume the ocean,
Covered with the floating dead.

Twice had Time his glass inverted,
While the strife deformed the flood;
Ere the fiend of death, diverted,
Ceased to glut on human blood.

See, our foe, upon the billow,
Floats, a wreck without a spar!
Lowly lies on ocean's pillow
Many a brave and gallant tar.

Hark! his lee-gun speaks submission:
Bid our vengeful tars forbear;
Mercy views the foe's condition,
Sees a bleeding brother there.

Man the boats! the foe, confounded,
Yields to our superior fire;
Board the prize! relieve the wounded
Ere in anguish they expire!

Ah! the fight was hard contested,
Groaning there, a hundred bleed;
Sixty-nine has death arrested,
From their floating prison freed.

Toast our heroes famed in story!
Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, Jones;
Bainbridge chief in naval glory,
Smiling Freedom joyful owns.

Hail the gallant *Constitution;*
Hull immortalised her name,
Bainbridge, round it in profusion,
Pours the golden blaze of Fame.

THE FIGHT IN THE MICHIGAN FOREST

IN Michigan forests the night-winds were high,
Fast drifted the snow through the bleak winter sky,
And trees, cliffs, and mountains were hoary and cold,
While the dark waves of Raisin congealed as they rolled.

The wilderness deepened in horror and gloom,
And nature seemed wrapped in the sheet of its tomb,
While the howl of the tempest, and ice-greeting surge,
With heart-chilling notes sang the funeral dirge.

The beasts of the forest had gone from their home;
The wolf seemed to prowl, and the otter to roam:
While the hoot of the owl, and the bald eagle's scream,
With omen of Philbrook the Wyandots dream.

But who could have dreamed ere the morning would break
That the Indians from drunken repose would awake!
At the hour so dreary, what bosom would fear
That the Britons were lurking in ambush so near.

If a moment there was when a soldier could doze,
And dream on his station secure from his foes,
'T was a moment like this one dark dismal accrued,
At the waning of night in the depth of the wood.

The hiss of the serpent, and glow from the lair,
When danger is nigh, bids the warrior prepare;
But how should the night-'wildered sentinel know
What bush hides his brother, or deadliest foe?

THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG"

COME, all ye sons of Liberty, that to the seas belong,
It 's worthy your attention to listen to my song;
The hisory of a privateer I will detail in full,
That fought a six-and-thirty belonging to John Bull.

The *General Armstrong* she is called, and sailéd from New York,
With all our hearts undaunted, once more to try our luck;
She was a noble vessel, a privateer of fame;
She had a brave commander, Guy Champlin was his name.

We stood unto the eastward, all with a favouring gale,
In longitude of fifty, we spied a lofty sail;
Our mainsail being lowered and foresail to repair,
Our squaresail being set, my boys, the wind is provéd fair.

We very soon perceivéd the lofty sail to be
Bearing down upon us while we lay under her lee;
All hands were called, and sail did make, then splicéd the main-brace,
Night coming on, we sailed so fast she soon gave up the chase.

Then to Barbadoes we were bound, our course so well did steer;
We cruisèd there for several days and nothing did appear.
It was on March eleventh, to windward of Surinam,
We spied a lofty ship, my boys, at anchor near the land;

All hands we called to quarters, and down upon her bore,
Thinking 't was some merchant-ship then lying near the shore.
She quickly weighéd anchor and from us she did steer,
And setting her top-gallant sail as if she did us fear,

But soon we were alongside of her, and gave to her a gun,
Determinéd to fight, my boys, and not from her to run.

We hoisted up the bloody flag and down upon her bore,
If she did not strike, my boys, no quarter would we show her;
Each man a brace of pistols, a boarding-pike, and sword,
We 'll give her a good broadside, before we do her board.

All hands at their quarters lay until we came alongside,
And gave them three good hearty cheers, their British courage tried.
The lower ports she had shut in, the *Armstrong* to decoy,
And quickly she her ports did show, to daunt each Yankee boy.

The first broadside we gave them true, their colours shot away,
Their topsails, haulyards, mizzen rigging, main and mizzen stay,
Two ports we did knock into one, his starboard quarter tore,
They overboard their wounded flung, while cannons loud did roar.

She bore directly round, my boys, and piped all hands on deck,
For fear that we would board her and serve a Yankee trick;
To board a six-and-thirty it was in vain to try,
While the grape, round, and langrage, like hailstones they did fly.

Brave Champlin, on the quarter-deck, so nobly gave command:
"Fight on, my brave Americans, dismast her if you can."

The round, grape, and star-shot so well did they play,
A musket-ball from the maintop brave Champlin low did lay.

His wound was quickly dresséd, while he in his cabin lay;
The doctor, while attending, these words he heard him say:
"Our Yankee flag shall flourish," our noble Captain cried;
"Before that we do strike, my boys, we 'll sink alongside."

She was a six-and-thirty, and mounted forty-two,
We fought her for four glasses; what more then could we do;
Till six brave seamen we had killed, which grievéd us full sore,
And thirteen more a-wounded lay bleeding in their gore.

Our foremast being wounded, and bowsprit likewise;
Our lower rigging fore and aft, and headstay beside;
Our haulyards, braces, bowling, and foretop sheet also,
We found we could not fight her, boys, so from her we did go.

Our foremast proving dangerous, we could not carry sail,
Although we had it fished and welded with a chain;
It grieved us to the heart to put up with such abuse,
For this damned English frigate had surely spoiled our cruise.

Here 's success attend brave Champlin, his officers, and men,
That fought with courage keen, my boys, our lives for to defend.
We fought with much superior force, and what could we do more?
Then hauled our wind and stood again for Freedom's happy shore.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE

'T WAS on the glorious day,
When our valiant triple band
Drove the British troops away
From their strong and chosen stand;
When the city York was taken,
And the Bloody Cross hauled down
From the walls of the town,
Its defenders had forsaken.

The gallant Pike had moved
A hurt foe to a spot
A little more removed
From the death-shower of the shot;
And he himself was seated
On the fragment of an oak,
And to a captive spoke,
Of the troops he had defeated.

He was seated in a place,
Not to shun the leaden rain,
He had been the first to face,
And now burned to brave again,
But had chosen that position
Till the officer's return
The truth who 'd gone to learn
Of the garrison's condition.

When suddenly the ground
With a dread convulsion shook,
And arose a frightful sound,
And the sun was hid in smoke;
And huge stones and rafters, driven
Athwart the heavy rack

Fell, fatal on their track
As the thunderbolt of heaven.

Then two hundred men and more,
Of our bravest and our best,
Lay all ghastly in their gore,
And the hero with the rest.
On their folded arms they laid him,
But he raised his dying breath:
"On, men, avenge the death
Of your general!" They obeyed him.

They obeyed. Three cheers they gave,
Closed their scattered ranks, and on.
Though their leader found a grave,
Yet the hostile town was won.
To a vessel straight they bore him
Of the gallant Chauncey's fleet,
And, the conquest complete,
Spread the British flag before him.

O'er his eyes the long, last night
Was already falling fast;
But came back again the light
For a moment; 't was the last.
With a victor's joy they fired,
'Neath his head by signs he bade
The trophy should be laid;
And, thus pillowed, Pike expired.

—*Laughton Osborn.*

OLD FORT MEIGS

OH! lonely is our old green fort,
Where oft in days of old,

Our gallant soldiers bravely fought
'Gainst savage allies bold;
But with a change of years has passed
That unrelenting foe,
Since we fought here with Harrison,
A long time ago.

It seems but yesterday I heard,
From yonder thicket nigh,
The unerring rifle's sharp report,
The Indian's startling cry.
Yon brooklet flowing at our feet,
With crimson gore did flow,
When we fought here with Harrison
A long time ago.

The river rolls between its banks,
As when of old we came,
Each grassy path, each shady nook,
Seems to me still the same;
But we are scattered now, whose faith
Pledged here, through weal or woe,
With Harrison our soil to guard
A long time ago.

But many a soldier's lip is mute,
And clouded many a brow,
And hearts that beat for honour then,
Have ceased their throbbing now.
We ne'er shall meet again in life
As then we met, I trow,
When we fought here with Harrison
A long time ago.

DEFEAT AND VICTORY

THROUGH the clangor of the cannon,
Through the combat's wreck and reek,
Answer to th' o'ermastering *Shannon*
Thunders from the *Chesapeake;*
Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
Speaks with still unconquered lip
Ere the bitter draught he drinks:—
'Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
'Don't give up the ship!

Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
So bold Perry heard it call;
Farragut has joined its chorus;
Porter, Dewey, Wainwright—all
Heard the voice of duty crying;
Deathless word from dauntless lip
That our past and future links:—
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

—Wallace Rice

A SOUVENIR OF FORT MIMMS

O DIM waned the moon, through the flitting clouds of night
With a dubious and shadowy gleaming,
Where the ramparts of Mimms rose stilly on the sight,
And the star-spangled banner was streaming.

No whispery breeze, with a guardian care impregned
Came fraught with its tidings of sorrow;
Nor foreboding vision upheld the veil that screened
From their eyes the dread dawn of the morrow.

All careless, unarmed, and with wassail rout oppressed,
Its tenants, their revelries keeping,
Deemed the red savage foemen distant far, at rest,
In their wilds, round their watch-fires, were sleeping

And while, on the wings of the midnight stillness borne,
No sound broke the hour's riot madness;
Their songs, soft, returned from the forest's sombre gloom,
Which moved Echo repeated in sadness

And now o'er their sport-lengthened slumbers fair the morn
Rose, clad in its dew-tinted brightness;
And its silvery rays on the leafy boughs the dawn
Threw aslant, with its quivery lightness.

Yet still, in deep silence, the moss-clad forests lay,
And scarcely the wind's circulation
Moves gently, as rising, the wooing breezes play
Through their branches, in soft undulation.

And far still that wild horde of savage birth they deemed,
And far every fearful intrusion;
Till the war-hatchet swift o'er their fated fortress gleamed,
Midst despair, havoc, death, and confusion:

And, sudden, the loud sounding war-whoop, on the ear
With the rifle's dread dissonance blending,
Marked destruction's fell agents, of scowling aspect, near,
And their fate on the contest depending.

Depending, not long; for the open gateway gave
(Though despair filled its access, and breasted
The shock of the foeman, that, like a mountain wave,
Poured its force where Hope lingering rested)

An entrance: since vain against numbers is the power
Or the effort that fain would oppose them;
For the death-angel gloomed o'er the struggle of the hour
Leaving naught but the slain there to close them.

Oh, direful the scene of despairing and dismay!
Oh, direful the groans of the shrinking;
Where the red, forky flames o'er that captive fortress play
Where, in horror, those victims are sinking!

And ruthless, Oh, ruthless, the carnage of the strife,
Where the mother shrieks loud, as she presses
Her babe, and defends, from the bayonet and the knife,
Its form, in her dying caresses!

And, long shall remembrance, O Mimms, upon thee dwell,
Thou ill-starred memento of horror!
And the tear-gush of pity the anguished eye shall swell
O'er this end of thy woe and thy sorrow!

—*Charles L. S. Jones.*

"ENTERPRISE" AND "BOXER"

AGAIN Columbia's stripes unfurled,
Have testified before the world,
How brave are those who wear 'em;
The foe has now been taught again
His streamers cannot shade the main
While Yankees live to share 'em.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill!
The brave are very generous still
But teach the foes submission:
Now twice three times his flag we 've gained,
And still more, much more can be obtained
Upon the same condition.

The gallant *Enterprise* her name,
A vessel erst of little fame,
Had sailed and caught the foe, sirs;
'T was hers the glory and the gain,
To meet the *Boxer* on the main,
And bring her home in tow, sirs

Fierce lightnings gleam and thunders roar,
While round and grape in torrents pour,
And echo through the skies, sirs;
When minutes forty-five had flown,
Behold the Briton's colours down!
She 's yielded up a prize, sirs.

The victory gained we count the cost,
We mourn, indeed, a hero lost!
Who nobly fell, we know, sirs;
But Burrows, we with Lawrence find,
Has left a living name behind,
Much honoured by his foes, sirs.

And while we notice deeds of fame,
In which the gallant honours claim;
As heroes of our story,
The name of Blyth a meed demands,
Whose tomb is decked by freemen's hands,
And well deserves the glory.

Then, while we fill the sparkling glass,
And cause it cheerly round to pass,
In social hours assembled;
Be Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jones,
Lawrence, and Burrows—Victory's sons,
With gratitude remembered.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill!
The brave are very generous still
But teach the foes submission:
Now twice three times his flag we 've gained,
And still more much more can be obtained
Upon the same condition.

THE VICTORY OF PERRY

LIFT up the years! lift up the years,
Whose shadows round us spread;
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day
Who are half a century dead.

Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears
The grateful nation comes,
But with flags out-thrown, and bugles blown,
And martial roll of drums!

Beat up! beat up! till memory glows
And sets our hearts aflame!
Ah! they did well in the fight who fell,
And we leave them to their fame;

Their fame, that larger, grander grows
As time runs in to the past;
For the Erie-waves chant o'er their graves,
And shall, while the world shall last.

O beautiful cities of the Lake,
As ye sit by your peaceful shore,
Make glad and sing till the echoes ring,
For our brave young Commodore!

He knew your stormy oaks to take
And their ribs into ships contrive

And to set them so fine in battle line,
With their timbers yet alive.

We see our squadron lie in the Bay,
Where it lay so long ago,
And hear the cry from the mast-head high,
Three times. and three, "Sail Ho!"

Through half a century to-day
We hear the signal of fight—
"Get under way! Get under way—
The enemy is in sight!"

Our hearts leap up, our pulses thrill,
At the boatswains' pipes of joy;
So loudly play o'er the dash o' the spray,
"All hands, up anchor—ahoy!"

Now all is still, aye, deadly still;
The enemy's guns in view;
"To the royal fore," cries the Commodore
And up run the lilies and blue!

And hark to the cry, the great glad cry,—
All a-tremble the squadron stands,—
From lip to lip, "Don't give up the ship!"
And then "To quarters, all hands!"

An hour, an awful hour drags by—
There 's a shot from the enemy's gun!
"More sail! More sail! Let the canister hail!"
Cries Perry, and forward, as one,

Caledonia, Lawrence, and *Scorpion,* all
Bear down and stand fast, till the flood

Away from their track sends the scared billows back
With their faces bedabbled in blood

The *Queen* and her allies their broadsides let fall—
Oh, the *Lawrence* is riddled with storm!
Where is Perry? afloat! he is safe in his boat,
And his battle-flag up in his arms!

The bullets they hiss and the Englishmen shout—
Oh, the *Lawrence* is sinking, a wreck!
But with flag yet a-swing like a great bloody wing
Perry treads the *Niagara's* deck!

With a wave of his hand he has wheeled her about—
Oh, the nation is holding its breath!
Headforemost he goes in the midst of his foes
And breaks them and rakes them to death!

And lo, the enemy, after the fray,
On the deck that his dead have lined,
With his sword-hilt before to our Commodore,
And his war-dogs in leash behind!

And well, the nation does well to-day,
Setting her bugles to blow,
And her drums to beat for the glorious fleet
That humbled her haughty foe.

Ah, well to come with her autumn flowers,
A tribute for the brave
Who died to make our Erie Lake
Echo through every wave—

"We 've met the enemy and they 're ours!"
And who died, that we might stand

A country free, and mistress at sea
As well as on the land.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE FALL OF TECUMSEH

WHAT heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war-blast indignantly tramping?
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,
The steel bit impatiently champing.

'T is the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein
Conducting the free and the fearless.
Ah! see them rush forward, with wild disdain,
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless.

From the mountains had echoed the charge of death,
Announcing that chivalrous sally;
The savage was heard, with untrembling breath
To pour his response from the valley.

One moment, and naught but the bugle was heard,
And naught but the war-whoop given;
The next, and the sky seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed, and the sabred stroke,
The blood-stifled gasp of the dying,
Were screened by the curling sulphur-smoke,
That upward went wildly flying.

In the mist that hung over the fields of blood
The chief of the horsemen contended;
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reeled, and fell in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by a savage, whose rank and might
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung the battle-ax o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

O ne'er may the nations again be accursed
With conflict so dark and appalling!
Foe grappled with foe, till the life-blood burst
From their agonised bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence, and solitude rest on the spot
Where the hopes of the red-man perished;
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not,
By the virtuous, cease to be cherished.

He fought, in defence of his kindred and king,
With a spirit most loving and loyal;
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh the royal. . . .

THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO

FROM the laurel's fairest bough,
Let the muse her garland twine,
To adorn our Porter's brow,
Who, beyond the burning line,
Led his caravan of tars o'er the tide.
To the pilgrims fill the bowl,
Who around the southern pole,
Saw new constellations roll,
For their guide.

"Heave the top-mast from the board,
And our ship for action clear,
By the cannon and the sword,
We will die or conquer here.
The foe, of twice our force, nears us fast;
To your posts, my faithful tars!
Mind your rigging, guns, and spars,
And defend your stripes and stars
To the last."

At the captain's bold command,
Flew each sailor to his gun,
And resolved he there would stand,
Though the odds were two to one,
To defend his flag and ship with his life;
High on every mast displayed,
"God, Our Country, and Free Trade,"
E'en the bravest braver made
For the strife.

Fierce the storm of battle pours,
But unmoved as ocean's rock,
When the tempest round us roars,
Every seaman breasts the shock,
Boldly stepping where his brave messmates fall.
O'er his head, full oft and loud,
Like the vulture in a cloud,
As it cuts the twanging shroud,
Screams the ball.

Before the siroc blast,
From its iron caverns driven,
Drops the seared and shivered mast,
By the bolt of battle riven,
And higher leaps the ruin of the deck—

As the sailor, bleeding, dies,
To his comrades lifts his eyes,
"Let our flag still wave," he cries.
O'er the wreck. . . .

Long live the gallant crew
Who survived that day of blood;
And may fortune soon renew
Equal battle on the flood.
Long live the glorious names of the brave
O'er these martyrs of the deep,
Oft the roving tar will weep,
Crying, "Sweetly may they sleep
'Neath the wave."

THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER

O'ER Huron's wave the sun was low,
The weary soldier watched the bow
Fast fading from the cloud below
The dashing of Niagara.
And while the phantom chained his sight,
Ah! little thought he of the fight—
The horrors of the dreamless night,
That posted on so rapidly.

Soon, soon is fled each softer charm;
The drum and trumpet sound alarm,
And bid each warrior nerve his arm
For boldest deeds of chivalry;
The burning red cross, waving high,
Like meteor in the evening sky,
Proclaims the haughty foemen nigh
To try the strife of rivalry.

Columbia's banner floats as proud,
Her gallant band around it crowd,
And swear to guard or make their shroud
The starry flag of Liberty.
"Haste, haste thee, Scott, to meet the foe,
And let the scornful Briton know,
Well-strung the arm and firm the blow
Of him who strikes for Liberty."

Loud, loud, the din of battle rings,
Shrill through the ranks the bullet sings,
And onward fierce each foeman springs
To meet his peer in gallantry.
Behind the hills descends the sun,
The work of death is but begun,
And red through twilight's shadows dun
Blazes the volleyed musketry.

"Charge, Miller, charge the foe once more,"
And louder than Niagara's roar
Along the line is heard encore,
"On, on to death or victory."
From line to line, with lurid glow,
High arching shoots the rocket's bow,
And lights the mingled scene below
Of carnage, death, and misery.

The middle watch has now begun,
The horrid battle-fray is done,
No longer beats the furious drum
To death, to death or victory,
All, all is still—with silent tread
The watchman steals among the dead,
To guard his comrade's lowly bed,
Till morning give him sepulture.

Low in the west, of splendour shorn,
The midnight moon with bloody horn
Sheds her last beams on him, forlorn,
  Who fell in fight so gloriously;
Oh! long her crescent wax and wane
Ere she behold such fray again,
Such dismal night, such heaps of slain,
  Foe mixed with foe promiscuously.

BATTLE OF STONINGTON ON THE SEABOARD

FOUR gallant ships from England came
  Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
    To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moored, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
    In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones's sermon read,
In which the reverend doctor said
    That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penned,
By which they promised to defend
    With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put th' old women in amaze,
    Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repaired,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
The cannon played on Stonington.

The *Ramillies* began the attack,
Despatch came forward—bold and black—
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
They dashed away, and pray what then?
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell, of all they threw,
Though every house was full in view,
Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;—
The Yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir, it would have made you stare,
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored *Pactolus* through and through,
And killed and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
T' the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig *Despatch* was hulled and torn—
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The *Ramillies* gave up th' affray,
And, with her comrades, sneaked away.
Such was the valour, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds,
(Besides the damage and the wounds),
It cost the King ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

—*Philip Freneau.*

THE OCEAN FIGHT

THE sun had sunk beneath the west,
When two proud barks to battle pressed,
With swelling sail and streamers dressed,
So gallantly.

Proud Britain's pennon flouts the skies;
Columbia's flag more proudly flies,
Her emblem-stars of victories,
Beam gloriously.

Sol's lingering rays, through vapours shed,
Have streaked the sky of bloody red,
And now the ensanguined lustre spread
Heaven's canopy.

Dread prelude to that awful night
When Britain's and Columbia's might

Joined in the fierce and bloody fight
Hard rivalry.

Now, lowering o'er the stormy deep,
Dank, sable clouds more threatening sweep;
Yet still the barks their courses keep
Unerringly.

The northern gales more fiercely blow,
The white foam dashing o'er the prow;
The starry crescent round each bow
Beams vividly.

Near and more near the war-ships ride,
Till, ranged for battle, side by side,
Each warrior's heart beats high with pride
Of chivalry.

'T was awful, ere the fight begun
To see brave warriors round each gun,
While thoughts on home and carnage run,
Stand silently.

As death-like stillness reigns around,
Nature seems wrapped in peace profound,
Ere fires, volcanic, mountain bound,
Burst furiously.

So, bursting from Columbia's prow,
Her thunder on the red-cross foe,
The lurid cloud's sulphuric glow
Glares awfully.

Reëchoing peals more fiercely roar,
Britannia's shattered sides run gore,

The foaming waves that raged before,
Sink, tremulous.

Columbia's last sulphuric blaze,
That lights her stripes and starry rays,
The vanquished red-cross flag betrays,
Struck fearfully.

And, hark! their piercing shrieks of woe!
Haste, haste and save the sinking foe:
Haste, e'er their wreck to bottom go,
Brave conquerors.

Now, honour to the warriors brave,
Whose field of fame, the mountain wave,
Their corses bear to ocean's cave,
Their sepulchre.

Their country's pæans swell their praise;
And whilst the warm tear, gushing, strays,
Full many a bard shall chant his lays,
Their requiem

THE LOST WAR-SLOOP

O THE pride of Portsmouth water,
Toast of every brimming beaker,—
Eighteen hundred and fourteen on land and sea,—
Was the *Wasp*, the gallant war-sloop,
Built of oaks Kearsarge had guarded,
Pines of Maine to lift her colours high and free!
Every timber scorning cowards;
Every port alert for foemen
From the masthead seen on weather-side or lee;—
With eleven guns to starboard,

And eleven guns to larboard,
All for glory on a morn of May sailed she.

British ships were in the offing;
Swift and light she sped between them,—
Well her daring crew knew shoal and wind and tide;
They had come from Portsmouth river,
Sea-girt Marblehead and Salem,
Bays and islands where the fisher-folk abide;
Come for love of home and country,
Come with wrongs that cried for vengeance,—
Every man among them brave and true and tried.
Hearts of oak are British seamen?
Hearts of fire were these, their kindred,
Flaming till the haughty foe should be descried!

From the mountains, from the prairies,
Blew the west winds glad to waft her;—
Ah, what goodly ships before her guns went down!
Ships with wealth of London laden,
Ships with treasures of the Indies,
Till her name brought fear to British wharf and town;
Till the war-sloops *Reindeer, Avon,*
To her valour struck their colours,
Making coast and ocean ring with her renown;
While her captain cried, exultant,
"Britain, to the bold Republic,
Of the empire of the seas shall yield the crown!"

Oh, the woful, woful ending
Of the pride of Portsmouth water!
Never more to harbour nor to shore came she!
Springs returned but brought no tidings;
Mothers, maidens, broken-hearted,
Wept the gallant lads that sailed away in glee.
Did the bolts of heaven blast her?
Did the hurricanes o'erwhelm her

With her starry banner and her tall masts three?
Was a pirate-fleet her captor?
Did she drift to polar oceans?
Who shall tell the awful secret of the sea!

Who shall tell? yet many a sailor
In his watch at dawn or midnight,
When the wind is wildest and black waves moan,
Sees a staunch three-master looming;
Hears the hurried call to quarters,
The drum's quick beat and the bugle fiercely blown;—
Then the cannon's direful thunder
Echoes far along the billows;
Then the victor's shout for the foe overthrown;—
And the watcher knows the phantom
Is the *Wasp,* the gallant war-sloop,
Still a rover of the seas and glory's own!

—Edna Dean Proctor.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG BAY

PLATTSBURG BAY! Plattsburg Bay!
Blue and gold in the dawning ray,
Crimson under the high noonday
With the reek of the fray!

It was Thomas Macdonough, as gallant a sailor
As ever went scurrying over the main;
And he cried from his deck, *If they think I 'm a quailer,*
And deem they can capture this Lake of Champlain,
We'll show them they 're not fighting France, sir, nor Spain!

So from Cumberland Head to the little Crab Island
He scattered his squadron in trim battle-line;

And when he saw Downie come rounding the highland,
He knelt him, beseeching for guidance divine,
Imploring that Heaven would crown his design.

Then thundered the *Eagle* her lusty defiance;
The stout *Saratoga* aroused with a roar;
Soon gunboat and galley in hearty alliance
Their resonant volley of compliments pour;
And ever Macdonough 's the man to the fore!

And lo, when the fight toward its fiercest was swirling,
A game-cock, released by a splintering ball,
Flew high in the ratlines, the smoke round him curling,
And over the din gave his trumpeting call,
An omen of ultimate triumph to all!

Then a valianter light touched the powder-grimed faces;
Then faster the shot seemed to plunge from the gun;
And we shattered their yards and we sundered their braces
And the fume of our cannon—it shrouded the sun;
Cried Macdonough—*Once more, and the battle is won!*

Now, the flag of the haughty *Confiance* is trailing;
The *Linnet* in woe staggers in toward the shore;
The *Finch* is a wreck from her keel to her railing;
The galleys flee fast to the strain of the oar;
Macdonough! 't is he is the man to the fore.

Oh, our main decks were grim and our gun decks were gory,
And many a brave brow was pallid with pain;
And while some won to death, yet we all won to glory
Who fought with Macdonough that day on Champlain,
And humbled her pride who is queen of the main!

—Clinton Scollard.

THE BATTLE OF BALTIMORE

OLD ROSS, Cockburn, and Cochrane, too,
And many a bloody villain more,
Swore with their bloody savage crew,
That they would plunder Baltimore.
But General Winder being afraid
That his militia would not stand,
He sent away to crave the aid
Of a few true Virginians,
Then up we rose with hearts elate,
To help our suffering sister State.

When first our orders we receive,
For to prepare without delay,
Our wives and sweethearts for to leave,
And to the army march away;
Although it grieved our hearts full sore,
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,
We kissed our sweethearts o'er and o'er,
And marched like true Virginians.
Adieu, awhile, sweet girls, adieu,
With honour we 'll return to you.

With rapid marches on we went,
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,
No halt was made, no time was spent,
Till we arrived at Baltimore.
The Baltimoreans did us greet,
The ladies clapped their lily hands,
Exclaiming, as we passed the street,
"Welcome, ye brave Virginians.
May Heaven all your foes confound,
And send you home with laurels crowned."

We had not been in quarters long,
Before we heard the dread alarms,
The cannon roared, the bells did ring,
The drum did beat to arms, to arms!
Then up we rose to face our foes,
Agreed to meet them on the strand,
And drive them back from Freedom's shore,
Or die like brave Virginians.
In Heaven above we placed our trust,
Well knowing that our cause is just.

Then Ross he landed at North Point,
With seven thousand men or more,
And swore that by that time next night,
He would be safe in Baltimore.
But Striker met him on the strand,
Attended by a chosen band,
Where he received a fatal shot
From a brave Pennsylvanian—
Whom Heaven directed to the field,
To make this haughty Briton yield.

Then Cockburn he drew up his fleet,
To bombard Fort McHenry,
A-thinking that our men, of course,
Would take affright and run away;
The fort contained as a patriot band
As ever graced fair Freedom's land,
And he who did the fort command
Was a true blue Virginian.

Long may we find brave Armstead's name
Recorded on the book of fame.
A day and night they tried their might,
But found their bombs did not prevail,
And seeing their own men in flight,

They weighed their anchor and made sail,
Resolving to return again
To execute their former plan;
But if they do, they 'll find us still,
For we are brave Virginians.
And they shall know before they 've done
That they are not in Washington.

But now their shipping 's out of sight,
And each man takes a parting glass,
Drinks his true love and heart's delight,
His only joy and bosom friend.
I might as well go drink a health,—
I hate to see good liquor stand—
That America may always boast
That we are brave Virginians.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'T is the star-spangled bannner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

FORT BOWYER

THERE the wild wave, from ocean proudly swelling,
Mexico's shores, wide stretching, with its billowy
Surge, in its sweep laves, and with, lashing foam, breaks,
Rough in its whiteness;

See where the flag of freedom, with its light wreaths,
Floats on the wind, in buoyancy expanded
High o'er the walls of Bowyer's dauntless breastwork,
Proudly and fearless.

Loud rolls thy thunders, Albion: and thy missile
Boasts throng the air with lightning flash tremendous,

Whilst the dark wave, illuminated bright, shines
Sparkling with death-lights.

Shrink then that band of freemen, at the onslaught?
Palsy those arms that wield the unerring rifles?
Strikes chill the breast dread fear? or coward paleness
Whiten the blanched cheek?

No! round that flag, undaunted, midst the loud din,
Like their own shores, which mountain surges move not
Breasted and firm, and heedless of the war-shock,
Rallying they stand fast

"Look," Lawrence cries, "brave comrades; how the foe proud
Quails at our charge, with recreant spirit flying:"
Like Rome's bold chief, he came and saw, but neither
Awed us, nor conquered.

—*Charles L. S. Jones.*

MONODY

O'V'R Erie's wave the moonbeam plays,
And silvers all the woodland scene;—
Niagara's stream reflects the rays,
'Mid copses wild and banks of green.

Round Erie's fortress, gleaming far,
What time the red-cross banner waved,
High in the front of furious war,
The youthful chief each danger braved.

In other fields, he earlier stood,
The champion of his country's right;—
On Meigs' proud ramparts, unsubdued,
And nerved the patriot's arm to fight.

On Chippewa's ensanguined plain;
  Near bold Niagara's foaming shore:—
High waved his blade midst martial train,
  And foremost clashed in war's wild roar.

At length arose that fatal morn,
  When red-cross met the bannered star;
The bugle's notes, the pealing horn,
  Breathed forth the echoing blast of war.

With dauntless heart, and eagle eye,
  Wood marshals all the vanward train:
Above their ranks his banners fly,
  Like sea-birds curling o'er the main.

Fierce is the shock, when lance to lance,
  In death commixed the squadrons join:
The war-cloud breaks, where Wood's advance
  Pours volleyed lightnings down the line.

Hark! with loud shout, glad victory's sound
  Peals on the air its loud acclaim,
Columbia's heroes throng around:
  Heroes who grace each roll of fame.

But where is he, whose genius planned;
  Whose high emprise dread perils sought?
Where the bold leader of the band,
  That in the van of battle fought?

The warrior comes not from the fray,
  To greet the view of comrades dear:
No more to lead the bold array!
  No more the spangled flag to rear!

On battle plain his spirit sped,
And joined the hosts of heroes brave
Who erst on Fame's proud fields have bled,
Their country's dearest rights to save.

Long shall that country mourn his doom,
Long Freedom drop her choicest tear;
And weeping Glory oft shall roam,
To spread her laurels o'er his bier.

A YANKEE PRIVATEER

TO the port of Fayal Britain pays a sunset call:
A frigate, brig, and seventy-four come sailing slant and sheer
With their guns full sixscore and a thousand men or more
To teach the art of fighting to a Yankee Privateer.

With his trust in the Lord and his hand upon his sword,
His ninety men about him, and our banner looking down,
Gallant Reid clears for fight in the moonlit Azore night
To forge a stunning thunderbolt against the British Crown.

Oh, the moon shines like day as their boats get under way
And bear down on the *Armstrong* with intentions fell and black;
But our nine-pounders glow, with our muskets all a-row,
And twenty Britons sink with wounds before they hasten back.

There are twelve launches more fitted out for bitter war,
Three hundred men aboard them in the noontide of the night,
There are great carronades and boarding-pikes and blades,
As on they come in single file to batter and to blight.

All our guns hurl their shot as they burst upon us hot;
They rattle on our bulwarks, slashing at the boarding-net.
We 've a blow for each head and a pistol full of lead,
And on the *Armstrong's* angry deck no British foot is set.

On our waist, at our stern, we have made them bleed and turn,
Our battle-wrath has baffled them, our cutlasses strike fire;
To the bow rushes Reid, and the Britons backward speed
As bloody mourning takes the place of all their early ire.

Then their brig slowly wears, and her shining battery glares
Upon us for a moment, till we blow her back in shame;
But the great seventy-four takes her station near the shore,
And Reid leads off his gallant men, and sets his ship a-flame.

We have lost only two from the hearties in our crew;
The enemy was three long days in burying his slain,
For a round hundred went with their ammunition spent
Where they 'll not meet a sailor from America again.

Nevermore o'er the deep shall our privateersmen sweep
To fight the rulers of the wave and beat them back with cheers;
Yet in days now long gone 't was a mighty light that shone
Betwixt the foam and firmament from Yankee Privateers,

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS

THERE 's a blare of bugles blowing
And a hum of rumbling drums,
Red upon the green plain flowing,
See! the British army comes.
There are regiments in scarlet,
Renegade and negro varlet,
Rolling on;
There are regiments half savage
That had aided Ross to ravage
Washington.

Broad their banners forth are streaming
In the January sun,

Bright their bayonets are gleaming
Over every deadly gun;
Bold marine and bolder seaman
Who had fought like any demon
On the main;
Thousands more black with the pillage
Gleamed in many a hapless village
Back in Spain.

Here are Wellesley's trusted henchmen,
Fiendish old Peninsulars,
Stained with blood of slaughtered Frenchmen
Through the long and bitter wars;
Rank and file as ripe with evil,
Rape, and rapine as the devil
And his dam;
At their head that hero-Briton
On whose brow success was written,
Pakenham.

There are sixty war-ships heaving
On the Mississippi sound,
Near ten thousand warriors weaving
Through that tufted, swampy ground;
There are breastworks just before them—
One bold charge and they 'll be o'er them,
High or low;
Then an hour of British shooting,
And a week of British looting,
Death, and woe.

But the frontiersmen with Jackson
See there 's powder in the pan,
They have never turned their backs on
Savage beast or savage man;
Craven Spain at Pensecola

And the Creeks of Tallapoosa
Know their glance,
Know the coonskin cap, and rifle,
And the bullet-clouds that stifle
All advance.

For the fourth time now the Briton
Since his coming in the night
Is to see his bravest smitten
By the lightnings of our might:
When our gunboats meet their barges;
On the night our army charges
Into flame;
When their cannon are dismounted:
Thrice they 've learned we can be counted
On for aim.

Yet they come in long ranks steady
To take up the battle brunt,
With their courage tried and ready,
Gallant officers in front;
Near the river Rennie's soldiers
With their muskets on their shoulders
Hold their path;
'Gainst our right he leads his raiders.
Welcome now the bold invaders
With our wrath!

On our first redoubt they 're dashing,
Rank on rank they rush a-swarm:
Down their files our cannon crashing
Hurl an extirpating storm;
Thunder-stricken and astounded
They are hurled back crushed and wounded
By our lead;
Patterson in wide swaths mows them

Humphrey's grape in huge gusts blows them:
Rennie 's dead.

Steadily, not one a coward,
Gibbs's men charge with a will;
Steadily our shrapnel 's showered—
They are coming closer still;
There Lafitte's bold men are aiming:
All our batteries are flaming
For their fall;
But our hail of grape despising,
On they come, their broad front rising
At the call.

Every rifleman with longing
Gazes on the lines in red
As they come in columns thronging;
But the word has not been said:
At two hundred yards, or nearer,
Sounds the signal for each hearer,
Tennessee!
Hurled to hell in quick disorder,
Britons leave a crimson border
As they flee.

Pakenham rides up to rally—
He is wounded in the arm;
Gibbs shall never from that sally
Ride again to war's alarm;
Quick to aid Keane's men are coming—
Hear our rifles' ceaseless humming!—
Keane is slain.
Spreads the panic's fitful pallor—
Pakenham in all his valour
Low is lain.

There 's no blare of bugles blowing,
Not a hum of rumbling drum.
Bitter is their overthrowing,
Thousands lie for ever dumb;
With backwoodsmen to defend us
We have won the odds tremendous,
One to three.
Woe to him who dares to trifle
With the 'coonskin cap and rifle—
Tennessee!

Talluschatches, Talladega,
These our general's victories,
Bowyer's Fort, and Tohopeka:
Now New Orleans is his.
Silence! then a noise of cheering—
Louder—louder—he is nearing—
Jackson comes!
Hear the song of triumph growing,
Hear the blare of bugles blowing,
Hear the drums!

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE "CONSTITUTION'S" LAST FIGHT

A YANKEE *ship and a Yankee crew—*
Constitution, where ye bound for?
Wherever, my lad, there 's fight to be had
Acrost the Western ocean.

Our captain was married in Boston town
And sailed next day to sea;
For all must go where the State says so;
Blow high, blow low, sailed we.

"Now, what shall I bring for a bridal gift
When my home-bound pennant flies?

The rarest that be on land or sea
  I shall be my lady's prize."

"There 's never a prize on sea or land
  Could bring such joy to me
As my true love sound and homeward bound
  With a king's ship under his lee."

The Western ocean is wide and deep,
  And wild its tempests blow,
But bravely rides *Old Ironsides,*
  A-cruising to and fro.

We cruised to the east and we cruised to north,
  And southing far went we,
And at last off Cape de Verde we raised
  Two frigates sailing free;

Oh, God made man, and man made ships,
  But God makes very few
Like him who sailed our ship that day,
  And fought her, one to two.

He gained the weather-gage of both,
  He held them both a-lee;
And gun for gun, till set of sun,
  He spoke them fair and free;

Till the night-fog fell on spar and sail,
  And ship, and sea, and shore,
And our only aim was the bursting flame
  And the hidden cannon's roar.

Then a long rift in the mist showed up
  The stout *Cyane,* close-hauled

To swing in our wake and our quarter rake,
And a boasting Briton bawled:

"Starboard and larboard, we 've got him fast
Where his heels won't take him through;
Let him luff or wear he 'll find us there,—
Ho, Yankee, which will you do?"

We did not luff and we did not wear,
But braced our topsails back,
Till the sternway drew us fair and true
Broadsides athwart her track.

Athwart her track and across her bows
We raked her fore and aft,
And out of the fight and into the night
Drifted the beaten craft.

The slow *Levant* came up too late;
No need had we to stir;
Her decks we swept with fire, and kept
The flies from troubling her.

We raked her again, and her flag came down,—
The haughtiest flag that floats,—
And the lime-juice dogs lay there like logs,
With never a bark in their throats.

With never a bark and never a bite,
But only an oath to break,
As we squared away for Praya Bay
With our prizes in our wake.

Parole they gave and parole they broke,
What matters the cowardly cheat,

If the captain's bride was satisfied
With the one prize laid at her feet?

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—
Constitution, *where ye bound for?*
Wherever the British prizes be,
Though it 's one to two, or one to three,—
Old Ironsides means victory,
Acrost the Western ocean.
—James Jeffrey Roche.

BATTLE—A NAVAL ODE

OF Columbia in her might,
Sing again of naval war.
When, in fierce and bloody fight,
Our gallant, favoured tar,
Brave Biddle, met the foe on the wave:
Then thrice Brazillian shore
Heard her guns trimphant roar,
And its waves drank deep of gore
Of the brave

'T was March the twenty-third
When the *Hornet's* eager crew
The cheering signal heard,
And the word as lightning flew,
When the seaman, from aloft, cried, "A sail!"
Then glanced each stripe and star
As, on board, each dauntless tar
Gave three cheers, that floated far
On the gale.

Now steady gales, from west
Proudly swelled the crowded sails,
And glowed each warrior's breast,

While through the ship prevails
Deep silence, like the sleep of the dead—
Save, at intervals is heard,
The captain's mandate word,
"Keep her steady, thus aboard,
Mind her head!"

Ranged broadside to broadside,
For the close decisive fight,
Waved the St. George in its pride:
But our victor stars, more bright,
Beamed defiance to the might of the foe:
Soon their shouts that swell the gale,
Shall be changed to sounds of wail,
And their "meteor-flag" wane pale
In their woe.

Then fore and aft each gun
O'er and o'er its thunders pealed,
Till the war-clouds veiled the sun,
And each gallant ship concealed.
Yet o'er the deep the battle loudly roared:
Now another broadside given
As by lightning-blast of heaven,
The Briton's mast is riven
By the board.

Now yard and yard engaged,
O'er the *Penguin* havoc spread;
Yet the battle fiercely raged
Till her deck was strewed with dead:
And as the swelling ocean made her heel,
By sulphureous blaze revealed,
As each thundering broadside pealed,
The shattered Red-cross reeled
On her keel.

Then sunk Britannia's pride;
  Waved her haughty flag no more;
But o'er the troubled tide,
  The proud Britons aid implore,
And quarters from the valiant victors crave.
  Ceased the fierce and bloody fray,
  And the dun clouds rolled away,
  When, a wreck, the Briton lay
    On the wave.

Now laud we that good Power
  Who our gallant hero saved,
When danger's darkest hour
  On the deck of fame he braved,
And the victor's eagle perched upon his crest—
  And the fame shall spread afar
  Of each true patriot tar
  Who has triumphed 'neath the star
    Of the west!

TREATY OF PEACE WITH ALGIERS

THE Dey of Algiers, not being afraid of his ears,
  Sent to Jonathan once for some tribute;
"Ho! ho!" says the dey, "if the rascal don't pay,
A caper or two I 'll exhibit.

"I 'm the Dey of Algiers, with a beard a yard long,
I 'm a Mussulman, too, and of course very strong:
For this is my maxim, dispute it who can,
That a man of stout muscle 's a stout Mussulman.

"They say," to himself one day says the Dey,
"I may bully him now without reckoning to pay;
There 's a kick-up just coming with him and John Bull.
And John will give Jonathan both his hands full."

So he bullied our consul, and captured our men,
Went out through the Straits and came back safe again;
And thought that his cruisers in triumph might ply
Wherever they pleased—but he thought a d—d lie.

For when Jonathan fairly got John out of his way,
He prepared him to settle accounts with the Dey;
Says he, "I will send him an able debater":
So he sent him a message by Stephen Decatur.

Away went Decatur to treat with the Dey,
But he met the Dey's admiral just in his way;
And by way of a tribute just captured his ship;
But the soul of the admiral gave him the slip.

From thence he proceeded to Algesair's bay,
To pay his respects to his highness the Dey,
And sent him a message, decided yet civil,
But the Dey wished both him and his note to the d—l.

And when he found out that the admiral's ship
And the admiral, too, had both given him the slip,
The news gave his highness a good deal of pain,
And the Dey thought he 'd never see daylight again.

"Ho! ho!" says the Dey, "if this is the way
This Jonathan reckons his tribute to pay,
Who takes it will tickle his fingers with thorns";
So the Dey and the crescent both hauled in their horns.

He called for a peace, and gave up our men,
And promised he 'd never ask tribute again;
Says his highness, the Dey, "Here 's the d—l to pay
Instead of a tribute; heigh-ho, well-a-day!"

And never again will our Jonathan pay
A tribute to potentate, pirate, or Dey;
Nor any, but that which for ever is given—
A tribute to valour and virtue and Heaven. . . .

THE FLAG WITH FIFTEEN STRIPES

OUR Navy's name was written in flame
When Fifteen Stripes we flew,
That flag's bright fame we kept from blame
Wherever the seas were blue;
For under it—by all the Powers!—
When the dogs of war let slip,
If we met the enemy he was ours,
And we did n't give up the ship!
Then: Hip! hip! hip!
From every lip:
Hurrah! *The boatswain pipes*
The tune to the tars
Under Forty-Eight Stars,
Of the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

When Fifteen Stripes raced over the blue
Our Navy was but small,
We had to do with a frigate or two—
No ships-of-the-line at all;
Our guns blew up, our powder was weak,
Our cannon-balls under weight,
Yet the flag at our peak through the battle reek
Sped many a fiery fate.

When Fifteen Stripes snapped in the gale
If cannon could not reach,
We clapped on sail till we hugged his rail
And left his hopes a-breach;
Over his side we'd gaily climb

Through pistols, pikes and hell,
To the ringing rhyme the cutlasses chime
And the bully boarders' yell.

When Fifteen Stripes sailed in the van,
Although our ships were few,
Both fleet and man were from one plan,
Staunch and tried and true;
There were n't so many mechanical arts
When our men-o'-war were oak,
But we armoured their parts with American hearts
And the battle flame and smoke,
Then: Hip! hip! hip!
From every lip:
Hurrah! *The boatswain pipes*
The tune to the tars
Under Forty-Eight Stars,
Of the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
  Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
  Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY

HOW sad the note of that funeral drum,
That 's muffled by indifference to the dead!
And how reluctantly the echoes come,
On air that sighs not o'er that stranger's bed,
Who sleeps with death alone. O'er his young head
His native breezes never more shall sigh;
On his lone grave the careless step shall tread,
And pestilential vapours soon shall dry
Each shrub that buds around—each flow'r that blushes nigh.

But if the wild winds of thy western lake
Might teach a harp that fain would mourn the brave,
And sweep those strings the minstrel may not wake,

Or give an echo from some secret cave
That opens on romantic Erie's wave,
The feeble chord would not be swept in vain;
And though the sound might never reach thy grave,
Yet there are spirits here that to the strain
Would send a still small voice responsive back again.

—John G. C. Brainard.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ISLAND OF CUBA

THERE is blood on thy desolate shore,
Thou island of plunder and slaves!
Thy billows are purpled with gore,
And murder has crimsoned thy waves;
The vengeance of nations will come,
And wrath shall be rained on thy head,
And in terror thy voice shall be dumb,
When they ask for their brothers who bled.
Thy hand was not stirred when their life-blood was spilt;
And therefore that hand must partake in the guilt.

Thou art guilty or weak,—and the rod
Should be wrenched from thy palsied hand;
By the pirate thy green fields are trod,
And his steps have polluted thy land;
Unmoved is thy heart and thine eye,
When our dear ones are tortured and slain;
But their blood, with a terrible cry,
Calls on vengeance, and calls not in vain;
If Europe regard not—our land shall awake,
And thy walls and thy turrets shall tremble and shake. . . .

—James Gates Percival.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

THE throng advanced amid the peal of joy
The corner-stone was laid on Bunker's height,
Where half a century's sun, in rolling course,
Had nourished Freedom's plant with warmth and light.
One eye was there which in its infant state
Had watched the progress of the land he loved;
One arm was there, which steadied Truth's own ark,
One heart whose sympathies had never roved.
August in moral greatness, he had come
To tread our soil ere his life's sun had set;
Changed in its outward aspect now with age,
But fresh in soul—the generous Lafayette.
He stood where Warren's blood the sod had made
Rich in its fertile memories, and dear,
And as within its bed the stone reposed
He dropped upon its granite form a tear.

And one old man whose drum in Bunker's fray
Had rallied broken columns by its spell
Was there to linger by the son of France,
And, garrulous with age, his story tell.
That drum—*he held it yet,* though fifty years
Had laid its stirring music all at rest;
That drum, whose earliest beat a nation heard,
Now the throned mistress of the mighty West.

The drum that put fresh courage in the heart
When 'mid the battle surge the standard rose,
Which rolled its tocsin when the spiral flame
Bespoke fair Charlestown vanquished by its foes;
Then with athletic vigour, how he brought
The lengthened roll responsive to his beat!

And youthful comrades grasped the musket tight,
  And fainting soldiers stood on firmer feet.

Old drummer of the Revolution, hail!
  Auspicious was thy presence to the day,
When Webster's mighty accents up the hill
  Floated in grandeur to the clouds away.
Webster beheld you, and with touch of skill
  He played upon each sympathetic chord,
Till every feeling roused, you scarce controlled
  The tempest wakened by his potent word.

Old drummer of the Revolution, hail!
  The pageant was without thee less in worth;
And who should be the chosen guest but he
  Whose heart had memories of the nation's birth?
The monument has risen, but they are gone
  Who thronged to see that bright inaugural;
And Lafayette and Daniel Webster sleep,
  How well, how soundly, in death's silent hall!

And the old drummer, too, has laid him down
In his green hills, like weary child, to rest,
His work accomplished, and fair honour's crown
  Reposing sweetly on his pulseless breast.
Oh, my dear country, let those olden deeds
  Subdue the frenzied rage of party strife,
Lest Discord's drum shall wake a traitor band,
  And rouse the venomed snake, Disunion, into life.

NOTES

Page 3. The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., said of this, his most famous production: "The song was written at Andover during my student life there, I think in the winter of 1831-2. It was first used publicly at a Sunday-school celebration on July 4th, in the Park Street Church, Boston. I had in my possession a quantity of German song-books, from which I was selecting such music as pleased me, and finding 'God Save the King,' I proceeded to give it the ring of American patriotism." It is noteworthy that Dr. Smith took the air from German sources, just as the British did.

Page 7. It is not believed that the Mound Builders, so called, were of a race distinct from the American Indians, or that they were more civilized.

Page 10. About the year A. D. 1000 a party of Norsemen headed by Leif, son of Eric the Red, landed on the shores of North America, calling the country Vinland, and remained there over a winter. The spot has been variously situated at various points from Labrador south to Rhode Island.

Page 13. Supposed relics of this ancient Norse colony inspired "The Skeleton in Armour." The round tower at Newport, Rhode Island, is generally thought to be of later date and of English construction, thought the controversy has not been given up entirely. The skeleton was unearthed at Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1834, and is now believed to have been that of an Indian. "Ṣkoal" is the Scandinavian "skaal," the usual salutation in drinking a health.

Page 18. Columbus, after discovering the fraud practised upon him in Portugal, resorted to Spain for support in his westward voyage to prove that the world is round and that Asia could be reached more readily by sailing west than by the long land journey east. King Ferdinand referred the matter to a learned Junta which convened in the monastery of Saint Stephen in Salamanca, and there, in January, 1487, decided after long deliberations that Columbus was wrong.

Page 19. In July, 1491, Columbus, worn out by his inability to reach an understanding with the Spanish Crown, was on the point of resorting to France. With his son Diego he stopped for the night at the convent of La Fabidá, where he so interested the Prior, Juan Perez, that his representations to Queen Isabella brought about a settlement.

Page 20. Leaving Palos August 3, 1492, and touching at the Canaries, Columbus sighted the first land of the New World, probably the island of Guanahani or San Salvador in the Bahamas, on October 22, new style, after a voyage of the most intense difficulties.

Page 22. John Cabot, in Italian Giovanni Caboto, came to England from Venice, and in May, 1497, sailed from Bristol on search of the Northwest Passage to India, under commission from Henry VII. He discovered Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia, and was the first European to set foot on the American mainland, Columbus not landing upon it, near the mouth of the Orinoco, until his third voyage, in 1498.

Columbus died at Valladolid, Spain, May 30 or 31, 1506, neglected and in want, not knowing he had found a New World.

Page 23. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, one of the most heroic figures in history, left Darien September 1, 1513, and on September 25 sighted the Pacific Ocean, of which the Indians had informed him.

Page 27. Francisco Vasquez de Coronado journeyed from Mexico north in search of the fabled Seven Cities in 1540

and reached as far north as Kansas, a branch of his expedition discovering the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Page 30. Hernando de Soto sailed from Havana in 1539 at the head of a numerous and well-equipped expedition, landed at Tampa Bay in Florida, and began a long and arduous journey which extended through the present States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and probably Tennessee and the Carolinas, reaching the Mississippi River and crossing it at the Lower Chickasaw Bluffs in May, 1541. He went north almost to the Missouri, and was stricken with fever on his return, dying at the junction of the Mississippi and Red Rivers May 21, 1542. His followers buried him in the great stream with which his name is connected as discoverer, though its mouth was known to the Spaniards long before.

Page 31. Saint Augustine, Florida, was built by the great warrior Menendez de Avilés in 1565, his landing there being effected on September 8. With this as headquarters he destroyed the French settlement on the Saint John's River, leaving Saint Augustine the oldest of American towns.

Page 32. Richard Hakluyt, priest, diplomatist, geographer, and author, wrote "The Principall Navigations, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation," setting forth the deeds and explorations of the Elizabethan sea kings, with most of whom he had a personal acquaintance. The book appeared in 1589, and in a three volume edition in 1598-1600. He died in 1616.

Page 34. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born near Dartmouth, England, about 1539, step-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh. After signal services performed for the English Crown in Holland and the Netherlands, he set sail in 1578 on a voyage of discovery and colonization, returning unsuccessful. Five years later he headed another squadron, and established the first English colony at Saint John's, Newfoundland, but was lost September 9, 1583, near the Azores with his ship on the return voyage, his last known

words being, "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

Page 36. See the foregoing for an account of Gilbert.

Sir Francis Drake was born in Devonshire about 1540. After harrying King Philip's American possessions, during which process he was the first Englishman to sight the Pacific Ocean, he made the first English circumnavigation of the globe, 1577-80, returning with booty which made him one of the richest men in England. During this voyage he touched at California and Oregon, naming the country New Albion. In 1585-6 he took and ransomed the Spanish-American cities of San Domingo and Cartagena, sacked Saint Augustine, and brought back the unhappy remnants of the first colony in Virginia. The next year he entered the port of Cadiz to "singe the beard of the King of Spain," and destroyed so much shipping that the descent of the Invincible Armada was postponed a year—an exploit almost incredibly brave. He was second in command against the Armada in July, 1588. He died off Porto Bello January 28, 1596, old style, where he and Sir John Hawkins were again harrying Spain.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devonshire in 1552. After serving Elizabeth in France and Ireland he obtained the charter under which the first settlement of Virginia was made in 1585. The second colony, of 1587, had totally disappeared when the relief expedition searched for it three years later. Taking a prominent part in the defeat of the Armada, he was with Howard and Essex when they destroyed the Spanish fleet at Cadiz in 1596, and captured Fayal in the Azores the next year. On his accession to the English throne in 1603, James I. threw Raleigh into the Tower on a charge of treason, released him to make the unsuccessful expedition in Guiana in 1616, and on his return beheaded him on October 29, 1618.

Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's cousin, was born in Devonshire in 1541. He took part in the first colonization

of Virginia, and in 1591 was vice-admiral under Howard in the voyage to the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure ships from the New World. A Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail appearing, Howard followed the dictates of ordinary prudence and made off. Grenville stayed, and for fifteen hours withstood the attack of so much of the Spanish armament as could reach him. His ship, the *Revenge,* was surrendered only after his plan to blow it up had been baffled, when all but twenty of his crew of one hundred and fifty had been slain. He died a day or two later, in September, 1591. Tennyson has a notable ballad on this last fight.

Sir John Hawkins was born at Plymouth in 1532. He engaged in the slave trade, withstood a desperate attack from Spain in the harbor of Vera Cruz in 1568, took a leading part in the overthrow of the Armada, and died at sea off Porto Rico on November 12, 1595, while serving under Drake.

Page 39. Jamestown, after two unsuccessful attempts, became the first of English settlements within the limits of the United States through the landing of the colonists sent by the London Company on May 13, 1607. It was burned in Bacon's Rebellion in 1676, and its site is marked by a few ruins only.

Page 42. Captain John Smith failed to relate this romantic episode in the account he wrote of his journey to Powhatan soon afterward, but introduced it into his "General History of Virginia" in 1624, after Pocahontas had married John Rolfe and come to England. The incident is said to have occurred in 1607, when the Indian princess was twelve years old. She died at Gravesend in March, 1617, leaving a child from whom have come many descendants.

Page 43. Henry Hudson, after wearing out the patience of his English backers in his attempts to find the Northeast or Northwest Passage, entered the service of the Dutch East India Company in 1609 on the same quest. He sailed in

the *Half Moon* to Nova Scotia, thence to Chesapeake Bay, and on to the great river which bears his name, reaching it in September and ascending nearly to Albany. At the same moment Champlain was within a few days' march of him. Hudson on his next voyage, in 1610, entered Hudson's Bay, wintering at James Bay. June 23, 1611, his mutinous crew set him adrift in Hudson's Bay with eight companions, and they were never seen again.

Page 45. Samuel de Champlain, the true founder of the Dominion of Canada, was born at Brouage, France, in 1567. He made extensive explorations in Canada and New England from 1603 to 1607, founded the city of Quebec in 1608, and in 1609 discovered Lake Champlain at the same time that Hudson was sailing up the Hudson River. He died at Quebec on Christmas Day in 1635. The extract is from Mr. Carman's fine poem read at Burlington, Vermont, in July, 1909, in celebration of the tercentennial of the discovery.

Page 48. Richard Rich sailed from England June 2, 1609, in the *Sea Venture*. The ship encountered a hurricane and was wrecked on the Bermudas. In two newly built pinnaces her company contrived to reach Jamestown on June 9, 1610, where they came near to starving with the rest of the colonists and were rescued by Lord de la Warr, Rich returning to England that Autumn. His is the first poem written by a visitor to English America.

Page 53. This contains the rest of the pleasant story of Pocahontas, the meeting between her and Captain John Smith having taken place in June, 1616. The poor princess died of consumption the following year.

Page 55. August 15, 1620, the *Mayflower* and her passengers sailed from Southampton, England, on their way to New England from Leyden, under assurances from the Plymouth Company that their religious views would not be interfered with in the New World. The passengers on this little ship were members of the Separatist congregation at Scrooby, England, which had finally escaped from the

persecutions of James I. to Amsterdam and thence to Leyden in 1609.

Page 57. The Pilgrim Fathers made their first landing in Cape Cod Harbour on November 19, 1620.

Page 58. The *Mayflower* went on to the harbour of what is now Provincetown on Saturday, November 21, 1620, and the next Monday was observed as the first "wash-day" in New England. It was not until December 21 that Plymouth Harbour was reached and the permanent settlement begun.

Page 61. In March, 1621, Massasoit entered into his famous alliance with the men of Plymouth, which lasted without a break until his death in 1661. He was the head-chief of the Wampanoags, and his tribe, though greatly diminished by an epidemic, ranged over southeastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Page 62. Governor Bradford, following the English custom of a Harvest Home, caused a great feast to be spread in November, 1621, to which Massasoit and nearly a hundred of his warriors contributed five head of venison, which, with the result of the first harvest, the colonists and Indians shared contentedly together. This, though the first New England Thanksgiving, was not the direct original of the festival as now celebrated. See note to page 66 below.

Page 64. Boston, at first called Trimountain, whence Tremont, was founded by Puritan members of the Church of England on September 17, 1630, who landed at Salem under John Endicott in 1628, followed by John Winthrop the elder in June, 1630, and by nearly a thousand more settlers soon after. Pierpont's verses were written for the two hundredth anniversary of the city in 1830.

Page 66. Governor Winthrop sent Captain William Pierce in the *Lion* to the nearest Irish port for succour against the famine then impending. He found Ireland also in the clutch of dire want, and was delayed in London, to which he had promptly resorted. But Pierce arrived at Boston on February 21, 1631, just in time to change the

following day, which had been appointed for a day of intercession with the Most High, into a feast which has since been observed.

Roger Williams, the first person in America to declare for religious toleration, was driven out of Massachusetts Bay by the Puritans, to become the founder and later the first president of the colony of Rhode Island in January, 1636. He was born in Wales about 1600 and entered holy orders after leaving Cambridge. His influence with the Indians saved Massachusetts from having to fight the Narragansetts as well as the Pequots. His simple yet eloquent lines describe his actual experience during the winter after he was driven forth like a wild beast to escape death at the hands of his persecutors.

Page 69. Williams obtained the site of the city of Providence from Canonicus in May or June, 1636, and his followers, largely former members of his congregation at Salem, established the colony that grew into Rhode Island upon Williams's obtaining a charter from the Crown in 1644.

Page 70. The Pequots opened war against the English in 1637. May 25 a force of one hundred men under command of Captain John Mason marched against their principal stronghold on a hilltop near the Mystic River, assaulted and fired it in the night, and put to death nearly every person of its six hundred or seven hundred defenders. The lines are an extract from a longer poem called "The Destruction of the Pequots."

Page 71. Mrs. Anne Marbury Hutchinson came to Massachusetts Bay in 1634, and began the spreading of doctrines regarded by the Puritans as heretical. She won many to her point of view until the clergy rallied against her and procured her exile early in 1638. She removed to the New Netherlands, and was killed by the Indians near Hell Gate in 1643.

Page 73. As early as 1641 two Jesuit missionaries, Fathers Jaques and Raymbault, preached at the outlet of

Lake Superior, but it was not until 1658 that two traders, Radisson and Groseilliers, attained its shores and wintered there. Two years later Father Ménard died in the forests about it.

Page 75. In the attack made by the Wampanoags upon Hadley on September 12, 1675, following up the first hostilities of King Philip's War at Swansea on July 4, the sadly harassed settlers were rallied by William Goffe, one of those dauntless Englishmen who had condemned the unspeakable Charles I. to death, and had been obliged to flee to New England at the Restoration and there conceal himself from the vengeance of Charles II.

Page 78. September 18, 1675, King Philip's men attacked Captain Thomas Lathrop and a picked force of eighty men, who had gone to Deerfield to save the corn abandoned just before the Hadley fight, and nearly annihilated them.

Page 80. The Wampanoags went over into the country of the Narragansetts and established their winter quarters in what is now North Kingston, Rhode Island, then an island in the middle of a swamp. Here they were attacked on the afternoon of December 19, 1675, by a thousand men from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Plymouth, under the leadership of Josiah Winslow. The tactics of Mason were not followed, and the result was indecisive. The English lost seventy-five killed and three times as many wounded; but destroyed the Indians' provisions and wigwams. Pettaquamscut town is now South Kingston, Rhode Island. George Fox was the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

Page 85. Sudbury was attacked early in the morning of April 21, 1676, and there was fought a battle that proved to be the turning-point of the war. Captain Samuel Wadsworth was an ancestor of the no less gallant Henry Wadsworth, uncle of the poet Longfellow, who was Richard Somers's companion. See page 320. The loss of the Indians was heavy.

Page 90. Captain Benjamin Church, who had been in the swamp fight, surprised Philip at his camp on Mount Hope in the dawn of August 12, 1676. The unfortunate son of Massasoit was shot by an Indian in escaping. His severed head remained on a pole in Plymouth for a score of years. His wife and son were sold into slavery.

Page 92. Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia from 1642 to 1651 and from 1660 to 1676, forbade the colonists to defend themselves against Indian depredations. Led by Nathaniel Bacon, rebellion broke out, the forces which had subdued the Indians marching against Jamestown. Berkeley abandoned it on September 18, 1676, and Bacon burned it to the ground.

Page 94. Bacon was ill with fever at the time, and died on October 1, 1676, an early martyr to the cause of American independence of foreign control. This really admirable poem was found among the Burwell Papers, and its authorship is wholly unknown.

Page 96. It was under the Treaty Elm near Philadelphia that William Penn made his celebrated compact with the Indians on November 29, 1682, which was never broken. He bought lands of them, for which he paid a fair price, respected them as men, and in general set an example of fair dealing which could have been followed to advantage by all his successors.

Page 97. Sir Edmond Andros, governor of New York and New England, came to Hartford in 1687 to confiscate and annul the colony of the charter of Connecticut. Tradition reports that the document was carried from the meeting between the two parties and secreted in the Charter Oak, which stood until 1856.

Page 98. A band of French and Indians descended upon Schenectady on February 8, 1690, during King William's War, surprised the garrison during severe weather which had lulled them into a feeling of security, massacred most of the inhabitants, and led the rest into captivity.

Page 101. In the spring of 1690 Massachusetts sent forth the largest naval expedition ever undertaken by the English colonists, consisting of nine ships and eight hundred volunteers, under the command of Sir William Phips. It captured Port Royal, afterward named Annapolis, in Acadia. Mr. Barnes's verses were written during the Spanish War in 1898, to contrast our early efforts on the sea with the armaments of battleships we were then sending against Spain.

Page 103. On August 10, 1691, Peter Schuyler met and defeated the French and Indians under Valrennes at La Prairie, in the province of Quebec, south of Montreal.

Page 104. July 19, 1692, Rebecca Nourse, a benevolent and respected inhabitant of Salem, Massachusetts, seventy-one years old, having been accused of witchcraft by enemies in authority, was hanged on Gallows Hill, during the wave of superstitious madness that was sweeping through New England at that time.

Page 108. During the witchcraft delusion, which reached its height at Salem, John Proctor and Elizabeth, his wife, were convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The husband was executed on Gallows Hill on August 19, 1692; the wife, granted a reprieve, afterward escaped.

Page 110. William Kidd, originally sent out by the colonial authorities to catch pirates, himself became a buccaneer. He was arrested with several of his crew at Boston in July, 1699, deported to England, and hanged in London on May 23, 1700. His treasure, buried on Gardiner's Island, was dug up by the authorities soon after his arrest, though popularly supposed to lie intact.

Page 110. King William's War closed in 1697, but hostilities broke out in 1702 and continued until the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 under the name, in the colonies, of Queen Anne's War. Desultory fighting with Indians followed along the frontier. This celebrated early ballad was inspired by the fate of Captain John Lovewell (or Lovell) who was

ambuscaded by a force of Indians while proceeding against the native village of Pigwacket on May 8, 1725, and slain with many of his soldiers.

Page 113. George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary Washington, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on February 22, 1732; February 11, old style.

Page 116. King George's War broke out in 1741. Its most notable event in America was the capture on June 17, 1745, of the supposedly invincible French fortress of Louisburg, Cape Breton Island, by the colonial forces under Sir William Pepperell, afterward governor of Massachusetts. Peace was restored in 1748, but proved to be little more than an armistice.

Page 117. France and England both sent reinforcements to America during the friction which continued after the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 over the delimitation of the western frontier by a chain of French forts, and the French and Indian War followed. Major-General Edward Braddock was appointed to the command of the British forces in America in 1754.

Page 118. Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, set out in June, 1755. Scorning the advice of the provincials under command of Washington, Braddock and his 1200 men were ambuscaded by the French and Indians about ten miles from the fort on July 8, 1755, and sadly defeated with great slaughter.

Page 119. Braddock died of his wounds at Great Meadows, about sixty miles from Pittsburgh, on July 13, 1755.

Page 119. Fort William Henry, New York, occupied by Monro and 3000 British and colonial troops, was besieged by the Marquis de Montcalm and 6000 French and Canadians with 1600 Indians on August 4, 1757. Five days later Monro surrendered after heavy losses in men and artillery. The Indians, in spite of the efforts of the French officers, massacred many of the prisoners.

Page 121. Louisburg, ceded back to the French at the

close of King George's War and greatly strengthened in the interval, was invested by the British and colonial forces under Lord Amherst in June, 1758. It surrendered on July 26, to the great joy of the Colonies.

Page 123. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham was fought on September 13, 1759, at the close of a short investment of the city of Quebec. Both the commanding generals, the youthful and gallant James Wolfe and the chivalrous and skilful Marquis de Montcalm, lost their lives. This momentous engagement marks the downfall of French power in North America.

Page 124. June 6, 1762, Lord Albemarle sat down before Havana. July 20, 4000 of Lord Amherst's British regulars, fresh from victories over the French, arrived from the north with a strong colonial contingent. July 25 Morro Castle was assaulted, falling five days later. August 14, the city surrendered with $7,000,000 in treasure. This event is notable as the last appearance in history of any considerable numbers of British and Americans under one flag. The Treaty of Paris closed the war in 1763, leaving Great Britain and her American colonies on the best of terms.

Page 125. Commercial greed and nothing less than governmental idiocy on the part of King George III. and his ministers soon changed the feeling of good will in the colonies. By refusing the right of settlers to the western lands they had helped to wrest from France, by denying them the right to trade with the world except through the mother country, and by laying ill advised imposts upon them, the colonists soon began the assertion of their rights under the British constitution, refusing to pay taxes levied by a Parliament in which they had no representation. This led to the planting of Liberty Trees and the organization of the Sons of Liberty. The first and most famous of the Liberty Trees was that in Washington Street, Boston, where the effigies of those who aided the King against the colonists in enforcing the Stamp Acts were hanged.

Page 126. The Stamp Act went into effect November 1, 1765. The month previous, a number of delegates, representing nearly every American colony, met in New York, and petitioned the Crown against this and other acts of royal power believed to be oppressive. The Stamp Act was repealed in March, 1766, but the spirit it aroused went on to revolution.

Page 132. Daniel Boone was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1735. He began the exploration of Kentucky in 1769, founding Boonesborough six years later. He died at Charette, Missouri, September 26, 1820, after twenty-five years of residence in that territory. (See page 305.)

Page 133. Crispus Attucks, in a real sense the protomartyr of the American Revolution was a mulatto or a half-breed Indian. The British Parliament having objectionable duties upon American imports, the colonists became exasperated. British soldiers were sent to protect the revenue officers, in numbers believed to be sufficient to awe the people of Boston into submission. The Bostonians preserved the peace as far as possible, but the conduct of the British soldiery occasionally provoked retaliation. On March 5, 1770, the soldiers fired into a body of citizens, led by Attucks, killing him and three more and wounding several others.

Page 139. A Spanish mission was founded at Monterey, California, in 1770, which became the capital of California and so remained until its cession to the United States in 1847.

Page 141. The extortion of the British governor, Tryon, in North Carolina, led to open revolt. This culminated on May 7, 1771, in a battle at Alamance between the British regulars and colonists, in which the latter lost two hundred in killed and wounded.

Page 142. The British schooner *Gaspee* was stationed in Narragansett Bay to enforce the revenue acts. The petty plundering and tyranny of the crew led to the ship's running

aground on the night of June 9, 1772, while in pursuit of a colonial packet. The Rhode Islanders captured the vessel and set it afire promptly, the first victory of the colonies over their oppressors.

Page. 144. King George, determined to force the colonists to buy the tea upon which Parliament had placed a heavy duty, sent three ships laden with that commodity to Boston. On the night of December 16, 1773, these were boarded by a band of fifty young men disguised as Indians, who broke up 342 chests of tea and threw their contents into the harbour.

Page 145. The first white settlement in Kentucky was made at Harrodsburg in 1774, and led to incessant attacks and reprisals between the settlers and Indians, in which the pioneer women bore their full share and more.

Page 146. The Sons of Liberty and committees of correspondence throughout Massachusetts, foreseeing armed conflict with Great Britain, began gathering munitions of war and drilling for service in the field. News of collected cannon and powder at Concord, to which place Samuel Adams and John Hancock had retired to avoid arrest, led General Thomas Gage, the British commander-in-chief at Boston, to send out eight hundred men of his forces to arrest the patriots and destroy the stores. They set out on the night of April 18-19, 1775, their departure heralded through the country they were to traverse by Paul Revere.

Page 150. William Dawes was sent forth by Samuel Warren upon the same errand as Revere, but by a different route to ensure the alarming of the country-side. They met at Lexington, where they were joined by Doctor Prescott. Dawes and Revere were captured there by the British, but Prescott escaped by jumping his horse over a stone fence and rode on to Concord to give the alarm.

Page 151. At Revere's alarm, the minute-men of Lexington under command of Captain John Parker, a veteran of the French and Indian War, gathered on the common and

there confronted the British advance under Major Pitcairn. Not dispersing when ordered, Pitcairn's command to fire was followed by a volley which killed seven and wounded ten of the Americans. The rest of the British column coming up, Parker ordered his men to disperse in the face of overwhelming odds; though they played their part later during the British retreat. The British marched on to Concord, where, meeting three hundred colonists under arms, a sharp engagement took place. The British precipitately retired. They fought their way under heavy losses back to Charlestown, where the opportune arrival of reinforcements saved them from capture.

Page. 153. News of the fighting, for which the colonists had been waiting, went out to all the towns about, of which Northboro' was one. It was the continued arrival of these small contingents along the British line of retreat which carried on the fight. It is worth remembering that Massachusetts, save for the temporary occupancy of Boston and an occasional descent upon her coasts, was not again to know the march of the invader.

Pages 155-156. The Green Mountain Boys, a patriotic band of warriors raised by Ethan Allen in Vermont on the news of Lexington and Concord, marched against the British in Fort Ticonderoga, surprising and capturing it early in the morning of May 10, 1775,

Page 159. Late in May, 1775, the inhabitants of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, met at Charlotte, and passed resolutions declaring the provincial legislatures invested with all necessary governmental powers independent of Great Britain until Parliament stripped itself of its unconstitutional powers. This gave rise to the legend that a formal declaration of independence had there and then been passed.

Page 160. Late in the day of June 16, 1775, General William Prescott and 1200 minute-men marched from Cambridge to Bunker Hill and on to Breed's Hill, which latter they

began fortifying in anticipation of a British attack, their position threatening the town of Boston.

Page 162. The British discovery of the American occupation of Breed's Hill on the morning of June 17 led to immediate bombardment from the ships-of-war in the harbour. This proving futile, 3000 veterans moved to the attack. The Americans held their fire until they could see the whites of the eyes of the advancing British, when their volleys drove them from the hill in disorder. A second attack was followed by the same result. The ammunition of the colonists giving out, the British were able to press home a third assault, but with a total loss of 1054 in killed and wounded, the Americans losing 449, most of them in the retreat across Charlestown Neck. Of these, General Joseph Warren's death was most deeply felt.

Page 164. The refusal of the town of Bristol, Connecticut, to supply the British ships with stores on October 7, 1775, led to the bombardment of the town. Had the British aim been better, it would have been an atrocity.

Page 165. George Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the American forces in the field by the Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia on May 10, 1775, and arrived in Cambridge on July 2, taking command the following day. The episode of the Boys' Redoubt is referred to the middle of the following December, when much discouragement was felt among the newly organised Continental Army.

Page 168. The expedition against Quebec under General Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, after great hardships, arrived before the walls of Quebec, which they undertook to carry by assault on the last night of the year 1775. Montgomery, who was born in County Dublin, Ireland, December 2, 1736, was killed and Arnold severely wounded. The attack failed and the Americans retreated after heavy losses.

Page 170. By a heavy bombardment of the British lines

about Boston on March 2, 1776, Washington effectually covered up his occupancy of Dorchester Heights, commanding the town, assisted by a severe storm which kept the British from attacking before the artillery was emplaced. Boston becoming untenable, Sir William Howe, commanding, evacuated Boston on March 17, 1776, taking many of the Tory inhabitants, who settled about Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Page 172. The facts relating to Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, born Griscom, and her manufacture of the first flag of the stars and stripes have been piously collected by her descendants, from which the following appears. General Washington, called to Philadelphia by the Continental Congress during the latter part of May and the early days of June, 1776, before the Declaration of Independence, visited the little upholstery shop in Arch Street kept by the widow Ross, Robert Morris and George Ross of the Congress being with him. Washington showed Mrs. Ross the design of the Stars and Stripes, at her suggestion changing the six-pointed stars he had used to those of five points. Some time after a formal design was sent Mrs. Ross, from which she made the first flag—long before, it will be noted, the act of Congress authorising the new standard, which was not passed until July 14, 1777.

Page 173. Sir Peter Parker, commanding a formidable British squadron, attacked the American palmetto-log fort on Sullivan's Island in the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, on June 28, 1776. He expected an easy victory, but Colonel William Moultrie drove him off by the well directed fire of his guns, the British suffering heavily. It was in this engagement that Sergeant William Jasper, as noted on page 174, leapt from the parapet and secured the flag which the British had shot off its staff, setting it again in its place of defiance.

Page 175. The preliminary resolution of independence having been introduced into the Continental Congress by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia on June 7, 1776: "That

these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," it was referred to a committee composed of Thomas Jefferson, who drew up the immortal document, Benjamin Franklin, whose hand appears in one or two verbal corrections, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. They reported it to the Congress on July 2, and it received the formal signatures of every member of that body on July 4, 1776 with the exception of the delegates from New York, who had to await instructions. Cæsar Rodney of Delaware rode from Dover to set his name to the great deed, and afterward served in the Revolution, holding the chief magistracy of his State from 1778 to 1782.

Page 177. The Liberty Bell, now in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was cast in England in 1752, and bore the singularly prophetic inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." It was the first to announce the decision of the Continental Congress upon the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Page 180. The Maryland Battalion, made up of the flower of the youth of that State, nobly bore the brunt of the attack made by General Sir William Howe with an overwhelming force upon Washington at Brooklyn Heights on August 27, 1776. Washington soon after abandoned his position, drawing off his troops in a masterly manner without loss.

Page 181. The British and Hessians were defeated in their attack upon Washington's strong position at Haarlem Heights on September 16, 1776, though Colonel Knowlton of Connecticut and Major Leitch of Virginia were among the slain.

Page 184. Nathan Hale was a captain in Knowlton's regiment, a graduate of Yale who had just attained manhood. He volunteered to obtain information within the British ranks at Washington's call, was arrested and hanged in New York City without court martial and under brutal conditions, dying on September 22, 1776. His last words

on the scaffold are an inspiration to every American: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Page 186. Washington retreated after the battle of Haarlem Heights, and gave orders for the abandonment of Fort Washington, on the Hudson. Congress ordered the fort held. It was obliged to surrender to Howe's army, and the Hessians signalised their victory by murdering many of their prisoners before the British officers could intervene. Washington beheld the massacre from Fort Lee, and wept at the sight.

Page 187. Abandoning Fort Lee without loss, Washington fell back across New Jersey before Howe's superior strength, at last taking up his position on the west bank of the Delaware. Leaving Colonel Donop and his Hessians Trenton, the British generals returned to New York for the holidays. On Christmas night in 1776, during a severe storm, Washington recrossed the Delaware with 2400 men.

Page 188. The Continentals fell upon the Hessians at Trenton at daybreak of December 26, 1776. Still bewildered from their celebration, the Germans were completely surprised and routed, a thousand of them being taken.

Page 190. Following up his advantage, Washington drew up his forces along the little Assunpink River and there hurled back the advancing columns of Cornwallis. Leaving campfires burning to bewilder the enemy, he marched on to Princeton where, on January 3, 1777, he overthrew another British force.

Page 193. Hessians and Tories under command of Governor Tryon entered Fairfield, Connecticut, on July 6, 1777.

Page 193. The Neutral Ground lay between the British and the American lines in Westchester county, New York, and is the scene of Cooper's story of "The Spy." It was the scene of many dashing forays, such as that described here.

Page 195. Thaddeus Kosciuszko was born in Lithuania February 12, 1746. He served in the Continental Army

as a colonel of engineers, was with Gates at Bemis's Heights and with Greene in the South, and received the thanks of Congress at the close of the war. He afterward distinguished himself greatly in the struggles for Polish independence, and died in exile.

Page 196. In one of the bloodiest battles of the war, General Nicholas Herkimer defeated the British at Oriskany on August 6, 1777, while marching to the relief of Fort Stanwix. He died of the wounds there received.

Page 197. Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk River, was beleagured by the British under Saint Leger. When Herkimer met the British at Oriskany, General Peter Gansevoort, commandant of the fort, sallied forth and attacked the British camp, winning substantial spoils which enabled him to sustain his defense until it was finally raised by Arnold, for which he received the thanks of Congress. The raising of the stars and stripes on that August day is the first fully authenticated appearance of the national standard in our annals, Congress having adopted it on July 14, 1777. It was hastily put together from homely materials, as stated.

Pages 200-201. General John Stark defeated the Hessians and British under Colonel Baum on August 16, 1777, at Bennington, Vermont. Stark was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, on August 28, 1728, and, though ill treated by the blundering Congress, was of great service throughout the war.

Page 202. The siege of Fort Stanwix was finally raised by the advance of a column under Arnold, preceded by carefully devised reports of its overwhelming strength. Saint Leger retired precipitately.

Page 203. The Indian allies of the British attacked Fort Henry, near Wheeling, West Virginia, early in September, 1777, and were driven back by the desperate resistance of the garrison. Elizabeth Zane was eighteen years old at the time.

Page 207. Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier,

Marquis de Lafayette, was born in Auvergne September 6, 1757, and was not yet twenty years old when he attached himself to the Continental Army in 1777 with the rank of major-general. He bore a man's part at the battle of the Brandywine in southeastern Pennsylvania, on September 11, 1777, when Howe with 18,000 men drove back Washington with 11,000.

Page 208. The retirement of Saint Leger left Burgoyne in a precarious position. September 13, 1777, he crossed the river and fought an indecisive battle with the Continentals under Gates on September 19. October 7 the bravery of Arnold, Schuyler, and Morgan won a victory for Gates. The engagements are variously known as Saratoga, Stillwater, or Bemis's Heights, and were fought about twelve miles east of Saratoga Springs, New York.

Page 213. Burgoyne, finding himself surrounded and out of supplies, surrendered to Gates, the British laying down their arms on October 17, 1777, greatly heartening the cause of independence among the Americans.

Page 215. Washington took up his winter quarters at Valley Forge, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in December, 1777, remaining there until May, 1778. The mismanagement and negligence of Congress caused the greatest suffering among the patriots.

Page 216. John Paul Jones, who was the first to fly the old ensign of the snake when he was lieutenant on the *Alfred* under Captain Esek Hopkins early in January, 1776, was also the first to fly the new national ensign of the stars and stripes when he sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the *Ranger* November 1, 1777, securing the first foreign recognition of the new standard from the French admiral, Le Motto Piquet, in Quiberon Bay, just north of Nantes, on December 14, 1777.

Page 219. This, by far the best of the ballads which have come down to us from the War of the Revolution, commemorates a narrow escape of John Paul Jones's during

his cruise in the Irish Sea with the *Ranger,* early in 1778. Cooper treats of the same incident fictionally.

Page 221. On March 7, 1778, the frigate *Randolph,* thirty-two guns, under Captain Nicholas Biddle, was lost with all but four of the 315 souls aboard by the explosion of her powder magazine during an engagement with the British ship-of-the-line *Yarmouth* off the Barbadoes.

Page 223. On April 24, 1778, Jones fell in with the *Drake,* a British sloop-of-war of superior armament to the *Ranger,* and the British warship struck her colours after the death of her captain. Jones brought her successfully to France, where the incident caused the utmost enthusiasm, as it did in America when the news arrived.

Page 225. Lafayette had been stationed at Barren Hill, near Valley Forge, to watch the British. May 20, 1778, Howe and Grant moved upon his position with a greatly superior force, expecting to surprise him. Learning of the plans, Lafayette eluded them by a clever ruse, making a stand on the other side of the Schuylkill, where he defied attack.

Page 227. In spite of the treachery of General Charles Lee, for which he was court martialled and punished afterward, the Americans under Washington drove the British under Clinton from the field at Monmouth Court-House, New Jersey, on June 28, 1778.

Page 228. While not written specifically of any battle, that of Monmouth fits the "Carmen Bellicosum" as well as most.

Page 230. Molly Pitcher, born McGuire, was the wife of an American cannoneer at the battle of Monmouth. He fell while she was bringing him water, and she sprang into his place and fought the gun through the engagement. General Greene presented her to Washington after the battle, and the commander made her a sergeant for her bravery.

Page 233. Indians and Tories attacked the settlers in the beautiful valley of Wyoming in northeastern Pennsyl-

vania on July 3, 1778, while most of the men were serving under Washington. A dreadful massacre followed. See Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" for an extended treatment of the same theme.

Page 232. Count d'Estaing arrived off Sandy Hook in mid-July, 1778, failed of coöperation with the Americans in an expedition which promised every success against Newport, Rhode Island, and sailed to Boston to refit. The incident mentioned here took place while a British squadron made a pretence of blockading the powerful French fleet within. After refitting, the French went to the West Indies, the British retiring when they found the French vessels ready for sea, late in September, 1778.

Page 236. Count Casimir Pulaski, a gallant Pole who was forced into exile in 1777 because of his efforts to free his native land, took service under Washington that same year, and in 1778 formed "Pulaski's Legion," the banner for which was made by the Moravian nuns at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, probably by Pulaski's order when he was visiting Lafayette, who lay ill under their care. Pulaski was mortally wounded at the siege of Savannah, Georgia, October 9, 1779, died at sea and was there buried. The flag is in possession of the Maryland Historical Society.

Pages 237-239. In July, 1778, Governor Tryon descended upon West Haven, plundered and burned Fairfield, Connecticut, and came near to capturing Israel Putnam, who escaped by riding down the steep declivity at Horse Neck, where his pursuers feared to follow him.

Page 240. The American privateer *Providence,* Captain Abraham Whipple, took a fleet of British merchantmen in July, 1779, with stores valued at $1,000,000.

Page 243. Clinton had fortified Stony Point, a promontory on the Hudson River thirty-five miles north of New York City, leaving a garrison of six hundred men. July 16, 1779, it was successfully assaulted and captured by General Anthony Wayne, with slight loss.

Page 244. John Paul Jones left France on the *Bonhomme Richard* on August 14, 1779, and cruised around Ireland and Great Britain. On September 23 he fell in with the British frigate *Serapis,* forty-four guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough,* twenty guns, off Flamborough Head. The ensuing naval duel is not surpassed in history for valour and spiritedness. The *Scrapis* surrendered, but not until Jones's ship was a sinking wreck which he had to abandon. Whitman's maternal grandmother's father, "Old Salt" Kossobone, was with Jones during the engagement.

Page 246. May 19, 1780, is famous in history as New England's Dark Day, and the episode here commemorated is founded on fact.

Page 248. On June 6, 1780, the British wantonly shot and killed the wife of Reverend James Caldwell at Connecticut Farms, while marching to Springfield, New Jersey. June 23, the yeomen rallied and attacked the invaders.

Page 249. Francis Marion, the most famous partisan fighter of the Revolution, was born near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732. When his native State was groaning under the British occupation in 1780 his daring band effectually kept the spirit of liberty alive for two years, greatly distinguishing themselves at the battle of Eutaw Springs. His reputation was never sullied by a cruel or dishonourable action.

Page 251. MacDonald was one of Marion's trusted lieutenants, and his raid through Georgetown with only four followers was only one of many daring adventures.

Page 255. Thomas Sumter, another gallant partisan leader in the South, was born in Virginia in 1734. August 6, 1780, he defeated the Tories at Hanging Rock, North Carolina.

Page 257. Johann Kalb, a peasant by birth, assumed the title of Baron de Kalb after entering the French service in 1743, at the age of twenty-two. He came to America in 1777, was of the utmost value to Washington in drilling the

Continental Army, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Camden, South Carolina, August 16, 1780 where the inefficient Gates was defeated by Cornwallis.

Page 258. October 7, 1780, John Sevier and a gallant band of frontiersmen stormed the British position on King's Mountain, York county, South Carolina, thought to be impregnable, killed Ferguson and 455 more, and took 648 prisoners.

Page 261. January 17, 1781, Daniel Morgan with a thousand men was attacked by a British force of 1100 under Tarleton at Cowpens, not far from King's Mountain in northwestern South Carolina. The British were totally routed, losing between eight hundred and nine hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. The American loss was seventy-two.

Page 265. The Santee River in South Carolina was defended by a series of British outposts when Nathanael Greene took command of the American forces in the South after the disastrous defeat of Gates at Cowpens in 1780. During 1781 Greene captured most of these.

Page 267. Fort Ninety-Six lies about seventy-five miles northwest of Columbia, South Carolina. Greene's attempt to reduce it was unsuccessful, in 1781.

Page 269. Emily Geiger was a native of South Carolina, and a girl about eighteen years old when she volunteered to carry a message from Greene to Sumter, operating on the Santee. She married a rich planter on the Congaree soon after.

Page 272. On September 8, 1781, Greene attacked the British under Stewart at Eutaw Springs, South Carolina, about fifty miles northwest of Charleston. Though victory is said to lie with the British, their loss was the greater, and they were forced to retreat to Charleston immediately after the engagement.

Page 274. Cornwallis had established himself with 7000 men at Yorktown, Virginia, in the spring of 1781. Wash-

ington marched his army from around New York to Virginia without disclosing his intention to them in Cornwallis. On September 18, he and the French allies under Rochambeau began the siege of Yorktown. De Grasse and the French fleet fighting off the British attempt to relieve the garrison. October 19, Cornwallis surrendered, after a charge which placed the French and Americans in possession of a portion of his works. This great victory virtually closed the Revolutionary War.

Page 274. News of the surrender of Cornwallis reached Philadelphia early in the morning of October 23, 1781, and was the cause of universal joy among patriots there and everywhere.

Page 278. Joshua Barney captured the British ship, which had been greatly annoying Americans in Delaware Bay, on April 8, 1782.

Page 281. The Treaty of Paris, by which Great Britain virtually acknowledged the independence of the United States, was signed on September 3, 1783, and formally ratified November 30.

Page 281. October 18, 1783, the Continental Congress passed resolutions formally disbanding the Continental Army.

Page 282. General Washington took formal possession of New York City on November 25, 1783, the British evacuating.

Page 283. The new nation, which had already been recognised by nearly all the continental powers of Europe, now was enabled to make formal treaties of amity, which were promptly concluded.

Page 285. The spirit of liberty burned strongly in the new republic, and the interest of the patriots who had just won their own freedom was extended to all the peoples of the world, notably to France, our late ally.

Page 286. This poem, which was printed in American newspapers at a latter date, admirably represents the feeling of American patriots from the beginning.

Page 287. Nathanael Greene, who shares with Washington the glory of winning our independence in the field, died near Savannah, Georgia, on June 19, 1786, and was deeply mourned.

Page 289. The settlement of the West was greatly accelerated by the coming of peace, and this description is typical of scenes along the expanding frontier.

Page 291. After experience had shown the need for a closer union than the old Articles of Confederation had made possible, fifty-five delegates from all the States met at Philadelphia in May, 1787, adjourning on September 17, after completing and signing the Constitution as it stands to-day, exclusive of amendments. It had still to be submitted to the several States for ratification and adoption.

Page 293. By an ordinance passed September 28, 1787, Congress erected the land now comprised in the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota east of the Mississippi River, into the Northwest Territory, prohibiting slavery within its borders.

Page 294. The first settlement in Ohio was made at Marietta in Washington county in 1788.

Page 295. The constitution became operative in May, 1788, having been ratified by nine States.

Page 297. George Washington was inaugurated the first president of the United States at New York City on April 30, 1789.

Page 299. Benjamin Franklin, born January 7, 1706, died in Philadelphia on April 17, 1790.

The Queen Charlotte Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean, west of British Columbia, to which they now belong, though the title was long in dispute.

Page 303. General Arthur Saint Clair was surprised and defeated by the Indians under Little Turtle near the Miami villages in Ohio on November 4, 1791, suffering heavy loss.

Page 305. Daniel Boone headed a second western migra-

tion in 1795, settling in the present State of Missouri, then a Spanish possession. (See page 132.)

Page 307. This national hymn was written during the summer of 1798, on the eve of threatened war with France, in Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. The words were adapted to an older air, composed by Phyla, a naturalized German in Philadelphia, which has been used at the inaugration of Washington and known as "The President's March." It is more nearly an American composition than any of the national hymns in general use.

Page 308. The interference of France with the rapidly growing commerce of the United States led to the authorization by Congress of the seizure of French ships preying upon our merchantmen. Captain Thomas Truxtun, in pursuance of instructions, met and captured the French cruiser as described. Amends made by the first Napoleon soon after ended the strife.

Page 312. George Washington died at Mount Vernon, Virginia, on December 14, 1799, after a brief illness.

Page 313. The Territory of Louisiana was bought by Thomas Jefferson, then president, from Napoleon Buonaparte, then first consul of France, for $15,000,000 in 1803. The purchase included the vast tract of land comprised between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, the Gulf of Mexico and British America.

War was declared against Tripoli in 1803, owing to the extortionate demands made by the pirates of those parts. The *Philadelphia,* an American frigate, ran aground off the harbour of Tripoli and was captured by the enemy. The vessel was destroyed on the night of February 9, 1804, by a party numbering only seventy-five officers and men, yet including many who rose to fame, Stephen Decatur, Junior, Thomas Macdonough, Joseph Bainbridge, and James Lawrence, among them. The exploit was characterised by Lord Nelson, then commanding the British blockading fleet off Toulon, as "the most bold and daring act of the age."

Page 317. Alexander Hamilton, born in the island of Nevis on January 11, 1757, was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr in a duel fought at Weehawken, New Jersey, on July 11, 1804, and died the following day.

Page 318. This gallant deed, somewhat magnified in the telling, took place during the first of the five attacks made by American sailors upon the fortifications of Tripoli, on August 3, 1804.

Page 320. Master Commandant Richard Somers, after exhibiting the utmost gallantry in the operations before Tripoli, volunteered to lead the powder boat *Intrepid*—formerly the ketch *Mastico* in which the *Philadelphia* was attacked and destroyed—into the harbour thronged with the enemy's shipping. This was done on the night of September 4, 1804. All the Americans, including Somers, Midshipman Henry Wadsworth, uncle of the poet Longfellow, Midshipman Joseph Israel, and ten sailors, perished.

Page 321. Authorised by Jefferson, Captain Meriweather Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, of the regular army, started westward on May 14, 1804, up the Missouri River, seeking a waterway to the Pacific Coast. They reached the mouth of the Columbia River November 15, 1805, returning to Saint Louis in September, 1806. These verses were read at a banquet given the explorers in Washington the following January.

Page 322. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin near Hodgenville, Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809.

Page 324. General William Henry Harrison, at the head of nine hundred men, reached the plain in front of Prophet's Town, seven miles northwest of the present city of Lafayette, Indiana, and on the morning of November 6, 1811, met and overthrew a somewhat inferior force of Indians under Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet, burning the town the next day. This is the battle of Tippe-

canoe, which eventually brought Harrison to the presidential chair.

Page 325. The retention of the western frontier posts by Great Britian, in violation of the treaty of Paris but in reprisal for the injuries done to revolutionary Tories, added to the right of search of American ships, asserted by the British Crown, led to the declaration of war by the United States on June 18, 1812.

Page 326. Captain William Heald, commanding the small garrison at Fort Dearborn, on the present site of Chicago, was ordered to evacuate and proceed to Detroit by General William Hull. Leaving the stockade on the morning of August 15, 1812, with his command, a number of friendly Indians, and the women and children of the garrison, he was attacked by hostile savages, and most of the party killed, Heald himself escaping after being severely wounded.

Page 327. After a narrow escape from a British squadron, Captain Isaac Hull met and captured one of the best of English frigates on August 19, 1812, in the first naval engagement of the war. The victory caused intense enthusiasm throughout the United States.

Page 329. General Stephen Van Rensselaer crossed the Niagara River on October 13, 1812, and attacked the British under General Sir Isaac Brock at Queenstown Heights. Owing to the refusal of the militia in his column to leave their native sod, Van Rensselaer, after a gallant fight, was overwhelmed and defeated, losing two hundred men.

Page 332. The *Wasp,* Captain Jacob Jones commanding, captured the *Frolic* after boarding off Albermarle Sound on October 8, 1812. Both victor and prize were taken in by a British ship-of-the-line almost immediately after.

Page 333. The frigate *United States,* Captain Stephen Decatur, Jr., commanding, met and conquered the British *Macedonian* on October 25, 1812, off the Canary Islands.

Page 335. This incident, long traditional in the Ameri-

can navy, occurred just before the fight of the *United States* and *Macedonian*.

Page 337. Commodore William Bainbridge, commanding the frigate *Constitution*, captured the British frigate *Java* after a three hours' engagement on December 29, 1812, in the waters of the West Indies.

Page 339. General James Winchester was defeated at Frenchtown, Michigan, on January 22, 1813, by a force of British and Indians under General Henry A. Proctor, nearly five hundred Americans being taken prisoners.

Page 340. The privateer schooner *General Armstrong*, of immortal memory (see also page 372), under Captain Guy R. Champlin commanding, attacked a British frigate in the belief that it was a merchantman, and contrived to escape after fighting for three-quarters of an hour.

Page 343. General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, from whom Pike's Peak was named after his visit to it in 1806, was killed in the successful assault on the fort at York, now Toronto. This was the capital of the western province of Canada, and the destruction of Washington later was in direct reprisal.

Page 344. From April 28 to May 9, 1813, General William Henry Harrison was besieged by the British under Proctor at Fort Meigs, at the mouth of the Maumee River, Ohio. A British attack was repulsed on May 1, but the defeat of the enemy by the American relief column raised the siege.

Page 346. On June 1, 1813, Captain James Lawrence, commanding the frigate *Chesapeake*, then re-fitting in Boston Harbour, accepted the challenge of Captain Philip Vere Broke, formerly of the *Guerrière*, on the *Shannon* to a duel. Leaving port with a crew only half-organised, his ship was captured and he himself mortally wounded. His last words are as given.

Page 346. A large party of Creek Indians, roused against the whites by Tecumseh, marched against Fort Mimms, on

the Alabama River. They took the fort by surprise on August 30, 1813, and massacred four hundred whites, men, women, and children.

Page 348. The British brig *Boxer* was captured by the American schooner *Enterprise* off Portland, Maine, on September 5, 1813, after an hour's engagement.

Page 350. This ballad was written to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, in which Oliver Hazard Perry met and defeated a British squadron of superior strength near Put-In-Bay on September 10, 1813.

Page 353. General William Harrison met and vanquished a force of British and Indians on the River Thames in Ontario on October 5, 1813. Tecumseh, the implacable foe of the Americans, was killed in the engagement.

Page 354. After a cruise of more than a year in the Pacific, during which he nearly swept it clear of British commerce, Captain David Porter, commanding the *Essex*, was attacked while undergoing much needed repairs in the harbour of Valparaiso by two British ships on March 28, 1814. He surrendered after the severest fighting.

Page 356. The most desperately contested land battle of the war was fought at Bridgewater or Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, on July 25, 1814. Though forced to surrender possession of the battlefield, 2600 Americans under General Jacob Brown effectually stopped the British invading column of 4500, and it may be fairly called an American victory.

Page 358. Pursuant to orders of the admiralty, the British began the bombardment of all Atlantic ports accessible to their warships. The little town of Stonington, Connecticut, was unsuccessfully assaulted on August 9, 1814, but suffered less damage than it was able to inflict.

Page 360. The *Wasp*, second ship of that name, under Captain Johnston Blakeley, met the *Avon* in the British Channel on September 1, 1814, and captured her after less than two hours of fighting.

Page 362. After the fight with the *Avon,* the *Wasp* spoke and boarded a Swedish brig on October 9, 1814, and received from her an officer and master's mate who had been on the *Essex.* The *Wasp,* disappeared thereafter—one of the ocean's innumerable tragedies.

Page 364. Second only to Perry's exploit was the victory gained by Thomas Macdonough at Plattsburgh Bay on Lake Champlain, September 11, 1814. By the most energetic conduct he built and equipped a ship, a schooner, and several small gunboats. With these he totally overthrew a British naval force in every way superior. At the same time General Macomb inflicted serious loss and defeat on the land columns under General Prevost. The threatened invasion was thus repulsed.

Page 366. Though driven off in the attempt to reach New York from Canada, the British invasion of Maryland was more successful. Entering Chesapeake Bay late in August, General Robert Ross drove off the Americans at Bladensburg, Maryland, on August 24, 1814, six miles northeast of Washington, and pillaged and burned the capital. Baltimore was attacked with less success on September 12.

Page 368. September 13, 1814, Admiral Sir George Cockborn began the bombardment of Fort McHenry, two miles above Baltimore. Francis Scott Key had gone out to ask the admiral for the release of a civilian friend, but was himself detained. The British officers about him predicted a speedy surrender, but after firing all night, the old flag was still flying on the morning of September 14. He wrote what is now the American national anthem while still detained on board the British flag-ship. The music is that of an English glee, "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by Samuel Arnold, and previously utilised for the patriotic American song, "Adams and Liberty."

Page 369. September 15, 1814, Fort Bowyer, near Mobile, Alabama, was attacked by sea and land. After severe fighting the British were repulsed with the loss of a ship,

blown up by a well-aimed shot. General Andrew Jackson directed the defense.

Page 370. This lament was written on the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Eleazar Derby Wood, who lost his life during a sortie from Fort Erie on September 17, 1814. Greatly distinguished for bravery in his lifetime, a marble shaft has been erected to his memory at West Point.

Page 372. The privateer schooner *General Armstrong,* Captain Samuel Chester Reid commanding (see page 340), fought this remarkable fight on September 26, 1814, off Fayal in the Azores. The greatly preponderating British force was actually prevented by the bravery of this little ship from taking part in the operations about New Orleans, to which it was bound.

Page 373. Jackson hastened to New Orleans after the encounter at Fort Bowyer, began his attack upon the invading British as soon as they landed on December 23, 1814, and on the first day of 1815 repulsed their first attack. January 8, seven thousand British, under General Sir Edward Pakenham, who had distinguished himself with the same troops during the Peninsular War, made a frontal attack on Jackson's slender line. The British were defeated with a loss of more than two thousand, the Americans losing only eight killed and thirteen wounded

Page 377. The War of 1812 officially ended on December 24, 1814, when the treaty of Ghent was formally agreed to between Great Britain and the United States, and both the battle of New Orleans and the fight between the good old *Constitution,* Captain .....?, and the British frigate *Cyane* and sloop *Levant* near Madeira, on February 20, 1815, were unnecessary. *Old Ironsides* compelled both of the enemy's ships to surrender after a bitter contest.

Page 380. Still another needless battle was waged between the *Hornet,* Captain James Biddle, and the British brig *Penguin* near the Island of Tristan da Cunha on March 23, 1815, the British ship surrendering.

Page 382. In March, 1815, the United States declared

war upon Algiers, the Dey having begun hostilities by capturing an American merchantman and driving out the American consul and all his countrymen resident in the country. The younger Decatur virtually settled the war on his way to the port, by taking two Algerian ships with six hundred men. A treaty of peace satisfactory to the United States was negotiated on September 15, 1815.

Page 384. When Kentucky and Vermont were admitted to the Union, May 1, 1795, both the stripes and stars in the flag were increased in number to fifteen. Through the influence of Samuel Chester Reid, the present practice of holding the number of stripes down to the original of thirteen and giving every State a star, came into being on the admission of Illinois as the twentieth State on December 3, 1818.

Page 385. James Rodman Drake was born in New York City, August 17, 1795, and died there September 21, 1820. The last four lines of this, his best known poem, are said to have been written by FitzGreene Halleck.

Page 387. Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, August 21, 1785, died in Trinidad, British West Indies, August 23, 1819 (see page 350).

Page 388. These lines, expressing sympathy for the struggling and oppressed people of Cuba, were written in 1822.

Page 389. Though Bunker Hill Monument was not formally finished and dedicated until June 17, 1843, the cornerstone was laid in the presence of Lafayette on June 17, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

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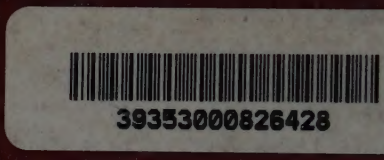
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